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Lives of the queens of England, from the Norman conquest

Mary of Modena.

QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

AGNES STRICKLAND.

LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

From the Norman Conquest.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM

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LIVES

OF

THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Lely's portraits of Mary Beatrice—Her ancestry, parentage, birth—Death of her father—Anecdotes of her infancy—Her mother's stern rule—Her desire to take the veil—Her future husband, James duke of York—The earl of Peterborough commissioned to select a new consort for him—Four ladies named—Description of the ladies—Intrigues at home—Mysterious letters from the court of Modena—Perplexity of the earl—His premature communication to the princess of Wirtemberg—Marriage with Mary of Modena determined—The earl proceeds to Modena—Reluctance of the princess—First interview with Mary Beatrice—Her petulant behaviour—The pope refuses his dispensation to the marriage—The duchess of Modena's determination—Reluctant consent of the princess—Clerical obstacles—The espousals celebrated—The earl of Peterborough proxy for the duke of York—Honours paid to him in that capacity—The bridal dinner and ball—Public rejoicings at Modena on the marriage—The news announced at the court of Charles II.

THE pencil of Lely has rendered every one familiar with the languishing dark eyes, classic features, and graceful form of the Italian consort of James II. That painter was never weary of multiplying portraits of a princess who completely realized his *beau idéal* of female loveliness, and who so well became the rich and picturesque costume which his exquisite taste had rendered the prevailing mode of the court of the second Charles: She appears to no less advantage, however, when de-

picted by him in the character of Innocence, without a single ornament to enhance her natural charms, such as she was when she came to England, in the early ripeness of sweet fifteen, as the reluctant bride of the duke of York. We recognise her in her youthful matron dignity among "the 'light-o'-love' beauties," in the Hampton-Court gallery, but distinguished from them by the vestal-like expression of her face. Her portraits, at a more advanced period of life, as queen of England, are among the finest specimens of sir Godfrey Kneller's art. Every one of these transcripts of the royal beauty tells its progressive tale of melancholy interest to the few who are intimately acquainted with the events of her life. Little, however, is now remembered in England of this queen beyond the bare outline facts, that she was a princess of Modena, the consort of a dethroned and most unpopular sovereign, and the mother of the disinherited prince to whom the world applied the contemptuous epithet of "the Pretender." The conjugal tenderness of Matilda of Boulogne, of Eleanor of Castile, and of Philippa, is deservedly appreciated; the maternal devotion of Margaret of Anjou, the patience of the long-suffering Katharine of Arragon, have received their due meed of praise, for they have become matter of history; but the personal annals of Mary of Modena, for obvious reasons, have never been given to the world. Bold, indeed, would have been any writer of the last century, who should have ventured to call attention to the sufferings of the faithful consort of the last and most unfortunate of the Stuart kings.

Among the princesses who have worn the crown-matrimonial of England, many have been born in a more elevated rank than Mary Beatrice of Modena, but few could boast of a more illustrious descent than she claimed as the daughter of the house of Este. That family, so famous in the page of history, derives its name from the city of Esté, near the Euganean hills, between Verona and Padua, and surely no name is associated with nobler themes of interest than the line of heroes, of whom Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante have sung: more than once did they repel the progress of the

ferocious hordes of barbarians, who came prepared to ravage the fair fields of Italy. Forestus of Este, the immediate ancestor of Mary Beatrice of Modena, was, in the year 452, entrusted with the command of the forces sent to relieve Aquileia. He met and put to flight 16,000 of Attila's terrible Huns, and he continued to defy and hold the mighty barbarian at bay, till, by the treachery of some of his soldiers, he was drawn into an ambush, where, it is believed, he was slain by Attila's own hand. His son Acarinus more than equalled his father's fame, and with better fortune maintained the freedom of his country for a much longer period, till he too sealed his patriotism with his blood.[1] Poetry and romance have, perhaps, scattered their flowers among the traditionary glories of the ancient heroes of the line, but those garlands were the votive offerings of the grateful chroniclers and immortal bards of Italy, who, in every age from remote antiquity, found their noblest patrons in the chivalric and munificent princes of the house of Este. No family in Europe has, indeed, contributed more to the progress of civilization, by liberal encouragement of literature and the fine arts.

Our sovereign lady queen Victoria is the representative of the elder branch of this illustrious stock, which, in the year 1000, divided into two distinct houses, in consequence of the marriage of the reigning prince Azo, marquess of Tuscany and Liguria, with the heiress of the wealthy Bavarian family of Wolf or Guelph, when the eldest of his two sons, by this alliance, took the name and estates of his German mother; the younger became the representative of the house of Este in Italy, and his descendants reigned over the united duchies of Ferrara and Modena. Alphonso II. dying in the year 1598 without issue, bequeathed his dominions to his kinsman, Cæsar d'Este; but pope Clement VIII., under the pretence that Ferrara was a fief of the papal empire, seized on that territory, and annexed it to his dominions.[2] After the loss of this fairest jewel in the ducal coronet, the representative of the Italian line of Este was only recognised in Europe

[1] History of the House of Este, dedicated to Mary Beatrice, duchess of York

[2] Ibid.

as duke of Modena. This territory is bounded on the south by Tuscany and Lucca, on the north by the duchy of Mantua, on the east by Bologna and the papal dominions, and on the west by Parma; it is about fifty-six English miles in length, and thirty-six in breadth.[1] It is a fair and fruitful district, abounding in corn and wine. The duke, though a vassal of the Germanic empire, is absolute in his own dominions.

The father of Mary Beatrice was Alphonso d'Este, duke of Modena, son of Francisco the Great and Maria Farnese. Her mother, Laura Martinozzi, claimed no higher rank than that of a Roman lady, being the daughter of count Hieronimo Martinozzi da Fano, a Roman nobleman of ancient family, and Margaret, fourth sister of the famous minister of France, cardinal Mazarine. Mary Beatrice Eleanora d'Este was the first fruit of this marriage; she was a seven months' child, born prematurely in the ducal palace, October the 5th, 1658.[2] The name of Beatrice was given her in honour of St. Beatrice, a princess of the house of Este, whose spiritual patroness she is, of course, supposed to be. According to the legendary superstitions of Modena, this royal saint was accustomed to knock at the palace gate three days before the death of every member of the ducal family.[3] A runaway knock from some mischief-loving urchin may probably have frightened more than one of the princely race of Este out of several years of life, from having been construed into one of the ominous warnings of holy St. Beatrice.

The city of Modena claims the honour of the birth of Tasso, of Correggio, and the imperial general Montecuculi. A daughter of that house was educated with the young Mary Beatrice, and remained during life unalterably attached to her fortunes, through good and ill. "The father of Mary Beatrice," says a contemporary historian,[4] "was a prince who

[1] The city of Modena was the ancient *Mutina* of the Romans, so much extolled by the ancient writers for its wealth and grandeur before the injuries it received while Decius Brutus was besieged there by Marc Antony. During the long and obstinate defence of the place, carrier-pigeons were used by the consul Hertius to convey intelligence, and to this day there is a famous breed of pigeons in Modena, trained to convey letters.—Keysler.

[2] Leti Teatro Britannica.

[3] Encyclopædia Britannica.

[4] Leti.

would have been, without doubt, an ornament among the sovereigns of his age, if hard fortune had not fettered his talents in the cruel chains of the gout, which circumscribed his reign to four years of continued pain; during which 'his greatest consolation,' as he himself affirmed, 'was that of having married a lady who appeared born to bring comfort to his afflictions.'"[1] It was indeed fortunate for Alphonso that he had chosen a consort from a rank not too much elevated to prevent her from being skilled in one of the most valuable attributes of woman in domestic life,—the sweet and tender office of a nurse. The duchess Laura manifested so much compassion and affectionate consideration for her suffering lord, that he never heard from her lips a word that could lead him to suppose that she was displeased at being the wife of a prince who was generally confined to his bed. Worn out with the acuteness of his agonizing malady, he died in the flower of his age, leaving his two infant children, Francis II., his successor, and Mary Beatrice, the subject of the present biography, to the guardianship of his duchess, on whom he conferred the regency of Modena during the long minority of his infant successor Francisco, who was two years younger than Mary Beatrice.

Prince Rinaldo d'Este, afterwards cardinal d'Este, the younger brother of Alphonso, was appointed as the state guardian of the children, and associated with the widowed duchess in the care of their education, but all the power was in her hands.[2] The princely orphans were early trained to habits of virtue and religion by their mother: so fearful was she of injuring their characters by pernicious indulgence, that she rather erred on the opposite side, by exercising too stern a rule of discipline in their tender infancy. She loved them passionately, but she never excused their faults. Both were delicate in constitution, but she never allowed them to relax their studies, or the fasts enjoined by the church of which they were members, on that account. The little princess had

[1] Leti Teatro Britannica.

[2] Inedited Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Este, in the Secret Archives of the kingdom of France.

an insuperable aversion to *soupe maigre*, but her mother, who was always present when the children took their meals, compelled her to eat it, notwithstanding her reluctance and her tears.[1] Mary Beatrice, from whose lips these little traits of her childhood were recorded after she was herself a parent, was wont to say, "that the duchess her mother considered this severity as her duty; but, for her own part, she would not imitate it, for on fast days, when she was compelled to eat of the *maigre*, she always left the table in tears, and she wished not for her children to regard any observance connected with their religion in so painful a light, but rather to perform those little sacrifices of inclination as voluntary acts of obedience."[2] Her mother forbade sweetmeats and cakes to be given to her and the little duke her brother, lest such indulgences should create a propensity to gluttony; but that these orders were frequently broken there can be no doubt, for Mary Beatrice, when discussing this matter, also in after-years, said, "I advised my son and daughter not to eat sweetmeats and cakes, but I did not forbid them, well knowing that these things would then have been given them by stealth, which it is not always possible to prevent; and this would have accustomed them to early habits of concealment and petty artifice, perhaps of falsehood."[3]

The duchess of Modena discouraged every symptom of weakness and pusillanimity in her children, considering such propensities very derogatory to persons who are born in an elevated station. Those who conduct the education of princes can never place too much importance on rendering them, habitually, insensible to fear. Intrepidity and self-possession in seasons of peril are always expected from royalty. The greatest regnal talents and the most exalted virtue will not atone to the multitude for want of physical courage in a king or queen. When Mary Beatrice was a little child, she was frightened at the chimney-sweepers who came to draw the chimney of her nursery; her mother made them come quite

[1] Inedited Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Este, in the Secret Archives of the kingdom of France.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

close to her, to convince her there was no cause for alarm.[1] The young duke was compelled to study so hard, that it was represented to the duchess-regent that his health was injured by such close application, and that his delicate constitution required more recreation and relaxation. Her reply was that of a Roman mother: "Better that I should have no son, than a son without wit and merit!"[2] One day, when Mary Beatrice was repeating her daily devotional exercise, she missed one of the verses in the *Benedicite;* and as she continued to do so every time she was made to repeat that psalm, the duchess gave her a box on the ears.[3] Their uncle, prince Rinaldo d'Este, asked the two children whether they liked best to command or to obey? The young duke said, boldly, "he should like best to command;" the princess replied, meekly, "that she liked better to obey." Their uncle told them "it was well that each preferred doing that which was most suitable to their respective vocations," alluding to the duke's position as a reigning prince, and probably not anticipating for Mary Beatrice a loftier destiny than wedding one of the nobles of his court. Her own desire was to embrace a religious life. Her governess, to whom she was passionately attached, quitted her when she was only nine years old to enter a convent. Mary Beatrice bewailed her loss with bitter tears, till she was sent to the same convent to finish her education. She found herself much happier under the guidance of the Carmelite sisters than she had been in the ducal palace, where nothing less than absolute perfection was expected by her mother in every thing she said and did. There is, withal, in the heart of every young female of sensibility, a natural craving for that sympathy and affectionate intercourse which ought ever to subsist between a mother and her daughter. The duchess of Modena loved her children devotedly, but she never caressed them, or treated them with those endearments which tender parents delight to lavish on their offspring.[4] Mary Beatrice often spoke, in after-years,

[1] MS. Memorials of the queen of James II. by a nun of Chaillot, in the Secret Archives of France.

[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

of the stern discipline to which she had been subjected in childhood, with the observation, "that she liked not to keep her children at so awful a distance from her as she had been kept by her mother, as she wished her daughter to regard her as a friend and companion, one to whom she could confide every thought of her heart."

The mode of life pursued by Mary Beatrice in the convent, the peculiar style of reading, and the enthusiastic interest that was excited among the cloistered votaresses by dwelling on the lives of female saints and royal virgins who consecrated themselves in the morning flower of life to the service of God, had the natural effect of imbuing her youthful mind with mysticism and spiritual romance. There was an aunt of Mary Beatrice, scarcely fifteen years older than herself, in the same convent, to whom she was very tenderly attached. This princess, who was her father's youngest sister by a second marriage, was preparing herself to take the veil, and Mary Beatrice was desirous of professing herself at the same time. Very rarely, however, does it happen that a princess is privileged to choose her own path in life: the death of Anne Hyde, duchess of York, proved the leading cause of linking the destiny of this young innocent recluse, who thought of nothing but veils and rosaries, with that of the most ill-fated prince of the luckless house of Stuart, James duke of York, afterwards the second king of Great Britain of that name. The youthful career of this prince, though by no means so familiar to the general reader as that of his brother, Charles II., is scarcely less replete with events and situations of stirring interest.[1] He was born at St. James's-palace, October 14, 1633, at midnight. When only nine years old, he marched by his royal father's side in the front of the line of battle at Edgehill, and stood the opening volley of the rebels' cannon as boldly as any gentleman there. He was not thirteen when he fell into the hands of the parliamentary forces at the surrender of Oxford, in June 1646. The next day sir Thomas

[1] As it is perfectly impossible to compress these within the limits of the few pages that could be devoted to a closely abridged summary of the leading events of his life before he became the husband of Mary of Modena, I have decided on publishing a separate volume, to be entitled The Early Days of James II.

Fairfax, the commander of the roundhead army, came with the other leaders to pay him a visit. Cromwell, who was among them, thought proper to kneel and kiss his hand; and this was the more remarkable, as he was the only person by whom that mark of homage was offered to the captive prince. James was conducted to London under a strong guard. Within four miles of the metropolis, he was met by the earl of Northumberland, and committed to his custody. All his old attached servants were then dismissed by the order of parliament, not even excepting a little dwarf, of whom he was very fond, and whom he begged to be permitted to retain; after this preliminary, he was conducted to St. James's-palace, where he found his sister, the princess Elizabeth, and his little brother Gloucester. His adventures while a prisoner in his natal palace, and the manner in which he effected his escape to Holland, are like the progressive scenes in a stirring drama.

While in France, James withstood the attempts of his mother to compel him to forsake the communion of the church of England, with unswerving firmness. In the year 1652 he offered to serve as a volunteer in the royalist army, under the banner of Turenne, during the civil war in France which succeeded the outbreak of the Fronde. It was with great difficulty that he succeeded in borrowing three hundred pistoles for his outfit. James fought by the side of Turenne on the terrible day of the Barricades de St. Antoine, and was exposed to great peril in the assault.[1] On this and other occasions of peculiar danger, the princely volunteer gave proofs of such daring intrepidity and coolness, that his illustrious commander was wont to say, "That if any man in the world were born without fear, it was the duke of York." His keen sight and quick powers of observation were of signal service to Turenne, who was accustomed to call him "*his eyes.*" So high an opinion did that experienced chief form of his military talents, that one day, pointing to him, he said to the other officers of his staff, "That young prince will one day make one of the greatest captains of the age." A bond of more powerful interest than the friendships of this world united the princely

[1] James's History of his own Campaigns.

volunteer and his accomplished master in the art of war,—they were of the same religion. Turenne and the duke of York were perhaps the only Protestants of high rank in the royalist army. History would probably have told a fairer tale of both, if they had adhered to their early opinions.

James was in his twenty-first year when he commenced his second campaign as a lieutenant-general; he was the youngest officer of that rank in the French service, and the most distinguished. His great talent was as an engineer. At the siege of Mousson, where he was at work with his company in the ditch of the envelope, under the great tower, a storm blew away their blinds, and left them exposed to the view of those on the ramparts. "Yet all of us," says he, "were so busily employed picking our way, the ditch being full of dirt and water, that not one single man observed that the blind was ruined, and we consequently in open view, till we were gotten half our way, and then one of our company proposed that we should return; to which I well remember I would not consent, urging that since we were got so far onward, the danger was equal. So we continued going on, but in all the way we were thus exposed not one shot was fired at us, at which we were much surprised. After the town surrendered, the governor informed us, 'that being himself on the wall, and knowing me by my star, he forbad his men to fire upon the company.'"[1]

A very fine three-quarter length original portrait of this prince in the royal gallery at Versailles, represents him such as he was at that time, and certainly he must have been one of the handsomest young cavaliers of the age. He is dressed in the light, graceful armour of the period, with a Vandyke falling collar, bareheaded, and his fine forehead is seen to great advantage with the natural adornment of rich flowing ringlets of beautiful chestnut hair, a little dishevelled, as if blown by the wind, instead of the formal disguising periwig with which we are familiar in his more mature portraits and medals. In the Versailles portrait James is in the first glory of manhood, full of spirit and grace: his features, at that time uninjured

[1] Journal of James II.

by the ravages of the smallpox, are bold, but retain the softness of youth; the eyes are large, dark, and expressive, the lips full and red, and the natural fairness of his complexion embrowned with a warm healthful tint. This portrait bears a strong likeness to his daughter Mary at the same period of life.

When the royal English brothers were, in 1655, in consequence of the treaty between Mazarine and Cromwell, excluded by name from France, James resigned his command, having served four hard campaigns under Turenne. He was offered the post of captain-general in the army in Piedmont, of which the duke of Modena, the grandfather of Mary Beatrice, was the generalissimo, but his brother Charles forbad him to accept it. It was in obedience to the commands of Charles that James reluctantly entered the Spanish service, in which he also distinguished himself, especially in the dreadful battle among the sandhills before Dunkirk, where he and his British brigade of exiled cavaliers were opposed to the Cromwellian English troops.[1]

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

James performed prodigies of unavailing valour that day; and finally, at the head of twenty men, the sole survivors of the two regiments he commanded, cut his way through the French battalions to the village of Zudcote.[2] How incredible would it have appeared to those who fought under the banner of the princely knight-errant, and witnessed his fearless exposure of his person on so many occasions that day, as well as during his four campaigns under Turenne, if any one had predicted that the injustice of a faction in his own country would ever succeed in throwing a stigma on his courage! The ardent love which he bore to his native land, and the lingering hope entertained by him that he might one day be able to devote his talents to her service, prevented James from accepting the brilliant offers that were made to him by the court of Spain in the commencement of the year 1660. These hopes were soon afterwards realized, when England called home her banished princes at the Restoration, and he shared in the

[1] Journal of James's Campaigns. [2] Life of James II.

rapturous welcome with which all ranks of people united in hailing the public entrance of his royal brother into London on the 29th of May.

James's marriage with Anne Hyde[1] was unfortunate in every respect. It had the effect of involving him in the unpopularity of her father, Clarendon, and of entailing upon him the enmity of Buckingham, Bristol, Shaftesbury, and the rest of that party, who, fancying that James would one day avenge his father-in-law's injuries on them, were unremitting in their efforts to deprive him of the royal succession. Clarendon appears perfectly satisfied with James's conduct to his daughter, and always speaks of the domestic happiness of the duke and duchess as a contrast to the conjugal infelicity of the king and queen. James was an unfaithful, but not an unkind husband, and the duchess was too wise to weary him with jealousy. How merrily they lived may be inferred from some little circumstances recorded by Pepys, who notices in his diary, "that he came one day into a room at Whitehall, whence the chairs and tables had been removed, and surprised the duke of York sitting with his duchess and her ladies on the hearth-rug, playing at the old Christmas game 'I love my love with an A,' &c., with great glee and spirit."[2]

While James occupied the post of lord admiral of England, his attention was bestowed, not only on every branch of naval science, but in the foundation and encouragement of colonies in three different quarters of the globe; namely, in Hindostan, at Long Island in America, which was called in honour of him New York, and others on the coast of Africa. These all became sources of wealth and national prosperity to England. The jealousy of the Dutch was excited: they had hitherto endeavoured to exclude the British merchants from the trade both of the East and West Indies, as well as to usurp to themselves the sovereignty of the seas. They com-

[1] The particulars of James's marriage with the daughter of Clarendon have been already related in the memoir of his royal mother, Henrietta Maria, vol. v. pp. 424 to 442.

[2] This childish game merely consists in a series of droll alliterations, as, 'I love my love with an *A*, because he is amiable; I hate him with an *A*, because he is avaricious; he took me to the sign of the Angel, and treated me with apples; his name is Alfred Arnold, and he lives at Aldborough.' The next person takes the letter B, and all in turn to the end of the alphabet.

mitted aggressions on the infant colonies founded by the duke of York, and he prevailed on his brother to allow him to do battle with them in person on the seas. His skill and valour achieved the most signal triumph over the fleets of Holland that had ever been attained by those of England. This memorable battle was fought on the 3rd of June, 1665, off the coast of Suffolk, and the brilliant success was considered mainly attributable to the adoption of the naval signals and the line of battle at sea, which had been discovered by the naval genius of the duke of York. Eighteen great ships of the Dutch were taken or burnt, and but one ship lost of the British navy. The chief slaughter was on board the duke's own ship, especially around his person, for the friends he loved best were slain by his side, and he was covered with their blood. These were lord Muskerry and Charles Berkeley, (lord Falmouth). They were well avenged, for James instantly ordered all his guns to fire into the hull of Opdam the Dutch admiral's ship: at the third shot she blew up. The parliament voted James a present of 60,000*l.*, as a testimonial for the great service he had performed. The maternal anxiety of the queen-mother, Henrietta, on account of the peril to which the duke of York had been exposed in the late fight, wrung from Charles a promise that he should not go into battle again. The nation united in this feeling, for James was then the idol of his country. If his earnest representations had been heeded by Charles and his short-sighted ministers, the insult that was offered to England by the Dutch aggression on the ships at Chatham in the year 1667, would never have taken place.[1]

The events of the next five years cast a blight over the rest of James's life. All his children died but the two daughters who

[1] The poverty of the crown led to paltry expedients in the way of retrenchments. The large ships were laid up. James vehemently protested against the measure, as an abandonment of the sovereignty of the seas; and he predicted that the Dutch would insult the coast, and plunder the maritime counties. His objections were over-ruled. The distresses caused by the plague and the fire prevented the merchants from lending money to the government to pay the seamen's wages; the crown was paralysed by a debt of 900,000*l.*, and for want of natural supplies, the measure deprecated by the heir-presumptive of the crown was adopted. The result left a stain on the annals of Charles II.'s government.

were subsequently to bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. His wife, Anne Hyde, on her death-bed declared herself a Roman-catholic, and he soon after withdrew himself from the communion of the church of England; nor could any representations of the impolicy of his conduct, or his royal brother's entreaties, induce him to appear again in the chapel-royal. It is a remarkable but well-authenticated fact, that about this time he became honourably attached to a lady who was a firm member of the church of England, Susanna Armine, the widow of sir Henry Bellasys, whom he was most anxious to marry, although she had not only resisted all his attempts to convert her to his new creed, but was even supposed to have shaken some of his recently imbibed opinions by the force of her arguments. Lady Bellasys was by no means beautiful; her great charm consisted in her fine understanding and captivating manners. James, who was aware that his attentions might be misconstrued by the world, gave her a written promise of marriage, lest her reputation should suffer from the frequency of his visits;[1] few alliances, however, could have been less suitable for the heir of the realm than this, for she was the mother of the heir of a Catholic house, and her late husband had been killed in a duel while in a state of inebriation.

When the king heard of his brother's romantic attachment to this lady, he was extremely provoked, and after expostulating roughly with him on the subject, told him "It was intolerable that he should think of playing the fool again at his age," in allusion to his impolitic marriage with Anne Hyde. James, like a true lover, thought no sacrifice too great to make to the woman whom he esteemed for her virtues, and loved for her mental endowments, rather than for her external graces, and would not give her up. Lady Bellasys proved herself worthy of the attachment she had inspired, for when she found that the interests of the duke of York were likely to suffer on account of his engagement with her, she voluntarily resigned him, conditioning only that she might be permitted to retain a copy of his solemn promise of marriage properly attested.[2]

[1] Count Hamilton. Burnet. Jameson. [2] Jameson.

The King's Library

This she owed to her reputation, having no mind to be classed with Arabella Churchill, or any other court mistress. King Charles, perceiving that his brother's desire of domestic happiness would lead him into a second marriage incompatible with his position as the heir of the crown, engaged him in a matrimonial treaty with the archduchess of Inspruck, although, as a Catholic princess, the idea of such an alliance for the duke of York was highly unpopular.

Immediately after James's second victory over the Dutch fleets at Solebay, and while the royal admiral was yet on the sea, came the news from sir Bernard Gascoigne, the British ambassador at Vienna, that the treaty of marriage with the archduchess of Inspruck was concluded, and nothing more was required than for his royal highness to send an ambassador-extraordinary to marry her as his proxy, and bring her home. James made choice of his faithful friend and servant, Henry Mordaunt, earl of Peterborough. That gallant old cavalier has left a copious and very amusing account of his proceedings, and the difficulties and perplexities with which he found himself beset in the execution of his delicate commission of obtaining a second consort for his royal friend, the heir-presumptive of the realm.[1] "The earl of Peterborough did at that time attend the duke in his own ship; he had been with him the whole expedition, and was particularly participant in all the honours and hazards of that bloody battle, [of Solebay,] wherein the noble earl of Sandwich lost his life, and so many brave gentlemen of either party. And from this fleet it was he commanded the earl of Peterborough to repair to the king, and entreat his orders to the ministers for preparing moneys, instructions, and instruments, that might enable

[1] In the Genealogies of the Mordaunt Family, written by himself,—a book of which four-and-twenty copies only were printed for private use. Of these, the only one that I have been able to trace is in the Herald's college: through the courtesy of sir Charles G. Young, Garter king-of-arms, I have been enabled to gather from this precious tome much valuable information relating to the second marriage of James II., then duke of York, with Mary Beatrice Eleanora d'Este of Modena, which, together with the anecdotes that were recorded from her own verbal communications by the nuns of Chaillot, in the inedited fragments in the archives of the kingdom of France, enable me to give particulars of this royal wooing and wedding which have never before appeared in history.

him to proceed on his journey in order to bring home the princess." So many intrigues, however, crossed the appointment at home, that it was not till March, 1673, that the earl of Peterborough was allowed to embark with his suite on this errand. He was entrusted with jewels from his royal highness's cabinet to the value of 20,000*l.*, intended as a present for the princess. Those jewels were worn by a different bride from her for whom they were destined by the sailor prince, when he selected them.

The empress of Germany had fallen sick in the mean time, and even before she breathed her last, the emperor Leopold I. determined to marry the affianced consort of the duke of York, and she decided on accepting him. Sir Bernard Gascoigne succeeded in discovering this arrangement in time to prevent the further mortification of the arrival of the duke's proxy at Vienna. The faithless archduchess had intimated, by way of consoling James, that the emperor had an unmarried sister, whom he might, perhaps, be induced to bestow in marriage on his royal highness.[1] James took no notice of this hint, but wrote to his friend, the earl of Peterborough, to choose a wife for him from four other princesses who had been proposed to him; and, as it was impossible for him to see or become acquainted with either of these ladies himself, he entreated his lordship to use his utmost diligence to obtain a sight of them, or at least of their pictures, with a full and impartial account of their manners and dispositions.[2] The first on the list was the widowed duchess of Guise, the youngest daughter of James's maternal uncle, Gaston duke of Orleans, by his second marriage: she was most particularly recommended by the court of France. The next was the subject of the present biography, the only sister to the duke of Modena. It is said by Charles II.'s historiographer, Gregorio Leti, that this princess was first suggested by queen Catharine as a suitable consort for her brother-in-law the duke of York: the extreme admiration of both Charles and James for the person of her beautiful cousin, Hortense Mancini, whom she

[1] Letters of the earl of Arlington and sir Bernard Gascoigne.

[2] Mordaunt Genealogies

greatly resembled, might have had some influence in directing attention to her. The third lady in James's list the earl of Peterborough calls mademoiselle de Rais;[1] the fourth was the princess Mary Anne of Wirtemberg.

A few pages must here be devoted to the rival claims of the quartette; for certainly, since the sultan-like requisitions of Henry VIII. to Francis I. and his ambassadors for a princess worthy of the honour of becoming his fourth consort, no chapter of royal wife-hunting has been half so rich. No chance was there of the shrewd old cavalier, whom the duke of York had entrusted with the disposal of the future happiness or misery of his life, making a blunder in the choice of the lady, so excellent a judge was he of beauty, and so deeply impressed with the importance of the commission he had undertaken. "This was a great trust," says he, "to the performance whereof were requisite both honour and discretion. The first, to render *unconsidered* all the advantages which might be proposed to bias the person trusted against the interest and satisfaction of his master; and the latter, to find out and judge what might be most expedient and agreeable to his true humour and circumstances." The duchess de Guise and the Wirtemberg princess both resided at Paris,—the duchess de Guise at her own house, the princess at a convent in Paris, where she was a boarder. The duchess de Guise the earl saw at court, but was convinced that the duke could have no inclination for her, as she was low and ill-shaped; and though she had much reputation for innocence and virtue, her constitution was too feeble for there being much probability of her bringing the duke heirs, which he knew to be the chief object of his wishing to enter into a second marriage. All the favour of France, therefore, which the earl might have won by permitting this alliance, would not tempt him to recommend any thing that appeared contrary to the trust which the duke had reposed in him.[2] The princess of Modena the earl could not see, as she was in her own country; but by means of Mr. Conn, a Scotch gentleman, he was introduced into the Conti palace, where he saw

[1] Perhaps a princess of the house of Reuss.

[2] Mordaunt Genealogica.

her picture, which had been recently painted in Italy and sent thither, the princess de Conti[1] being nearly related to her. The sight of this portrait seems to have almost turned the head of our discreet envoy, and must be described in his own eloquent words. "It bore the appearance of a young creature about fourteen years of age; but such a light of beauty, such characters of ingenuity and goodness, as convinced the earl that he had found his mistress and the fortune of England.[2] An ill picture which," his excellency goes on to say, "he saw of mademoiselle de Rais," the third lady in the duke of York's catalogue, was not, of course, calculated to efface the impression which had been made on his imagination by this representation of the fair young flower of Este; in fact, it placed the lady at such discount, that he did not consider it worth his while to make any further inquiries about her. His whole thoughts were turned upon the princess of Modena, and in order to gain some information touching her character, he employed his friend, Mr. Conn, to arrange such a meeting and introduction as might appear accidental with the abbé Riccini, a person who was employed in negotiating the interests of the house of Este in Paris. This interview took place in the cloisters of the great Charter-house, in Paris. After the usual compliments had passed, the three diplomatists led the discourse from the indifferent topics with which they began their conversation to the affairs of England,—the duke of York being a widower, and the necessity of his marrying again. Then they discussed the various princesses that the world judged proper for so illustrious a match, and the earl took occasion to inquire "what children there were in the house of Este? 'Only two,' replied Riccini; 'a son, who is the reigning duke, as yet a minor, and a daughter of about fourteen years of age.' After enlarging on the many excellences of this princess," pursues the earl, "he endeavoured to render them useless to us by saying, 'that the duchess, her mother, but more strongly her own inclination, did design her for a religious life, and that she seemed resolved not to

[1] This lady was also a Mancini, sister to the duchess of Modena's mother.

[2] Earl of Peterborough's Mordaunt Genealogies.

marry.'"[1] This intimation, which the trusty envoy was reluctantly compelled to report to the duke at the same time that he informed him of her great beauty, and the high character which, from all quarters, he had received of the young princess, appeared for the present to put all hopes of obtaining her out of the question. Then the duke directed him to obtain access to the princess Mary Anne of Wirtemberg, who was the daughter of a brother of the reigning duke. Her father had been slain in the wars, and her mother having retired into Flanders, she remained, under the protection of the crown of France, in a convent in Paris, in company with several ladies of quality. In consequence of the great services her late father had performed in France, it was supposed that, next to the duchess de Guise and the young princess of Modena, she stood the best chance of being recommended by that court as a consort for the duke of York.

Through the good offices of Gilbert Talbot, an English ecclesiastic of high rank, and an acquaintance of her confessor, the earl of Peterborough obtained an introduction to this lady, who was persuaded to receive a visit from him at the grate of a parlour, according to the usual etiquette of convents. Notwithstanding the vivid impression which the pictured charms of the young lovely d'Este had made on the old cavalier, he gives a highly favourable report of the princess Mary Anne of Wirtemberg. "She was," says he, "of middle stature, fair complexion, with brown hair; the figure of her face turned very agreeably, her eyes grey, her looks grave but sweet, and in her person she had the motions of a person of quality and well bred; but, above all, she had the appearance of a maid in the bloom of youth and of a healthful constitution, likely to bring strong children, such as might live and prosper. Although there was much modesty in her behaviour, yet she was not scarce of her discourse, and spoke well and pertinently to every thing." In short, our prudent ambassador, believing that, excepting the princess of Modena, he had neither seen nor heard of any thing more suitable for the personal object of his mission than this lady, began to

[1] The earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

inquire what fortune might be expected with her; but although some persons, inclined for her, did give out that, one way or other, fifty or three score thousand pounds might be expected, he could not find any reasonable ground on which to build such an assurance. Wisely considering, however, that money ought not to be regarded as a matter of the slightest importance in a marriage where so much depended on the qualifications of the lady, he made such representations to the duke that his royal highness, being well satisfied with the reports that he had heard from other quarters of this princess, charged him to proceed in his visits to her, and even to give hopes to her friends that he might soon be authorized to demand her in marriage. The earl obeyed, and found every day fresh contentments in the conversation of the princess; but all of a sudden a change of purpose took place in the matrimonial views of the duke of York, or rather in the policy of king Charles and his cabinet; for orders came to the earl by express, directing him to leave Paris privately with as little company as possible, and proceed *incognito* to Dusseldorf, the court of the duke of Newburgh, and there try to get a sight of the princess, his daughter, who had been earnestly recommended to the duke as a princess the fittest of any for his alliance.[1] The duke of York took the precaution of privately charging his friend to give him a faithful character of this new candidate for his hand, in all particulars, telling him, "that if he did not feel satisfied that she was in person, mind, and manners calculated to make him happy, he should have immediate orders to return, and bring home the princess of Wirtemberg."

The earl obeyed his new orders with all diligence. He took post, accompanied only by signor Varasani, his gentleman of the horse, and one that served him in his chamber, and arrived in three days at Metz, whence he came by water to Cologne. There, when he was walking about in the street, he was recognised by sir Joseph Williamson, one of the English resident ministers, who greatly offended his *secretiveness* by alighting from his coach and complimenting him in

[1] The earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

the street, of which unseasonable respect his lordship delivered himself by desiring "that he would forbear it any further;" and though he privately visited both him and his colleague, sir Lionel Jenkins, he did not communicate his business to them,—business of which they were, doubtless, to the full as well aware as himself. At the inn our cautious envoy, whose proceedings are too amusing to be omitted, told the host "he wanted to see the city and court of Dusseldorf," and got him to provide a guide well acquainted with the place, embarked with his companion Varasani and two servants one morning in an ordinary boat on the Rhine, and in due time arrived at the gates of Dusseldorf. There being examined, and giving out that they were strangers brought by curiosity to see the place, they were admitted, and conducted by a soldier to an inn. They next sent their guide to inquire the method of approaching the palace and the prince, and were informed "that there would be a greater opportunity that day than usual; for the prince and court were to be present at an anniversary contest among the citizens and other persons of that place, which could soonest shoot down the *papejay*,[1] or parrot, (a thing made in similitude of such a bird,) from a very high pole, which was to be performed with much ceremony, and the victor to receive the reward of his address." But before the commencement of this spectacle, the prince was to be entertained with very rare music at afternoon service in the Jesuits' church, at which also the duchess and the princess were to be present; and the guide added, that he could conduct him to a station proper for obtaining a view of them. This was readily accepted by his lordship, who, with his companion, was placed in a fair passage of the cloister, through which the prince and his court were to pass. After some expectation the duke arrived, preceded by the state and ceremony befitting his rank. He led his consort by the hand; the princess followed, and a considerable train of ladies and gentlemen, well dressed and in goodly order; but the princess was not well to be discerned, by reason of the hoods that were over her face. Passing after into the body

[1] The reader will remember the fête of the popinjay in Old Mortality.

of the church, the earl had a farther view into the gallery above, where the duke sat to hear the service. The office and music being ended, the court retired in the same order as it entered, and all went to see the shooting except the earl, who did not desire to appear publicly abroad. Meantime, the guide, having acquainted some under-officer of the court that two gentlemen belonging to the train of the English ambassador at Cologne were come to see that town, and were desirous to have a sight of the court and to do reverence to the duke, was told that he might bring them. Under his conduct they proceeded to the palace, where they were met by a gentleman of the inner court, who led them up into a large room; after some attendance, they were then led into another, where the prince came to them.[1] Mysterious as the earl of Peterborough thought himself, there can be little doubt but that his business was shrewdly suspected in that court, otherwise he would scarcely have obtained access to the sovereign's presence without letters, passport, or, in fact, the slightest warrant of his respectability.

The duke of Newburgh received his lordship's compliments with much courtesy, and began to ask questions about the journey, the English ambassadors, and the proceedings of the treaty of Cologne; and afterwards insensibly turned the conversation on the court of England and the royal family. He inquired about the duke of York and his marriage; and asked "where was monsieur de Peterborough? and if he continued at Paris after the treaty of Inspruck?" Discreet answers having been returned by lord Peterborough to all these queries, the duke went on to say, "that he heard the duke of York was like to be married to an English lady;" to which the earl replied "that he had heard of no such thing." At last he took his leave, with much civility. After his departure, Peterborough and his friend asked the gentleman by whom they had been presented to the duke, "If they might not have the further favour of seeing the duchess and the young princess?" He said "he would inquire," and left them; and after some stay, returned to let them know they

[1] Mordaunt Genealogies.

would be admitted. He then ushered them into an upper room, where they found the duchess of Newburgh and the princess, her eldest daughter, in evident expectation of their visit. The earl made his compliments with the greatest possible respect, to which her highness, in her own tongue, made all suitable returns; but said, "that, not being versed in the French language, she desired her daughter the princess might interpret between them." On which the princess, nothing loath, approached and helped to carry on the conversation, with intention, as he thought, of showing her capacity in that language,—they all, by that time, as he had reason afterwards to believe, suspecting him to be some other person, and having more design in this little voyage than was pretended.[1] From this hint, it should appear that the naval envoy of the duke of York was mistaken for the royal admiral himself, going about the world in disguise to choose a second consort for himself; the romantic circumstances attending his first marriage, and, secondly, his disinterested attachment to lady Bellasys, indicating that he was not likely to enter into a cold state alliance with a stranger. James acted much more wisely, however, in trusting to the good taste and sound sense of his friend than if he had relied on his own judgment, since no man was more easy to be deceived than himself.

The princess of Newburgh was supposed to be about eighteen years of age, of middle stature; she had very light hair, and was of an exceedingly fair complexion. Her eyes were of a light bluish grey, the turn of her face more round than oval, that part of her neck which his lordship could see was white as snow; but, on the whole, she was inclining to be fat. In discourse, she interpreted readily her mother's sense to him, and spake her own aptly enough; "but there did not appear that great genius for business and conversation" for which, observes our noble author, "she has been praised since she was called to sit on the greatest throne in Europe."[2] At his departure from the palace, the earl found

[1] Mordaunt Genealogies.

[2] The name of this princess was Eleanor Magdalen. She married James's former rival, the emperor Leopold I., on the death of his second wife, the beautiful archduchess of Inspruck, in 1676. She was the mother of the emperors

himself attended with much greater respect than at his arrival, and he was pressed to stay supper by the chief officers of the house, even to a degree of importunity. The punctilious caution with which his lordship avoided committing himself by accepting the slightest hospitality from the duke of Newburgh, proves that he did not consider the fat, fair *fraulein*, his daughter, worthy of the preferment of becoming duchess of York. After he had, with some trouble, backed out of all the civilities that were pressed upon him, and withdrawn to his inn, where he made an "ill supper,"[1] there came to call upon him, under pretence of a visit from a countryman, a young gentleman named Hamilton, who wore a gold key by his side, and was said to be of the duke's bedchamber, and much in his favour. This Mr. Hamilton seemed every way to try what he could get out of the earl; and by his discourse his lordship perceived that he had puzzled the court, and that his declining to receive further attentions made them suspect that he was dissatisfied. The earl, finding himself rather in a dilemma, was impatient to be gone; and having a wagon ready, the usual mode of travelling in that country, he made a precipitate retreat the next morning to Cologne, whence he wrote by express to England an account of his visit to the court of Dusseldorf. In answer, he received immediate orders to return to Paris, where he was assured he should meet directions to marry and bring home the princess Mary Anne of Wirtemberg.

The earl obeyed with much satisfaction, esteeming this, next to the Modenese alliance, the most suitable of any that had been proposed; so with all the haste he could, and not doubting of the performance of what he had been assured, he returned to Paris, and alighting at the monastery where the princess Mary Anne lived, he acquainted her with the news of the preferment which he had every reason to believe awaited her. The princess had not self-command enough to

Joseph I. and Charles VI. The great enmity of the imperial family to James may, perhaps, be traced to the influence of this princess, and the offence she took at the earl of Peterborough coming to look at her for his master, and then making no proposal for her hand.

[1] Mordaunt Genealogies.

conceal her joy on this occasion; "and," pursues his excellency, "she was not to be blamed, considering the provision it would have been for an orphan maid to marry a prince so great, both in the circumstances of fortune and merit."[1] The result should be a warning to all diplomatists engaged in the delicate and responsible business of royal marriages, not to advance a single step beyond the precise warranty of their instructions. Since the letters which the earl had received at Cologne were written, a total change of purpose had taken place in the secret councils of the British court, and the luckless envoy found that he had committed an irretrievable blunder by his communication to the princess; for the orders that awaited him at his own house were, not to marry and bring her home as the consort of the duke of York, but to break off all negotiations for her hand. His consternation and vexation may be imagined, especially as this sudden and provoking caprice proceeded, not from any fickleness on the part of the duke of York, but from the impertinent interference of that restless *intriguante* the duchess of Portsmouth, whose insolence led her to aspire at nothing less than marrying the heir-presumptive of the British crown to a bride of her selecting. The lady whom she had chosen for him was the daughter of the duc d'Elbœuf, a cadet prince of the house of Lorraine. Her mother was the sister of maréschal Turenne —a connexion to which his royal highness would have had no objection, because of his affection to his old commander, had the lady been of a suitable age; but when the earl of Peterborough came to see her after king Charles had consented to the marriage, he found that she was a little girl under thirteen, and so very childish for that age, that he would not for a moment encourage the idea of bringing home a bride of her fashion for his royal friend.[2] The duchess of Portsmouth, however, who thought to carry her point in time, if she could only succeed in breaking off the promising negotiation with Mary Anne of Wirtemberg, continued, by means of her emissaries, so to disparage that princess, that the duke was induced to give her up.

[1] Mordaunt Genealogies. [2] Earl of Peterborough, in Mordaunt Genealogies.

Much ado was there to pacify the poor princess on so great a disappointment, especially as there were those, to whom she seemed a rival, who forbore not to rejoice, if not to insult her, on this change of fortune. As for the earl of Peterborough, he frankly confessed that "he durst not see her again."[1] An effort had been made by the British resident at Paris, by sending an express to meet him on the road with news of this change, to prevent the earl of Peterborough from committing himself by complimenting the princess of Wirtemberg on the preferment his first letters had given him reason to believe awaited her; but the messenger, having taken a different route, missed him. Mortified and annoyed as the earl was with the capricious conduct of his own court, he was in a manner consoled when he found that he was required by his majesty to proceed with all speed to Modena, to demand, according to the proper forms, the original of that beautiful portrait which had never ceased to haunt his imagination since he first got a stealthy view of it in the Conti palace. It is a little amusing that king Charles, in his instructions to the earl of Peterborough, commences with noticing "the failure of the occasion" on which he had been appointed ambassador-extraordinary at the court of Vienna "for effecting a marriage between James duke of York and the young archduchess of Inspruck, but passes over in silence the other five ladies; viz. the duchess de Guise, mesdemoiselles Rais and d'Elbœuf, and the princesses of Newburgh and Wirtemberg, whose conjugal qualifications his excellency had subsequently been employed to report for his royal highness's consideration, and proceeds with laudable brevity to the object of his present mission; which was to present letters of credence to the duchess-regent, and to open to her, in his name, the duke of York's earnest desire to espouse the young princess, her daughter."[2] A polite hint on the subject of the young lady's portion is delicately introduced:—

"That our said dearest brother seems to be willing to settle a jointure of fif-

[1] Earl of Peterborough, in Mordaunt Genealogies.

[2] Official instructions to the earl of Peterborough for the marriage-treaty of James duke of York and Mary of Modena.—Appendix of Mordaunt Genealogies.

teen thousand pounds per annum sterling money of England, and even to enlarge himself further therein, if the value of her portion (*hitherto not certainly known to us*) shall require a better."

The time for the payment of the portion, and all arrangements connected with it, are in this document referred to the friendly arbitration of the king of France, Louis XIV.

"Now, although it be unusual to send extraordinary ambassadors to a single prince of Italy of that sphere, yet we have condescended to do it, to honour our most dear brother's choice of this princess for his wife; but that, on the other side, our own dignity may not suffer thereby, you must be careful to stipulate and adjust the manner of your appearance there, to the full extent of such ceremonies as have been given to the ambassadors of France and Spain who have ever appeared there."

The same express brought instructions from the duke of York, directing the earl of Peterborough, after delivering the king's credential letters and his own to the duke of Modena and the duchess-regent, to profess to them his earnest desire of marrying the young princess, and the great affection he had conceived for her person and virtues, repeating what has been mentioned in the king's letter touching her portion, and the jointure of 15,000*l.* that he was willing to settle on her in case she should survive him, and his willingness to augment it in proportion to the amount of her portion:—

"When you shall have contracted the princess in my name," continues the duke, "you are to present to her, as a token of my esteem, such part of my jewels in your custody as you shall judge convenient; and the morning of the day of performing the solemnity of the marriage, you shall present her with the remainder of my said jewels, as a further pledge of my affection, and of my satisfaction of what you have done for me."[1]

Two days after the date of this instrument, James announced his intended nuptials in the following laconic seaman-like epistle to his cousin, prince Rupert, who had succeeded him in the command of the British fleet:—

"St. James's, Aug. 3, 1673.[2]

"I have received yours by Dowcett, and, by the account he gave of what passed when you were neare the Schonvelt, see plainly De Ruyter will hardly come out to fight you. I have also seen yours to ld. Arlington, from whom you will receive his majesty's pleasure; so that there remains nothing more for me to say, but that now my marriage is agreed on with the yonge princess of Modena, and to wish you faire weather and good successe if you undertake any thing.

"For my deare cousen, Prince Rupert." "James.

Like most men who find themselves in a position to choose

[1] Dated July 31, 1673.

[2] MS. Lansdowne, 1236, article 99, fol. 160.

a wife among the fairest, the noblest, and the wealthiest ladies on earth, James, who had hitherto been embarrassed with the agreeable perplexity of selecting for his consort her who should be esteemed the most unexceptionable of all the princesses who had been offered to his consideration, fancied that, after he had once made up his mind on that point, no further difficulty could be apprehended,—at least not on the part of the lady to whom the prospect of sharing the crown of Great Britain was offered with his hand. His plenipotentiary very soon had occasion to undeceive him in this notion. The wooing of Mary Beatrice of Modena[1] is indeed a curious chapter in the personal history of royalty, demonstrating that princesses—ay, and very youthful ones—occasionally endeavour to exert a will of their own, and that ladies sometimes prefer a maiden life of tranquil happiness to the cares and trials of the conjugal state, even when it offers the glittering perspective of a crown. James urged the earl of Peterborough to use all possible diligence to marry and bring home his Italian bride before the approaching session of parliament, being well aware that attempts would be made to prevent his union with a Roman-catholic princess. The earl instantly set off post for Lyons, *incognito*. He arrived there at the end of three days, fancying, from the care he had taken to send his equipage and baggage another way, that he should be entirely unknown; but scarcely had he entered his inn to repose and refresh himself a little, when the waiter brought him word there were two gentlemen below, who desired admittance to speak with him on the part of the duchess of Modena. These persons delivered a letter to him, signed by one Nardi, who styled himself a secretary, acquainting his excellency[2] "that the duchess of Modena had heard of his intention to come into those parts to treat of a marriage with the young princess; but knowing her daughter's inclinations to be entirely against any obligations of that kind, and that she was perfectly settled in the resolution to take upon her a religious

[1] From the inedited narrative of the earl of Peterborough, and her own recitals to the nuns of Chaillot, inedited MSS. in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

[2] Lord Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

life, she thought it reasonable to give him timely information thereof, that the king his master and his lordship might avoid committing themselves by pursuing a design which, though very honourable and advantageous to her daughter and the house of Este, was yet impracticable, and could never be brought about."[1]

The surprise of the *incognito* ambassador, on finding his secret had already transpired, was extreme. However, he thought it prudent to appear greatly amazed at the contents of the letter, and to disown to the bearers any concern in the matter, or having any orders to proceed in the business they surmised. He told them further, "that he was a private traveller, who came to satisfy his own curiosity and his desire of seeing Italy, so there was no occasion for her highness or any others to concern themselves in his motions." The gentlemen having departed, the earl immediately gave an account of this strange incident to the king and the duke of York. Then, reflecting that this marriage, after the failure of the attempts to engage the duke in a matrimonial alliance with either the duchess de Guise, mademoiselle d'Elbœuf, or the princesses of Newburgh or Wirtemberg, had been strenuously recommended by the king of France, he determined to proceed to Turin and confer with the French ambassador there, who was supposed to direct the affairs of Italy, on the subject, and hear from him what probability there was of ultimate success if he persevered in the pursuit. He found that minister had received no orders from France to interfere, but had a letter from the duchess of Modena, requesting "that if his lordship came to Turin, and did confer or advise with him on that matter, he would signify to him the impossibility of accomplishing it." The earl, much discouraged, was in great doubt whether he should make any further advances; but the French ambassador advised him to have a little patience, and that, continuing the pretence of being a casual traveller, he should advance his journey down the Po to an agreeable city called *Plaisance,* [Placentia,] where he might remain and amuse himself till he had further orders." The earl took his advice, and repairing to Placentia, lodged

[1] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

himself there as conveniently as he could, under the character of a private traveller. But with all his caution, his person and movements were perfectly known; and the second or third morning after his arrival, the servants informed him that there was a gentleman desired the favour of admittance to him, who came from the duchess of Modena. This gentleman proved no other than Nardi himself, the writer of the mysterious letters for preventing the offer of the duke of York being formally made to the young princess.[1] His errand was to deliver a letter from the duchess herself, wherein she wrote, that "Having heard of his journey in these parts, she thought it incumbent on her, before a great king and his minister should expose themselves by demanding that which could not be accomplished, to manifest her reasons." She repeated the substance of Nardi's previous letter to him and the French ambassador, but added, in conclusion, "that there were other princesses in her family besides her daughter, to one of whom, if the duke his master thought fit, it was possible that he might be admitted to address himself; and in the mean time, if his lordship would come and divert himself in her court, she should esteem it an honour to receive him, and he should be very welcome." The earl of Peterborough, who was any thing but flattered at the anxiety of the duchess to forestall with a refusal an offer which he, at any rate, had given her no reason to believe would be made, drily apologized to her highness "for the trouble which his coming into those parts seemed to cause her, and thanked her for the honour she did him; for which, however, he assured her there was no cause, seeing he was but a private traveller, without design or orders to disquiet any persons with pretences that were not agreeable to them."[2]

If the duchess of Modena had really been averse to having the heir of a mighty realm for her son-in-law, she would not have taken the pains she did to watch the motions of the matrimonial agent of the duke of York. She had been accurately informed of the predilection entertained in favour of her daughter, and, in a very early stage of the business,

[1] Mordaunt Genealogies. [2] Ibid.

took occasion to discuss the matter with the young princess. Mary Beatrice wanted rather better than two months of completing her fifteenth year; she was tall and womanly in figure, but perfectly unconscious of her charms. For her acquirements, she read and wrote Latin and French; she possessed some taste in painting, and was a proficient in music, which she passionately loved; but of those royal sciences, history and geography, which ought to form the most important part of the education of princes, she knew so little, that when her mother announced to her that she was sought in marriage by the duke of York, she asked, with great simplicity, "who the duke of York was?" Her mother told her "that he was the brother of the king of England, and heir-presumptive to that realm;" but the princess was not a whit the wiser for this information. "She had been so innocently bred," observes James, in his journal, "that she did not know of such a place as England, nor such a person as the duke of York."

When the duchess of Modena explained the nature of the brilliant matrimonial prospects that awaited her, not concealing the fact that the duke of York was in his fortieth year, Mary Beatrice burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and implored her aunt to marry this royal suitor instead of her, observing with some *naïveté*, "that the age of the elder princess of Modena, who was thirty years old, was more suitable to that of a bridegroom of forty than her own, as she was only in her fifteenth year." Mary Beatrice was assured, in reply, "that the fancied objection of too great juvenility in a girl of her age would be very soon obviated by time, while every day would render a lady of thirty less agreeable to a prince like the duke of York."[1] This reasoning, however cogent, did not reconcile the youthful beauty to the idea of being consigned to a consort five-and-twenty years her senior. She wept, and protested her determination to profess herself a nun; and continued to urge the propriety of bestowing her aunt on the duke of York instead of herself so perseveringly, that at last she convinced some of the most influential persons

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena in the archives of France.

in the court of Modena that she was right. These were her uncle Rinaldo d'Este, who, like the princess her aunt, was the offspring of her grandfather's second marriage with a princess of the house of Parma, and the padre Garimbert, her mother the duchess-regent's confessor, and, in reality, her prime-minister. This ecclesiastic had been born a subject of Parma, and was exceedingly desirous of obliging that family by promoting the interests of their kinswoman.[1]

Garimbert, who is called by the earl of Peterborough a cunning Jesuit, was suspected by those of the cabinet who wished to promote the marriage of the duke of York with Mary Beatrice, of encouraging her in her determined negation of that alliance. The effects of this under-current had appeared in the duchess being wrought upon by her spiritual director,—first, to plead her daughter's predilection for the vocation of a nun, in order to deter the envoy of the duke of York from addressing his master's suit to her; and in the next place, to suggest his transferring it to the elder princess. In order to favour this change of persons, sufficient interest had been made with the ruling powers in the court of France, to induce them to use their influence in favour of the aunt instead of the niece. In the mean time an express was sent from England, to apprize the earl of Peterborough that the king of France had despatched the marquess Dangeau, with orders to assist in concluding the matrimonial alliance between England and Modena; but that it was suspected, that instead of the young princess, from whom it was supposed all the difficulty arose, it was intended to substitute an aunt of hers, who was in all respects inferior to her, and, for divers considerations, unsuitable for the duke of York.[2] "This sudden change in the affair greatly mortified the earl, whose head turned round under this variety of circumstances."[3] A few days after came Nardi again, with more compliments from the duchess, and open declarations "of the pleasure it would

[1] Mordaunt Genealogies.

[2] The name of Mary Beatrice's aunt was Eleonora, born in 1643; "lives in the convent of St. Teresia, at Modena," says Anderson in his Royal Genealogies, table 417. Her other aunt, Mary d'Este, married Rainutius II., duke of Parma, 1684; she died 1694.

[3] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

give her and her court if the honour, which it was supposed was intended for her daughter, could be transferred to another princess in the family." The earl of Peterborough, who was determined, if he could not have the youngest and fairest, to take neither, replied, "that he came to Italy for his own pleasure; that he had no orders on the subject her highness mentioned; and that his sojourn in that neighbourhood was only caused by a little indisposition."[1]

A fresh express from England informed the earl of the approach of the marquess Dangeau, empowered by the king of France to use his utmost influence to obtain the young Mary Beatrice for the duke of York, and none other; and if his mediation failed, then he was to return to Paris without further delay. A week after this the marquess arrived, and undertook to reason with the duchess on the subject, having formerly had some acquaintance with her when she resided in France. He was a clever, eloquent man, well versed in the arts of courts, and so fully demonstrated to the princes of Este their true interest in obliging the king, his master, and contracting, at the same time, the powerful alliance of England, that all the court and council were persuaded, with the single exception of father Garimbert, who did all he could to encourage the young princess in her aversion, and to dissuade the duchess from yielding her consent. However, the advantage of the connexion having been once clearly represented to the duchess, all objections were presently overruled. The marquess Dangeau then wrote to the earl of Peterborough "that he might now advance to Modena, where his addresses would be honourably received." The duchess also wrote to the same effect, and gave him a most respectful invitation to her court, assuring him, "that the only difficulty that now remained, was to obtain a dispensation from the pope for the celebration of the marriage of a Catholic princess with a prince not openly declared of that religion."[2]

The duke of York had sacrificed his power and influence in the state, together with the vast income which he had

[1] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.
[2] Ibid.

hitherto derived from the high offices he held, rather than do violence to his conscience by taking the test which had been devised by the republican party in parliament to deprive the country of his services; yet, as he had made no public profession of reconciliation to the church of Rome, the pope took the present opportunity of giving him every annoyance. The earl of Peterborough, suspecting that the marriage might be prevented by an opposition to it from such a quarter, would not make a public entrance into Modena in the first instance, but travelled thither as a private person. About a mile from the town, however, he was met by Nardi, the under-secretary of state, with a coach and six, and was conveyed to the palace of one of the chief nobles, brother to the bishop of Modena, of which he was put in possession in the name of the duchess of Modena. Here, finding he was to be splendidly lodged and entertained at her highness's expense, he protested against it, as being contrary to his desire of preserving his incognito; but Nardi told him, that although the duchess, in compliance with his request, omitted offering him in public the respect that was his due, she was not tied from serving him her own way in all things necessary for his comfort and accommodation.[1]

The abbé Dangeau, the marquess's brother, having been despatched to Rome to endeavour to obtain the dispensation for the marriage from the pope, through his favourite nephew, cardinal Altieri, the earl of Peterborough was in the mean time admitted to the presence of the duchess of Modena. He was brought in a private coach to the palace by Nardi, who, by a back way, introduced him into an apartment, where he found the duchess standing with her back to a table. The earl approached her with the respect due to a sovereign princess in her own house. She received him with much courtesy; and chairs being set, his lordship entered at once upon the true cause of his coming, observing, "that he was surprised at finding a difficulty in a thing which the world judged to be so advantageous to all parties."[2] The duchess

[1] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.
[2] Ibid.

excused herself by pleading the aversion her daughter felt to a married life, and the great desire she had to be a nun. She said, likewise, that the princess was young, and not of a strong constitution; and that, "besides, the Italian princes depending much on the reputation of zeal for the Catholic religion, there would be difficulties in obtaining a dispensation for an alliance with a prince who was not declared of the same church, let the opinion of his true faith be what it would." To all these objections the earl replied in such a manner, as induced the duchess to declare "that he had appeased the greatest difficulties of her own thoughts." She added, "that if the abbé succeeded in obtaining the dispensation, she knew not but they might proceed to a happy conclusion." This first conversation ended with the earl's requesting to be favoured with a sight of the young princess, whose possession he had so long thought necessary for his master's happiness; and the duchess having promised it for the next evening, he retired in the same manner in which he came.[1] "The next day his excellency received advice from the abbé Dangeau, that great exertions had been made by the French ambassador, and also by cardinal Barberini, and all the friends and allies of the house of Este at Rome, to obtain the dispensation, but that the pope was very averse to it, and his governing nephew, cardinal Altieri, was violently opposed to it. Various pretences were alleged in excuse of this unfriendly proceeding, but the true cause was, the jealousy of the papal government of the aggrandizement of the house of Este, lest, through an alliance powerful as that of England, the duke of Modena should be enabled to contest the fair duchy of Ferrara, and the lands of which the princes of Este had been wrongfully deprived by the usurpation of the Roman see; in which case, it was possible he might be disposed to use other means than prayers and tears to recover his own, even from the successors of St. Peter."[2]

Our stout old cavalier was not a man to be lightly discouraged; he had set his heart on bringing home the fairest

[1] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

bride in Christendom for his royal friend. His spirit rose in proportion to the greatness of the obstacle that was likely to be opposed to the accomplishment of his purpose; and determining, if possible, to bring the matter to a sudden conclusion, he renewed his request of being permitted to see the princess that evening. He was conducted to the palace at the hour appointed, introduced into the duchess's apartment as before, and found the young princess with her mother. He gives the following glowing description of the personal appearance of Mary Beatrice at that time: "She was tall and admirably shaped; her complexion was of the last degree of fairness, her hair black as jet; so were her eyebrows and her eyes, but the latter so full of light and sweetness, as they did dazzle and charm too. There seemed given unto them by nature sovereign power,—power to kill, and power to save; and in the whole turn of her face, which was of the most graceful oval, there were all the features, all the beauty, and all that could be great and charming in any human creature."[1] The earl approached her with the respect he thought due to his future mistress, and having made her the proper compliments, "he asked her pardon if he were the means of disturbing her tranquillity, and in some sort crossing her inclinations; but first, from the sight of her picture, and now still more so from the view of herself, he was convinced it was the only means of making happy a prince, whose love, when she came to know him, would make ample amends to her for any thing that she might now regard as a grievance."[2] She answered, with a little fierceness, "that she was obliged to the king of England and the duke of York for their good opinion, but she could not but wonder, when there were so many princesses of more merit, who would esteem that honour and be ready to embrace it, they should persist in endeavouring to force the inclination of one who had vowed herself, as much as was in her power, to another sort of life, out of which she never could think she should be happy; and she desired his excellency," even, as he fancied, with tears in her eyes, "if he had an influence with his master, to oblige her by endeavouring to

[1] Mordaunt Genealogies. [2] Ibid.

avert any further persecution of a maid, who had an invincible aversion to marriage. Princesses there were enow," she said, "in Italy, and even in that house, who would not be unworthy of so great an honour, and who, from the esteem they might have thereof, would deserve it much better than she could do."[1]

However piqued the earl might be at the disdain with which the youthful beauty received his compliments, and her earnest endeavours to defend herself from the unwelcome alliance to which he was wooing her, he was too able a diplomatist to take any notice of her pointed hint, that his master's addresses would be more agreeable and suitable to her aunt than to herself. In reply to all her passionate rhetoric on the propriety of his allowing her to fulfil that vocation to which it was her desire to devote herself, his excellency told her, that "he begged her pardon if he could not obey her. He might have been induced to do so before he saw her, but now it was impossible, since he could not believe that she was made for other end than to give princes to the world, who should adorn it with characters of high virtue and merit: that his country had need of such, and he would now hazard the offending her by persisting in his demand, since, if he did incur her displeasure by it, it would be the means of making her one of the happiest princesses in the world."[2] The earl complains "that, for all he could say, the princess appeared dissatisfied at his persistance." Well she might, when the plain meaning of his flattering speech simply amounted to this, that since she suited the object of his mission, it mattered little whether she shuddered at the thought of being torn from her own sunny clime and the friends of her childhood, to be transplanted to a land of strangers and consigned to an unknown husband five-and-twenty years older than herself,—whose name she had never heard till she was required to plight her vows of conjugal love and obedience to him,—and that even the alternative of a convent and a veil were not to be allowed to her. Who can wonder that a high-spirited

[1] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.
[2] Ibid.

girl, under fifteen, broke through the conventional restraints whereby princesses are taught from their cradles to control their feelings, and endeavoured to avert the dreaded doom that awaited her by telling the ambassador her mind with the passionate and tearful vehemence of a child of nature! Having done this, she maintained an obstinate silence, and retired with the duchess her mother.

The next day the ambassador made a formal complaint of her highness's behaviour to Nardi, and expressed his dissatisfaction that, "having been kept on under pretence of Dangeau's negotiation for the dispensation, a much greater difficulty appeared in the aversion so openly expressed by the princess, of whose consent he now utterly despaired."[1] Nardi told him "He need not be under the least concern on that account, since the ladies of Italy, when it came to be in earnest, were accustomed to have no will but that of their friends; and if her mother were satisfied, she would soon be brought to a much more difficult matter than that." The earl then reminded the minister that time pressed, the meeting of parliament drew near, and therefore it was necessary to come to an immediate conclusion, or to depart. The duchess, on being informed of this, sent him word the next day, "that she had greater hopes of the princess's concurrence, who had been urged by the duke her brother, and all about her, to consent; so that she trusted, on the arrival of the dispensation, he would be satisfied."[2] In the mean time, the treaty proceeded about the portion, which was to be fourscore thousand pounds, to be paid at several times, with conditions for jointure, maintenance, and other matters; and upon these things, which are the rocks and shoals on which other marriages generally split, there was no disagreement.[3] James notices the extreme reluctance of the young princess to accept

[1] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies. [2] Ibid.

[3] Some authors have asserted that the portion was furnished by Louis XIV., but it appears that he merely advanced some part of it as a loan, of which he afterwards endeavoured to extort a forcible repayment from the duke of Modena, when there was a political disagreement between them a few years afterwards. Mary Beatrice was always treated by Louis as his adopted daughter,—probably from the remembrance of early friendship with her mother, who, as the niece of cardinal Mazarine, was one of the companions of his childhood.

his hand, which he merely imputes to her desire of devoting herself to a religious life. "She had at that time," says he, "a great inclination to be a nun, insomuch that the duchess, her mother, was obliged to get the pope to write to her and persuade her to comply with her wish, as most conducive to the service of God and the public good."[1] There is some difficulty in reconciling this assertion with the following statement, which his royal highness's representative, the earl of Peterborough, gives of the unfriendly conduct of the pope in this affair: "The abbot Dangeau returned from Rome without the dispensation, which he could not by any means obtain. The cardinal Altieri was inflexible, and threats of excommunication were issued against any one who should undertake to perform or celebrate the marriage. "Thereupon," pursues his excellency, "we were all upon fears of a total rupture. The duchess herself, a zealous, if not a bigoted woman, was in great pain about the part that might seem offensive to his holiness or neglective of his authority, and the princess took occasion from hence to support her unwillingness. But, in truth, the cardinal Barberini, on whom the duchess had great dependence, and all the other adherents and relations of the house of Este, being every day more and more convinced of the honour and interest they were like to find in this alliance, were scandalized at the unreasonable obstinacy of the pope and his nephew, and did frankly advise the duchess of Modena to conclude the marriage at once; it being less difficult to obtain forgiveness for it after it was done, than permission for doing it."[2]

The next great difficulty was, to find a priest who would, in that country, venture to perform the ceremony of the espousals in defiance of the interdict of the pope. The bishop of Modena, who was applied to, positively refused; but at last, a poor English Jacobin, named White, who, having nothing to lose, and upon whom the terror of excommunication did not so much prevail, undertook to do it. The princess then, at last, gave herself up to the will of her

[1] Life, from Stuart Papers.
[2] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

friends; a day was appointed for the solemnity, and the earl had liberty to visit her highness in her own apartment.[1] It is much to be regretted that his excellency did not enrich his curious and amusing history of this marriage with a few particulars of his state visit to the reluctant bride-elect, and of her reception of the costly offering of jewels which he was then empowered to present to her, as a love-token from her future lord. It was not, as she herself afterwards declared, "without floods of tears that she yielded to her mother's commands, which she had never before ventured to dispute."[2] When a reluctant assent had been thus wrung by maternal authority from poor Mary Beatrice, the earl of Peterborough assumed his official character of ambassador-extraordinary from the king of England to that court, and procurator and proxy for his royal highness James duke of York and Albany's marriage with the princess, sister to the duke. He was conducted, in the most honourable manner, to his first public audience of the duchess-regent and the reigning duke her son by the prince Rinaldo of Este, the uncle of the duke, and all that were great and noble in that court. "And indeed," continues the earl, "the ceremony, attendance, state guards, and other appurtenances were in that order and magnificence, as might have become a prince of far greater revenues and territories. Having delivered his credentials, and made a speech suitable to the occasion, he retired as he came; only, instead of being conducted to his coach, he was led into a very noble apartment, which was appropriated to his use in quality of his office as ambassador-extraordinary for the marriage, and there he was entertained with the greatest plenty and magnificence, entirely at the expense of that generous princess, the duchess of Modena."[3]

The day for the solemnization of the nuptial contract was fixed for the 30th of September. The noble proxy having prepared his equipage and habit suitable for the occasion, "he was fetched from his lodgings, at about eleven o'clock on

[1] Mordaunt Genealogies.

[2] MS. Memorials of Mary d'Este, in the archives of the kingdom of France.

[3] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

that morning, by the duke of Modena in person, accompanied by prince Rinaldo and all the noblest cavaliers of the court, and conducted to a chamber near the chapel, where he reposed himself till so much of the service was done as seemed obnoxious to the religion he professed;"[1] for it is to be noticed, that James had not chosen a person of his own faith, but a member of the church of England for his proxy, although it might have involved some inconvenience in an Italian court. When the mass was over, the earl was led into the chapel, where the bride expected him; and there, not only without a dispensation from the pope, but in defiance of his interdict, was Mary Beatrice Eleanora of Modena married by a poor English priest to the Roman-catholic heir of England, who was represented by a Protestant proxy. "The ceremony that was then performed was designed," to use the words of the earl of Peterborough, "for a perpetual marriage between that admirable princess and the duke of York, his master." In the name of that prince, the noble proxy placed the nuptial ring on the finger of the bride. This ring she always wore: it was set with a fair diamond, which she was accustomed to call the diamond of her marriage.[2] It was one of the only three jewels of which she did not finally strip herself for the relief of the distressed British emigrants who followed the adverse fortunes of her unfortunate lord; but of this hereafter.

When the spousal rites were over, the noble proxy of that unknown consort to whom Mary Beatrice had, with much reluctance, plighted her nuptial faith, led her by the hand to her apartment, where, taking his leave, he went to repose himself in his own, till he was fetched to accompany the princess at the dinner. "This," proceeds our record,[3] "did succeed about one of the clock; and as to the ceremony of it, it was performed at a long table, over the upper end whereof was a rich cloth of state, [or canopy,] under which, in representation of a bride and bridegroom, the earl of Peter-

[1] Earl of Peterborough, in the Mordaunt Genealogies.

[2] MS. Memorials of the queen of James II., in the archives of the kingdom of France.

[3] Mordaunt Genealogies.

borough sat with the princess, who was now given the title of her royal highness the duchess of York. The duke of Modena, her brother, the duchess-regent, and the other princes of the house of Este, sitting on either side, according to their degrees. This dinner was served with all the care and curiosity that was possible for any thing of that nature to be contrived. What the sea could afford, (though it was not near,) and what the rivers and the lakes, was there; what the land could produce, or the air of Italy, was not wanting; and all this was made more excellent by the courtesy and good-humour of the princes. But it ended at last, and all arose, in order to a greater liberty of conversation; that also had a conclusion for a time, and the company, for their repose, retired to their respective apartments, his excellency being conducted to his with the same ceremony as he was brought to dinner. The night was dedicated to dancing, for there was a ball in honour of the nuptials, to which all the beauties of the court resorted. It was performed with the order and magnificence suitable to the rest of the entertainments, much to the satisfaction of all the guests and spectators,"[1]—the saddest heart there being, no doubt, that of the beautiful young bride, who had made such obstinate and unexampled efforts to defend her maiden freedom. Her struggles had been fruitless: she had been led a powerless victim to the marriage altar, her reluctant lips had been compelled to pronounce the irrevocable vow, the glittering fetter was on her finger, the most solemn rites of her church had been employed to accomplish the sacrifice, and all her kindred and her people were rejoicing in festivities which had cost her oceans of tears.

The next day the duke of Modena and the earl of Peterborough rode in state to the cathedral, where a solemn service and *Te Deum* were sung in honour of the accomplishment of the marriage. Two or three days more were spent in triumphant pageants and other testimonials of public rejoicing. The manner in which the bridegroom, to whom the virgin hand of Mary Beatrice had thus been plighted, received

[1] Mordaunt Genealogies.

the announcement of the actual solemnization of his state nuptials, is thus related by lady Rachel Vaughan, in a lively, gossiping letter to lord William Russell: "The news came on Sunday night to the duke of York that he was married. He was talking in the drawing-room when the French ambassador brought the letter, and told the news; the duke turned about to the circle, and said, 'Then I am a married man.' His bride proved to be the princess of Modena, but she was rather expected to be Canaples' niece.[1] She is to have 100,000 francs and more. They say she has more wit than any woman had before, as much beauty, and more youth than is necessary. The duke of York sent his daughter lady Mary word the same night, 'that he had provided a playfellow for her.'"

[1] A daughter of the duke of Crequi, who shared the royal blood of France by distant descent.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Mary Beatrice duchess of York—Her childish behaviour—Grief at quitting Modena—Duke of York's directions for her journey—Her Italian ladies—Gallantry of the duke of Savoy—Opposition to the marriage in England—She leaves Paris—Embarks at Calais—Lands at Dover with her mother—Received on the sands by the duke of York—Their nuptials—Her wedding ring—Verses on her marriage—Flattering reception by king Charles—Her bridal medals—Her court at St. James's-palace—Mary Beatrice's attachment to her husband—Her losses at cards—Goes to Cambridge—Learns English—Her attention to authors—Birth of her first child, the princess Catharine—Her compulsory visit to the duchess of Portsmouth—Displeasure of the queen—Birth of the princess Isabella—Birth of her first son—His christening—Created duke of Cambridge—His death—Troubles of the duke of York about the Popish plot—He is banished to Flanders—Mary Beatrice shares in his exile—Their sorrowful departure—Visit to William and Mary—Dangerous illness of the king—The duke's incognito journey to England—Returns for the duchess—Their visit to the Hague—Stormy passage to England—Illness of the duchess—They arrive in London—Retire to Scotland.

Five days after the solemnization of her espousals with the duke of York, Mary Beatrice completed her fifteenth year, and it must be confessed, that she conducted herself with no more regard for her newly acquired dignity as a bride, than if she had been ten years younger; for when the time was appointed for her to commence her journey to England, she cried and screamed two whole days and nights, and it was only by force that she could be kept in bed. Nothing, in fact, would pacify her till her mother consented to accompany her to England, and the duke her brother part of the way.[1] The earl of Peterborough, who does not appear to have

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the archives of the kingdom of France.

been at all aware of these perversities on the part of the virgin duchess of York, and was by no means desirous of such additions to his travelling party as would compel him to depart entirely from the programme arranged, both by the king and the duke, for the homeward journey, tried vainly to dissuade the duchess of Modena from this resolution. He says, "The time for the departure being come, the duchess-mother would by all means accompany her daughter into England, and it could not be diverted by any means, although it proved chargeable to her, and of ill consequence to her concerns."[1] Mary Beatrice, however, who had reason to know the real state of the case, told the nun of Chaillot who recorded these particulars from her own lips, "that her passionate importunity prevailed over the extreme reluctance of the duchess her mother to undertake so long a journey, which was extremely inconvenient to her as regent for her son, as she was thus in a manner compelled to leave the government in other hands." Her absence was unavoidably a month longer than she had by any means anticipated, and in the mean time, a party was formed against her, which finally stripped her of her authority in the state, and caused an estrangement between her and the young duke her son. "I shall never cease," would Mary Beatrice say, when adverting to these circumstances, "to reproach myself for my childish importunity, which led to such bad results for my mother."

The duke of York, in his paper of instructions to lord Peterborough, expressly says,—

"When the marriage shall be over, and you have adjusted all the manner of your coming into France, which journey will, I think, be most conveniently performed by sea to Marseilles, whither the galleys of the most Christian king will be ordered to bring her, and whither you must attend her, it will be fit that then, or before, you dismiss most of your retinue, lest their attendance may not consist with the figure the princess may probably desire to take of travelling *incognita*, or embarrass you in the conveniences of your journey, retaining only as many as will fill one coach; and thus follow her all the way until she arrive at Paris or Calais, at one of which places my servants shall be appointed to attend upon her."[2]

Mary Beatrice, young as she was, having a will of her own, determined to travel overland under the protecting care of

[1] Mordaunt Genealogies. [2] Appendix of the Mordaunt Genealogies.

her mother and uncle, and to leave her native city with some degree of *éclat*. Her plans superseded those of her new consort. James prudently directed the earl's attention to a point of no small importance to his domestic comfort, and the future popularity of his bride. "You will do your utmost," he says, "to inculcate to the princess herself, and the ministers there, the great inconvenience that would follow her being attended by a numerous train of foreigners, who are seldom so useful here as natives, and are obnoxious to censure upon any miscarriages." The quarrels which had threatened to destroy the conjugal happiness of his parents, in consequence of their struggle about the French attendants of Henrietta Maria, and the unhappiness of his royal sister-in-law queen Catharine at the dismissal of her Portuguese followers, were not forgotten by James when he gave this order. There were, however, three Italian ladies of the highest rank, madame Molza, madame Montecuculi, her daughter Anna Montecuculi, and a lady of the name of Turinie, who had been attached to the service of Mary Beatrice from her cradle; and these, in compliance with her earnest desire, she was permitted to retain among her bedchamber appointments as duchess of York. They attended her to England, and followed her fortunes through every vicissitude, whether for good or ill, with devoted fidelity till death. Madame Molza was scarcely seventeen years of age at the time of her royal friend's espousals, and the duchess of Modena said, laughingly, "that she and the duchess of York were both such young girls, that they required an experienced matron to take care of them on their journey."[1] Mary Beatrice departed from her native city under the protection of the earl of Peterborough and his suite, accompanied by the duchess-regent her mother, the duke of Modena her brother, her uncle prince Rinaldo d'Este, and whatever was noble and considerable among their own people, as well as many other persons of quality from other courts, who came to show their respect to the house of Este on this occasion. "And a very princely *corteggio* it was," says his excellency,

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the archives of the kingdom of France.

"that went with them out of Modena."[1] After two days, the young duke was persuaded to take leave of his sister and return, which he did with much reluctance, they having been ever reared together with all that reciprocal kindness which nearness and merit could beget. "But the princess," pursues lord Peterborough, "was near being dissolved in tears. She left her happy and delicious country, with the kind companions of her youth among whom she had been bred, and all these perhaps for ever,"—as, indeed, it proved to be. "Her youth and innocence permitted her not to know whither it was she was to go, to what kind of part, nor among whom; so compassion was to be allowed to her fears as well as to her reluctance, and it was enough we could induce her to proceed, and be comforted." Mary Beatrice and the princely boy, whom she regarded in the twofold light of her brother and her sovereign, were at that guileless period of life, when the links of kindred affection are more closely twined than at any other round hearts whose sensibilities are in their first exquisite bloom, and as yet unblighted by intercourse with a selfish world. No wonder that they, who had been debarred by the restraining etiquettes imposed on children of their elevated station from forming other intimacies, felt very keenly the pangs of rending asunder the bonds of that sweet friendship which had united them from their cradles. Very frequently, no doubt, had the sorrowful bride to be reminded, during that journey, of the exhortation of the royal psalmist: "Hearken, O daughter! and consider; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house."

When they entered the dominions of her kinsman the duke of Parma, that prince complimented the earl of Peterborough with the present of a fine painting by Parmegiano, the subject of which is described by one of the affected *cognoscenti* of the last century as "Ceres standing with a *most genteel air*, holding up wheat." The royal bride was not forgotten on that occasion by his highness; compliments and presents were showered upon her from all quarters, as she proceeded on her sorrowful but festive progress through Italy. Passing

[1] Earl of Peterborough, in Mordaunt Genealogies.

through Milan, they came at last into Piedmont, the dominions of the duke of Savoy, "where," says the earl of Peterborough, "these princes were almost, as it had been by spirits, invisibly lodged and provided for, after the most magnificent manner, but ever at the expense of that generous duke." Nor was this all; for having an extreme desire to see the beautiful young bride, to whom he was nearly related, his highness of Savoy carried his gallantry so far as to come on horseback, *incognito*, to meet the fair travellers by the way as they were passing through his dominions; and, pretending to be one of his own knights, stopped them and delivered a complimentary message, as he said, "from the duke his master." After talking with them a little while, he made himself known, and told Mary Beatrice "that he thought she spoke very well, and had answered him agreeably enough."—"But," said she, when relating this adventure, many years afterwards, to the nuns of Chaillot, "he almost made me die with shame by telling me that he hoped my first child would be a girl, that he might marry her to his son."[1] When they left his territories, they were met by the officers of the king of France, who accompanied them and defrayed all their expenses to Paris, bringing them to the arsenal, which was appointed for their abode. In that fortified palace, celebrated in history as the official residence of the great Sully, where he so frequently feasted his royal friend and master, Henry of Navarre, the grandfather of the consort of Mary Beatrice, she and the duchess her mother, and their suite, were entertained, in a manner befitting their rank and his own magnificence, at the charge of the king of France.[2] There also the earl of Peterborough was lodged, and a noble table kept for him and his attendants at the same king's expense. The apartments occupied by Mary of Modena and the duchess her mother, are supposed to be those

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena.

[2] But little now remains of the ancient building over which the storms of the Revolution have passed, but the whole suite of Sully's apartments are still in good preservation. His strong box, his reading-desk, and a few other things are still there, with a copious and interesting collection of the autograph letters of Henri Quatre.

which look upon the river on one side, and the old convent of the Celestins on the other,—a *locale* very interesting to the monastic tastes of the reluctant bride, who would so infinitely have preferred a cloister to a throne. The bay window at the end of the principal salon, which must have been her state reception-room, commands the most splendid view of the whole of Paris.

"The necessity of our repair into England," continues lord Peterborough, "now drew near; but her royal highness here fell sick, and her disease, for all the power of medicine, hung so upon her, that for some weeks they were not able to think of her remove." This illness was a dangerous fever, which, if not brought on by distress of mind and the force that had been put on her inclinations, was doubtless aggravated by the change of climate and her dread of the completion of her marriage. She kept her bed a fortnight, and her convalescence was tedious. She was anxious enough then to avoid all fatigue, by maintaining a strict *incognito;* but as soon as she began to recover her strength, the king of France could not be persuaded from coming in state to pay her a visit, to offer her those compliments and marks of respect which universal report had assured him were due to her royal qualities. This drew on Mary Beatrice the necessity of visiting the queen of France, and she was received by their majesties at Versailles with high consideration, and entertained with royal magnificence. The queen of France returned the visit of her royal highness with all the forms prescribed by the rigour of etiquette. State calls were also exchanged with all the great princesses allied to the royal family, "wherein was much circumspection to be used about punctilios and formalities."[1] Wearisome work of course it was, and attended with much vexation of spirit to persons uninitiated into all the intricate minutiæ of claims, privileges, and precedences insisted upon by the numerous members of the haughty demi-royalty of France under the ancient *regime.* And to make the matter more perplexing, it was necessary that the duchess of York should accord to each of those

[1] Mordaunt Genealogies.

ladies the full measure of attention to which she was entitled, without lessening her own dignity by undue condescensions. Happily, however, for her, she was treated with peculiar indulgence and consideration as the adopted daughter of the king of France, and on account of her tender age and inexperience; "mediums were found and expedients practised for satisfying all pretensions, and avoiding all offences."[1] Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and her half-sister madame de Guise, the latter of whom was, as the reader will remember, an unsuccessful candidate for the hand of the duke of York, were among those who came in state to call on his Italian bride, and she returned their visits in due form. Mary Beatrice excited the greatest admiration in the French court, and she was complimented by the king with very costly presents.[2] The jewels which she had already received from the earl of Peterborough, as a bridal offering from her unknown consort the duke of York, amounting in value to 20,000*l.* sterling, enabled her to appear with all the magnificence befitting the rank to which her marriage had elevated her among European princesses. Charms like hers, however, required not the aid of elaborate decorations, and her own classical taste disposed her to prefer a general simplicity of attire, except on those occasions when the etiquette of royal ceremonials compelled her to assume the glittering trappings of a state toilette.

While Mary Beatrice was receiving all these flattering attentions at Paris and Versailles, and probably endeavouring, by every possible excuse, to delay her dreaded journey, a strong party in England was labouring to prevent her coming at all. The object of that party was the annoyance of the duke of York, by exciting a popular ferment against his innocent young bride under the ready pretext of religion. I say the pretext, for the person by whom it was the most vehemently urged was the earl of Shaftesbury, a known infidel. He was at that time the secret counsellor, and very soon afterwards the acknowledged leader, of a faction made up of the dregs of the old commonwealth allied with a new generation, who were

[1] Mordaunt Genealogies. [2] Ibid.

determined to get the executive power of government into their own hands, by establishing a republic under the shadow of a monarchy. This design, they were well aware, they never could hope to accomplish so long as the duke of York maintained his influence in his royal brother's councils, and that popularity with the people which his public services had won. "It was he," says the earl of Peterborough, "who encouraged the king's faithful friends and his fainting ministers, and it was in him alone that the enemies of the crown found resistance. He made them desperate at last, and they saw it was impossible to accomplish their designs without his ruin. This did seem a great undertaking,—to destroy a prince such as he was, in his birth, in his merit and virtues, and in the esteem of all just and reasonable men. But the zeal of these commonwealth-men made them find nothing impossible; their resolution was great in this particular, their malice greater, and their cunning greater than either. They knew the admirable qualities of this prince; they knew his valour, justice, temperance, his love of business, his indefatigableness in all honourable undertakings; they knew, also, that against a man so qualified no truth could prevail. They were then resolved to have recourse to falschood, and,"—pursues the honest old cavalier, warming with the remembrance of the unfounded calumnies that had been heaped on his royal friend into a climax of uncontrollable indignation,—"and to the devil, the father of liars, one of whose chief favourites was become sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, the late earl of Shaftesbury."[1]

His royal highness being perfectly aware that the next contest which these political religionists were preparing to fight against him would be on the question of his marriage with the princess of Modena, had taken his measures accordingly; and, through the energetic proceedings of his faithful friend the earl of Peterborough, the treaty for this alliance had been so promptly and quietly settled, that the party were perfectly taken by surprise, when, at the meeting of parlia-

[1] The reader must bear in mind that the earl of Peterborough never intended his work for publication. The four-and-twenty copies that were printed were only for the use of his family.

ment on the 20th of October, they addressed the king on the subject by stating, "that they had heard with regret that a marriage between the duke of York and the princess of Modena was thought of, and petitioned his majesty not to allow it to proceed."[1] Charles replied, briefly and drily, "that their remonstrances came too late. The alliance to which they alluded was not only thought of, but done; 'the duke, his brother,' was already married to the princess of Modena, and she was on her journey to England."[2] The commons voted an address to the king, praying him "to send and stop the princess at Paris, in order to prevent the consummation of her marriage with the duke of York." Charles replied, "that he could not in honour dissolve a marriage that had been solemnly executed." The commons, infuriated at the royal declaration, concluded a series of angry votes by petitioning the king "to appoint a day of general fasting, that God might avert the dangers with which the nation was threatened."[3] Charles graciously granted them permission to fast as much as they pleased, although aware that the proposition of such an observance was not intended for a humiliation to themselves, but as an especial contempt for the Italian bride. The next day being the anniversary of the gunpowder-plot, the popular pageant of burning Guy Fawkes and the pope was played off with more than wonted vivacity by the London 'prentices, attended with various circumstances and allusions tending to mark their displeasure at the duke of York's change of creed and his "popish marriage,"[4] as they styled it, regardless of the fact that it had been contracted, not only without the pope's licence, but positively in defiance of his authority. The cabinet of king Charles II. took the alarm, and the earl of Arlington implored his majesty either to prevent the departure of the princess of Modena from Paris, or to insist that James, after his marriage, should withdraw from court, and lead the life of a country gentleman. The king replied, "that the first was incompatible with his honour, and the second would be an indignity to his brother."[5]

[1] Inedited letters of news in the Lansdowne MSS. Journals of Parliament.
[2] Lansdowne MSS. [3] Parliamentary Journals. [4] Evelyn. [5] Lingard.

While these stormy scenes, on her account, were agitating the nation and court over which she was one day to preside as queen, Mary Beatrice left Paris, and commenced her journey to the sea-coast. She travelled in state, and in all the towns and provinces through which she passed she was met and received by the governors and local authorities with the same respect as if she had been queen of France. Louis XIV.'s officers defrayed all the expenses of this pompous progress till she came to the water's edge. The vessels that had been appointed by king Charles for her passage to England were waiting for her at Calais, where, on the 21st of November, she embarked in 'the Katharine' yacht with her mother, her uncle, and all who had attended her from Italy. Mary Beatrice crossed the Channel with a prosperous breeze, and towards evening arrived at Dover. The duke of York, with becoming gallantry, was on the sands to give his new consort a personal welcome to England, and when she came to shore, he received her in his arms.[1] The beauty, the timidity, and the innocence of the royal bride rendered this meeting, doubtless, a spectacle of exciting interest to the honest seafaring population of Dover, the manly squires of Kent, and the gentle ladies who thronged the strand that day to obtain a sight of their future queen and the ceremonial of her landing. James was charmed, as well he might be, with the surpassing grace and loveliness of the consort his friend the earl of Peterborough had chosen for him. "On her landing," says the earl, "she took possession of his heart as well as his arms." Of her emotions, his lordship, for obvious reasons, does not speak.

"Mary Beatrice, in after years, acknowledged that she did not like her lord at first."[2] What girl of fifteen ever did like a spouse five-and-twenty years her senior? Princesses are rarely so fortunate as to be allowed the privilege of a negative in matters of the kind; but the fair d'Este had not submitted to the hard fate of female royalty without a struggle, and now, it should seem, she had not sufficient self-control to conceal her feelings under deceitful smiles. She is even said to have betrayed a childish aversion to the duke at their first

[1] Mordaunt Genealogies. [2] MS. Memorials of the queen of James II.

interview.' Some men would have hated her, and rendered the union for ever miserable by a manifestation of evil temper on the occasion. The sailor-prince knew better: well qualified as he was to play the wooer successfully to ladies of all ages, he wisely took no notice of discouraging symptoms in so young a creature, but professing himself dazzled with the beauty of her eyes, he led her with courtly attention to her lodgings, and left her with her mother to take a little repose after the discomposure of her voyage. Brief time had she for rest, and none for reflection; the fatigue and excitement of a state toilette awaited her in preparation for another agitating scene,—the solemn confirmation of her espousals with the duke by the bishop of Durham, who had attended his royal highness from London for that purpose.

The greatest difficulty, perhaps, with which historians have to contend, is the discrepancy of statements between equally credible witnesses of the same fact. The account given by the duke of York of the ceremonial of his marriage with Mary d'Este at Dover, is very different from that recorded by his proxy, the earl of Peterborough. James says, "She landed at Dover the 21st of November; Dr. Crew married them, declaring that by proxy a lawful marriage."[2] The compiler of James's life from the Stuart Papers, details the manner in which this was done. "The same evening the duke and duchess of York and the duchess of Modena, with their attendants, the earl of Peterborough being also present, being assembled together in the state drawing-room, the bishop of Oxford asked the duchess of Modena and the earl of Peterborough 'whether the said earl had married the duchess of York as proxy of the duke?' which they both affirming, the bishop then declared 'it was a lawful marriage.'"[3] From these statements, Dr. Lingard and others have inferred that no other ceremony took place, but it is certain that neither James nor his biographer have related the whole of the circumstances; the latter, because he found

[1] Mackintosh's History of the Revolution of 1688.

[2] Extracts from the Journal of James II., by Carte and Macpherson.

[3] Life of James, by Stanier Clark.

no further record in his authorities, while James, perhaps, omitted mentioning the church of England marriage-service, from a foolish repugnance to acknowledging that he resorted to the rites of that church for the confirmation of his wedlock with a princess of the Romish faith. The plain fact was, that even to Roman-catholics it was a matter of expediency to legalize by such rites a marriage which the pope had forbidden; and James was perfectly alive to the necessity of taking due precautions for securing, beyond the possibility of dispute, the legitimate claims of the male issue of this alliance to the royal succession. "His royal highness," says the earl of Peterborough, "who had provided so to confirm this matter as the malice of any age to come should have no pretence to call it in question, led out his duchess into his great room before his bedchamber, and there, in presence of all the lords who had attended him from London, of all the country gentlemen who were come to see him, and what it could contain of the citizens of Dover, he married again his wife after the forms of the church of England by the hands of Dr. Nathaniel Crew, at this time bishop of Durham; after which, they supped together."[1]

James honoured the ancient customs of the land over which he expected to rule, by admitting a portion of the honest, true-hearted classes in whom the strength of a monarch depends, to witness the solemnization of his marriage with a princess whom he had taken to wife, in the hope of her becoming the mother of a line of kings. It was sound policy in him not to make that ceremonial an exclusive show for the courtiers who had attended him from London, and the foreigners who, notwithstanding his prudent caution to the earl of Peterborough, had accompanied his Italian consort to England. He knew the national jealousy, the national pride of his countrymen, and that their affections are easily won, but more easily lost, by those who occupy high places; that they are terrible in their anger, but just in their feelings, their crimes being always imputable to the arts of those by whom their feelings are perverted to the purposes of faction

[1] Mordaunt Genealogies.

or bigotry. The English are, moreover, a sight-loving people; and, for the most part, inclined to regard the principal actors in a royal pageant with feelings of romantic enthusiasm. It was, therefore, well calculated to increase his popularity and counteract the malice of his enemies for the sailor-prince to take so excellent an opportunity for interesting their generous sympathies in favour of the innocent young creature, against whom the republican faction was endeavouring to raise a persecution. It is a little singular, that among the numerous spectators, gentle and simple, courtly and quaint, who witnessed the landing of Mary Beatrice that day, and afterwards the royal ceremonial of her marriage with the heir of the crown, not one should have left any little graphic record of the events of the day, with details of the dress and deportment of the bride, and her reception of the English ladies, the manner and order of the supper, with many other minor observances connected with the costume of those times, which his excellency of Peterborough has considered it beneath the dignity of an ambassador to chronicle. Why was not that most minutely circumstantial of all diarists, Samuel Pepys, at the wedding of his royal master the duke of York, to count the pearls on the bride's stomacher, and to tell us how rich and rare was the quality of her white-and-silver petticoat, and to marvel at the difference between her tall sylph-like figure and the obesity of her portly predecessor, Anne Hyde?

The ring with which James wedded Mary Beatrice of Modena was a small ruby, set in gold. She showed it to the nuns of Chaillot in the days of her sorrowful widowhood,—days of exile and poverty, and said, "It was impossible for her to part with it, for it was her marriage-ring, which was given her when she arrived in England by her royal husband, then duke of York; and therefore she valued it more than the diamond which, according to the custom of her country, she received on the day of her espousals at Modena."[1] She evidently regarded it as the pledge of a more sacred contract, though solemnized with the rites of the reformed church. The noble proxy concludes his pithy history of the marriage

[1] MS. Memorials of the queen of James II. in the archives of France.

of Mary Beatrice in these words: "And here the earl of Peterborough ended this great service, which, through so many difficulties, brought to the duke the fairest lady in the world, and to England a princess of the greatest example and virtue." The countess of Peterborough was appointed to the highest office in the household of her royal highness, and her daughter, the young duchess of Norfolk, made one of the ladies of the bedchamber.

During the two days that James remained at Dover with his bride, one of his pretended friends, the earl of Berkshire, advised him to write to the king, his brother, requesting leave to withdraw from public life, and to retire with his new duchess to Audley-End, or some other country residence, where he might enjoy her society, and hunt and pray without any offence to others or disquiet to himself. James thanked him for his good meaning, but told him, "that unless his majesty should command him to the contrary, he would always wait upon him, and do him what service he could."[1] It was not his intention to gratify his foes by burying himself and his bride in the obscurity of country life. He was justly proud of her charms, and determined that she should make her public entrance into London in a manner befitting the consort of the heir-presumptive of the realm; and although the season of the year was any thing but favourable for showing off an aquatic pageant, in such a climate as England, to a native of Italy, he resolved on bringing her in triumph up the Thames to Whitehall. On the second day after the marriage, this little court set out from Dover, accompanied by the duchess of Modena and prince Rinaldo d'Este. They performed the journey overland to Gravesend, sleeping at Canterbury the first night, at Rochester the second,[2] all ranks of the people everywhere expressing their joy upon the arrival of her royal highness. The slow rate at which she travelled enabled every one who wished it to obtain a view of her. It has been said, with truth, that a little beauty goes a great way with queens and princesses, but Mary of Modena was descended from families in which nobi-

[1] Life of James II. [2] London Gazette.

lity of person was an hereditary gift. The royal and commanding lineaments of the princely house of Este were in her softened and blended with the captivating graces of the more humbly-born Mancini, which had been transmitted to her by her maternal grandmother, the sister of cardinal Mazarine. The portraits of Mary Beatrice bear an improved and chastened likeness to those of Hortense Mancini, whom Charles II. loved well enough to offer to marry, and James II. has styled "the most beautiful girl in the world." The discretionary nature of the earl of Peterborough's commission in choosing a bride for his royal friend, and the surpassing charms of her whom he had selected, elicited an elegant poem from the young earl of Lansdowne, of which the following lines may serve as a fair specimen :—

> "The impartial judge surveys with vast delight,
> All that the sun surrounds of fair and bright;
> Then strictly just, he, with adoring eyes,
> To radiant Este gives the glorious prize.
> Who could deserve like her, in whom we see
> United all that Paris found in three?"

Even a grave dignitary of the church of England, the learned Dr. South, who was one of the Protestant chaplains of the duke of York, was seized with a fit of poetic inspiration when the news of his royal patron's nuptials with the fair young flower of the historic line of Este reached him. The worthy doctor being then on a journey, composed an impromptu Latin ode on this auspicious theme, and wrote it down while on horseback, having no other desk than the neck of his steed, which on that occasion proved a veritable Pegasus to his reverence.[1]

The merry monarch, attended by the principal lords and ladies of the court, went down the river in state in the royal barges on the 26th of November, to meet and compliment the newly-wedded pair. Their royal highnesses having embarked at Gravesend that morning, with the duchess of Modena and their noble attendants, came up with the early tide. When the two courts met on the broad waters of the Thames, the bridal party came on board the royal yacht.

[1] See Dr. South's letter to his friend Dr. Ralph Bathurst.—Life and Literary Remains of Dr. Bathurst, dean of Wells, by Thomas Warton.

His majesty received and welcomed his new sister-in-law with every demonstration of affection, and they returned together. The duchess of Modena must have been an old acquaintance of the king and the duke of York, she having resided at Paris before her marriage, at the time when they were in exile. Mary Beatrice was invariably treated with the greatest tenderness and consideration by her royal brother-in-law. "He was always kind to me," would she say in after years, "and was so truly amiable and good-natured, that I loved him very much, even before I became attached to my lord the duke of York."[1] At noon the royal party landed at Whitehall, and Mary Beatrice was presented in due form to the queen, by whom she was received in the kindest and most obliging manner. The first appearance of her royal highness at Whitehall created a great sensation: she was treated with every mark of affection and distinction by their majesties, and with much respect by the great ladies of the court and all the royal party; yet, observes lord Peterborough, "clouds hung heavy upon the brows of many others, who had a mind to punish what they could not prevent." The ribald political rhymesters, who had already assailed James with a variety of disgusting lampoons on the subject of his Italian alliance, were preparing to aim their coarse shafts at his bride; but when she appeared, her youth, her innocence and surpassing loveliness, disarmed even their malignity: they found no point for attack. From others, the young duchess received the most unbounded homage. Waller, though on the verge of seventy, wrote the following complimentary lines in her copy of Tasso:—

"Tasso knew how the fairer sex to grace,
But in no one durst all perfection place;
In her alone that owns this book is seen
Clorinda's spirit, and her lofty mien,
Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,
Armida's charms, her beauty and her youth.
Our princess here, as in a glass, doth dress
Her well-taught mind, and every grace express;
More to our wonder than Rinaldo fought,
The hero's race excels the poet's thought."

King Charles ordered a silver medal to be struck in honour of his brother's marriage, in which half-length portraits of

[1] MS. Memorials in the archives of France.

James and his bride appear, face to face, "like Philip and Mary on a shilling." The disparity in their ages is strikingly apparent, for though the royal admiral was still in the meridian pride of manhood, and reckoned at that time one of the finest men in his brother's court, his handsome but sternly marked lineaments are in such strong contrast to the softness of contour, delicate features, and almost infantine expression of his youthful consort, that no one would take them for husband and wife. The dress of Mary Beatrice is arranged with classical simplicity, and her hair negligently bound up with a fillet, over which her long ringlets fall negligently, as if with the weight of their own luxuriance, on either side her face, and shade her graceful throat and bosom. A much finer medal of her was struck, soon afterwards, from one of her bridal portraits by Lely,—a whole-length, in the costume of a Grecian muse, only with more ample draperies, and the hair in flowing ringlets. The medal bears this inscription, *Maria Beatrix Eleanora, ducissa Eborácensis.*[1] As this princess was of that order of beauty to which the royal taste awarded the palm, and her natural charms were unmarred by vanity or affectation, she excited boundless admiration in the court of Charles II., where it was hoped that the purity of her manners and morals would have a restraining and beneficial effect. George Granville, earl of Lansdowne, in his poem on her marriage with the duke of York, pays her the following graceful compliment:—

> "Our future hopes from this blest union rise,
> Our present joy and safety from her eyes,—
> Those charming eyes, that shine to reconcile
> To harmony and peace this stubborn isle."

[1] The dull compounder of a choice specimen of pedantic ill-nature, in the shape of an attack on female historians in general, and me in particular, in a periodical remarkable for nothing but its stupidity, has roundly accused me of having coined these bridal medals of Mary Beatrice of Modena and the duke of York, because, forsooth, he has not seen them in the British Museum. Whether they be still in the medal chamber I am not prepared to affirm, but I beg to state, positively, that they were introduced to my attention in the year 1845 by Mr. Birch, the learned custodian of those historical relics, and that my description of both was jotted down in my note-book in the presence of that gentleman, Mr. Fitzgerald, and another gentleman in that department of the British Museum.

The noble young bard, at that time a student only in his thirteenth year, lived to see the lustre of those eyes, from which he caught his earliest spark of poetic inspiration, dimmed with long years of weeping; yet he always remained true to his first theme, and sang her praises as fervently in the dark days of her adversity, as when her star first rose in its glittering ascendant.

St. James's-palace had always been the residence of the duke of York, and thither he conducted Mary Beatrice. On the 6th of December, the French ambassador waited on their royal highnesses to compliment them on their marriage. The same day the ambassador of Portugal, the Swedish and Danish envoys, the residents of Venice and Newburgh, came to offer the congratulations of their respective courts on the same occasion, being introduced by sir Charles Cottrell, the master of the ceremonies.[1] The duke and duchess of York held their courts and levees at this palace as regularly as the king and queen did theirs at Whitehall, but on different days. There was not, however, the slightest rivalry either intended or suspected. King Charles always said, "that the most loyal and virtuous portion of his courtiers were to be found in his brother's circle at St. James's-palace."[2] He was excessively fond of the company of his new sister-in-law, and occasionally did her the honour of presenting himself, with other company, at her levee, where he was wont to amuse himself, not only with the floating news of the day, but in discussing the affairs of the nation. Sir John Reresby, in his memoirs, mentions, "that on the 18th of March, he entertained his majesty a long time, in the duchess of York's bedchamber, with what had been then transacting in the house of commons." The proceedings there boded little good to the heir of the crown and his consort. Much was said of the dangers to be apprehended from this marriage, and sternly was the exercise of the penal laws insisted upon. It was even forbidden for any popish recusant to walk in the park, or to enter St. James's-palace under any pretence.

It had been stipulated in her marriage-articles, that the

[1] London Gazette. [2] Mordaunt Genealogies.

duchess of York was to enjoy the use of the Catholic chapel at St. James's, which had been fitted up by the queen-mother, Henrietta, for herself and her household; but Charles II., who was an attentive observer of the signs of the times, perceiving that a great excitement prevailed among the populace at the idea of a second public establishment for the worship of the church of Rome, circumvented his brother and his young Italian bride by setting the queen to claim it as one of her chapels.[1] This sly piece of diplomacy laid the foundation of a lasting coolness between Mary Beatrice and queen Catharine. There is reason to believe that the duchess of Modena, who was still with her daughter, wrote to Louis XIV., to complain of the infraction of the treaty to which he had been a guarantee, for in the *Archives des Affaires Etrangères, Paris*, there is an inedited letter addressed by James to that monarch, in reply to an inquiry from him as to the manner the duchess of York was allowed to exercise her religion. An apartment in St. James's-palace had been fitted up by Charles's order as an oratory or private chapel for the young duchess and her suite, so that truth compelled James, however dissatisfied with the arrangement, to reply as he does in the following letter, which, as it is derived from a source only accessible through the courtesy of monsieur Guizot, is here inserted:—

"THE DUKE OF YORK TO KING LOUIS XIV.

"MONSIEUR, "London, 8 December, 1673.

"As the duchess of Modena has informed me that it will be desirable that I should give your majesty some account of the manner in which the duchess [of York] enjoys the exercise of her religion, I have her permission to inform you that she enjoys here the free exercise of the catholic, apostolic, and Roman faith, in the same manner that the queen does here at this present time for herself and her household, and that the king, my brother, will have the same care for her and all her people, in regard to the Catholic religion, that he has for the queen and her suite. Your letter being confined to this sole subject, I will not trouble your majesty further at present, than to assure you that I am, with all respect imaginable, sir,

"Your majesty's very affectionate brother, cousin, and servant,

"JAMES."[2]

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[1] Journal of James.

[2] Inedited MS. in the Archives des Affaires Etrangères, Paris: communicated by monsieur Dumont, by the favour of monsieur Guizot. The original document is in French.

From the dry, laconic style of the above letter, it may easily be perceived that James neither approved of the dictation of his mother-in-law, the duchess of Modena, nor the interference of his royal kinsman of France, yet the manner in which he has noted, in his own journal, the refusal of St. James's chapel to his duchess, shows that he regarded it as a great affront to her. Charles, however, acted more as the friend of the duchess of York in withholding the indulgence from her than if he had granted it, well knowing that the less conspicuously the ceremonials of her religion were practised, the greater would be the chance of her enjoying the affections of the people.

The duchess of Modena, who had spent six weeks with her daughter, was compelled to return to her own country, in consequence of the intrigues that had been set on foot against her during her absence. Her presence in England had not been conducive to the conjugal happiness of the newly-wedded pair, and there had been some disputes between her and the English duchesses on the subject of precedence.[1] She departed from England December 30. Forty years afterwards, Mary Beatrice spoke of this separation from her mother as the greatest trial she had ever known at that period of her life; "but," added she, "after her departure, I became very much attached to the late king my husband, who was then duke of York, and my affection for him increased with every year that we lived together, and received no interruption to the end of his life."[2] Her fondness for him at that time, she confessed, amounted to an engrossing passion that interfered with her spiritual duties, for she thought more of pleasing him than serving her God, and told her spiritual confidantes, the nuns of Chaillot, that "it was sinful for any one to love an earthly creature as she had loved her husband; but that her fault brought its own punishment, in the pain she suffered at discovering that she was not the exclusive object of his regard."[3] James had unhappily formed habits and connexions disgraceful to himself, and inimical to the

[1] Memoirs of Madame d'Adhemar.

[2] MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena. [3] Ibid.

peace of his youthful consort. His conduct with several of the married ladies of the court, and even with those in her own household, afforded great cause for scandal, and of course there were busy tongues eager to whisper every story of the kind to his bride. If Mary Beatrice had been a few years older at the time of her marriage, she would have understood the value of her own charms, and instead of assailing her faithless lord with tears and passionate reproaches, she would have endeavoured to win him from her rivals by the graceful arts of captivation for which she was well qualified. James was proud of her beauty, and flattered by her jealousy; he treated her with unbounded indulgence, as she herself acknowledged,[1] but there was so little difference in age between her and his eldest daughter, that he appears only to have regarded her as a full-grown child, or a plaything, till the moral dignity of her character became developed by the force of circumstances, and he learned to look up to her with that admiration and respect which her virtues were calculated to excite. This triumph was not easily or quickly won. Many a heart-ache and many a trial had Mary Beatrice to endure before that day arrived.

Her own path, in the mean time, was beset with difficulties. Ignorant as she was of the manners and customs of England, she was compelled to submit to the guidance of those ladies whom the duke, her husband, had appointed to assist her with their advice and instruction, as he was desirous that she should conform to the usages of the English court. Basset and other gambling games were then in high vogue in the *beau monde*. Mary Beatrice disliked cards, and was terrified at the idea of high play; but her ladies told her she must do as others did, or she would become unpopular, and excite ridicule, and by their importunities prevailed over her reluctance. Like most young people under similar circumstances, she lost her money at the card-table without deriving the slightest pleasure from the game, and as this happened very frequently, it devoured those sums which ought to have been applied to better purposes. "I suffered," she would say, in after years,

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

"great pain from my losses at play, and all for the want of a little more firmness in not positively refusing to comply with a custom, which those who were so much older than myself told me I was not at liberty to decline. I shall always regret my weakness, since it deprived me of the means of doing the good I ought to have done at that time."[1]

Such was the ingenuous acknowledgment, made nearly forty years afterwards by that princess, of an early error, which her *sensitive* conscience taught her to regard as a crime to the end of her life. How generally blameless her conduct was at the tender age when she was torn from her peaceful convent to become the wife of a careless husband, whose years nearly trebled her own, and the stepmother of princesses old enough to be her sisters, may be perceived even from the unfriendly evidence of Bishop Burnet: "She was," says he, "a very graceful person, with a good measure of beauty, and so much wit and cunning, that during all this reign she behaved herself in so obliging a manner, and seemed so innocent and good, that she gained upon all that came near her, and possessed them with such impressions of her, that it was long before her behaviour after she was a queen could make them change their thoughts of her.[2] So artificially did this young Italian behave herself, that she deceived even the eldest and most jealous persons, both in court and country; only sometimes a satirical temper broke out too much, which was imputed to youth and wit not enough practised to the world. She avoided the appearance of a zealot or a meddler in business, and gave herself up to innocent cheerfulness, and was universally esteemed and beloved as long as she was duchess."[3] Upwards of twelve years! Rather a trying period for the most practised of hypocrites to have supported the part which this candid divine attributes to an

[1] We are indebted for this fact to the inedited fragment of the diary of a nun of Chaillot, by whom many of the incidents in the early life of the consort of James II. were recorded as they came from the lips of that princess, very much in the way afterwards adopted by the admiring Boswell in booking the sayings and doings of that mighty colossus of literature, Dr. Johnson.

[2] What that behaviour was, Burnet does not take the trouble to explain, having neither facts nor authorities to produce against her.

[3] Burnet, vol. ii. p. 49.

inexperienced girl, who commenced her career in public life at fifteen. If Mary Beatrice had, at that tender age, acquired not only the arts of simulation and dissimulation in such perfection, but the absolute control over every bad passion which Burnet imputes to her, so as to deceive the most watchful of her foes, and to conciliate the love and esteem of all who came near her, she might assuredly have governed the whole world. Unfortunately for herself, this princess was singularly deficient in the useful power of concealing her feelings. It is impossible to refrain from smiling at the idea of any one attributing policy so profound to the unsophisticated child of nature, who, preferring the veil of a cloistered votaress to the prospect of the crown-matrimonial of England, had interrupted the diplomatic courtship of a grave ambassador with passionate reproaches for his cruelty in endeavouring to marry her to his master against her inclination, and with tearful earnestness intimated how much more suitable and welcome the alliance would be to her maiden aunt than to herself, and was too little practised in deception to be able to conceal either her disinclination to her consort in the first instance, or her too ardent affection for him after he had succeeded in winning her virgin love. If, then, so young a person, whose greatest fault was her proneness to yield to the impulse of her feelings, conducted herself for twelve years so perfectly as not to give cause for complaint to any one, not even to her step-daughters, the natural inference is, that she acted under the influence of more conscientious motives than those which guided the pen of her calumniator.

Soon after the departure of the duchess of Modena, the duke of York made a progress with his bride, to show her several places of interest in her new country. Among the rest, he conducted her to Cambridge, where she was received with signal honours by the university, and the young lord Lansdowne enjoyed the satisfaction of reciting to her royal highness a poem which he had composed on the occasion, full of compliments, both to her and the duke. When they returned to town, Burnet, who was honoured with a private interview with James, says, "that his royal highness com-

mended his new duchess much."[1] On the 18th of May, 1674, the Dutch ambassadors, after making their public entry and receiving audience from the king, were introduced by sir Charles Cottrell into the presence of the duke and duchess, in their apartments in Whitehall. Two days later the king and queen, accompanied by their royal highnesses, left town for Windsor, with the intention of passing some time there.[2] Mary Beatrice applied herself to the study of the English language to such good purpose, that she soon became a perfect mistress of all its intricacies, and not only spoke, read, and wrote it with fluency, but was able to appreciate the literature of that Augustan age. She had both the good taste and the good policy to pay distinguishing attention to persons of literary talent. She took great pleasure in the conversation of the aged Waller, and playfully commanded him to write.[3] That he had not lost the talent for making poetry the vehicle for graceful compliments which distinguished his early productions, may be seen by the elegant lines addressed to her royal highness, which he presented to her with a copy of his poems. After telling her that the verses in that volume celebrated the beauties of a former age, he says,—

"Thus we writ then; your brighter eyes inspire
A nobler flame, and raise our genius higher;
While we your wit and early knowledge fear,
To our productions we become severe.
Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing,
Your judgment makes us careful how we sing;
Lines, not composed, as heretofore, in haste,
Polished like marble, shall like marble last,
And make you through as many ages shine,
As Tasso has the heroes of your line.
Though other names our wary writers use,
You are the subject of the British muse;
Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,
Men write, and die of wounds they dare not own."

[1] Burnet was in a great deal of trouble at that time, having disobliged his old patron, Lauderdale, and incurred the displeasure of the king. His sole reliance was then on the good offices of the duke of York, who, he confesses, treated him with the greatest kindness, and interceded many times for him, both with Lauderdale and his majesty, but in vain. Charles warned his brother that the person for whom he was interesting himself was treacherous and undeserving of his favour, and was uneasy at his countenancing him.

[2] London Gazette. [3] Aubrey.

It was highly to the credit of Mary Beatrice, that her mind was too well regulated to be alloyed with the vanity which the flattering incense of the greatest wits of the age was calculated to excite in a female heart. The purity of her manners and conduct entitled her to universal respect. It was observed in that wanton, licentious court, where voluptuousness stalked unmasked, and gloried in its shame, that the youthful duchess of York afforded a bright example of feminine propriety and conjugal virtue. She appeared like a wedded Dian, walking through Paphian bowers in her calm purity. Dryden dedicated his State of Innocence to her, a dramatic poem, founded on Milton's Paradise Lost. After complimenting her on her descent from the illustrious family of Este, "princes who were immortalized even more by their patronage of Tasso and Ariosto than by their heroic deeds," he goes on to pay many compliments to herself, assuring her "that she is never seen without being blessed, and that she blesses all who see her;" adding, "that although every one feels the power of her charms, she is adored with the deepest veneration,—that of silence, for she is placed, both by her virtues and her exalted station, above all mortal wishes."

The first year of her wedded life was spent by Mary Beatrice in a gay succession of fêtes and entertainments. While the court was at Windsor, in August 1674, the duke of York and his rival, Monmouth, amused their majesties, her royal highness, and the ladies with a representation of the siege of Maestricht, a model of that city, with all its fortifications, having been erected in one of the meadows at the foot of the long terrace. James and Monmouth, at the head of a little army of courtiers, conducted the attack, to show their skill in tactics.[1] On Saturday night, the 21st, they made their approaches, opened trenches, and imitated the whole business of a siege. The city was defended with great spirit, prisoners were taken, mines sprung, cannonading took place, grenades were thrown, and the warlike pantomime lasted till three o'clock in the morning, affording a splendid and animating spectacle, which might be seen and heard to a considerable

[1] Evelyn's Journal.

distance. It was the last pageant of a chivalric character performed in the presence of royalty, or in which a British prince took a leading part. A prospect was then entertained of the duchess of York bringing an heir to England; but her first child proved a daughter, who was born at St. James's-palace on Sunday, January 10, 1675, five-and-twenty minutes after four o'clock in the afternoon. Some little disappointment, on account of the sex of the infant, is betrayed by the duke of York in announcing the event to his nephew, the prince of Orange.[1] He says, "I believe you will not be sorry to hear of the duchess being safely delivered; it is but a daughter, but, God be praised, they are both very well."

Mary Beatrice was desirous that her first-born should be brought up in the religion which she had been taught to venerate above all others Her husband, though he desired it no less, knew that it was impossible, and explained to her "that their children were the property of the nation; and that it had been decreed by parliament that they should be brought up in the established religion of the realm, like his two elder daughters the princesses Mary and Anne, or they would be taken from them and placed under the care of others. It was, besides, the pleasure of the king, to which they must submit."[2] The youthful mother, like a rash, inconsiderate girl as she was, determined to have her own way in spite of king, bishops, and parliament. A few hours after the birth of her babe, she took an opportunity of sending for her confessor, father Gallis, and persuaded him to baptize it privately on her own bed according to the rites of the church of Rome. When her royal brother-in-law, king Charles, came to discuss with her and his brother the arrangements for the christening of the new-born princess, Mary Beatrice told him exultingly that "her daughter was already baptized." King Charles treated the communication with absolute indifference, and without paying the slightest regard to the tears and expostulations of the young mother, who was terrified at the thought of having been the

[1] January 12th, 1675. Dalrymple's Appendix.

[2] MS. Memoirs of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of the kingdom of France.

means of incurring a sacrilege through the reiteration of the baptismal sacrament, he ordered the little princess to be borne with all due solemnity to the chapel-royal, and had her christened there by a Protestant bishop according to the rites of the church of England.[1] She was given the names of Catharina Laura, out of compliment to the queen and the duchess of Modena. Her sponsors were her elder sisters, the princesses Mary and Anne, and the duke of Monmouth. Her previous admission into the church of Rome by father Gallis was kept a profound secret; if it had been known, it would probably have cost that ecclesiastic dear, and might have been very injurious to both the duke and duchess of York. This fact was divulged by Mary Beatrice herself to the abbess and nuns of Chaillot. She said, "that she was very much terrified afterwards at what she had done, but that father Gallis had consoled her by the assurance that she had not incurred, as she feared, a deadly sin."[2] A fortnight after this occurrence, a council was held at Lambeth for the purpose of putting in force the statutes against recusancy, and six very severe orders against Roman-catholics and dissenters were published by proclamation; one of which prohibited any British subject from officiating as a Romish priest, either in the queen's chapel or elsewhere, and another forbade any papist or reputed papist from entering Whitehall or St. James's-palace, under a penalty, if a peer, of imprisonment in the Tower, if of lower rank, in one of the common gaols. The latter decree placed Mary Beatrice almost in a state of isolation, and must have been regarded as a great hardship by her and the Roman-catholic ladies of her household. The duke of York remonstrated, but as this was intended for his especial annoyance, his complaints availed nothing.[3]

The duchess took every thing quietly, happy in a mother's first sweet cares; and, loving her husband with the most passionate affection, she lived on terms of perfect amity with his daughters. Neither of these princesses ever accused Mary

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of the kingdom of France

[2] Ibid.

[3] Wilkins' Concilia. Burnet.

Beatrice of the slightest instance of unkindness to them; no, not even in justification of their subsequent ill-treatment of her. Her conduct as a step-mother must, therefore, have been irreproachable. The first serious annoyance that befell the duchess of York was the attempt of a French felon, pretending to be a Protestant convert, calling himself Luzancy, to bring her name malignantly before the public, by deposing that St. Germains, a Roman-catholic priest, whom he termed "the confessor of her royal highness, had come to his lodgings one morning, and holding a poniard to his breast threatened to stab him unless he signed a recantation." This story was brought before the house of commons by lord William Russell, and was made the pretext of additional severities against papists. Luzancy was examined before a committee of the house, where he stated, in addition to his marvellous tale, "that he had learned from some French merchants, that in a short time Protestant blood would flow through the streets of London, that the king was at heart a Catholic," and many other particulars calculated to alarm the timid and inflame the ignorant. This man was the precursor of Titus Oates, only not possessed of sufficient effrontery to stand his ground after Maresque, a conscientious French protestant minister, who was acquainted with the impostor's parentage and career of infamy in his own country, had the courage and honesty to expose him, which put an end to his credit with parliament. Yet such was the blindness of party prejudice, that Compton, bishop of London, sent the disgraced adventurer to Oxford, and although he involved himself in a swindling transaction while there, he ordained him as a priest of the church of England, and made him a vicar of Dover-Court, in Essex.[1] In the midst of the agitation and alarm caused by the false witness of the French impostor, Mary Beatrice was suddenly bereaved of her first-born child, the little princess Catharine, who died of a convulsion fit on the 3rd of October, 1675, having nearly attained the attractive age of ten months. She was interred on the 5th of the same

[1] Anth. à-Wood, Oxon. iv Lingard. Parliamentary History. Journal of James II. &c. &c.

month, in the vault of Mary queen of Scots, in Westminster-abbey.[1] Whatever might be the grief of the youthful mother for the loss of her infant, she was compelled to dry her tears and appear in public very soon after this afflicting event. She was present with her husband and his two daughters, the princesses Mary and Anne, at the lord mayor's feast that year, which was also honoured by the presence of the king and queen.[2] There is also mention in Evelyn of a very grand ball, given by her royal highness on the 4th of December, at St. James's-palace.

The arrival of the duchess of Mazarine in England this year was an inauspicious event for Mary Beatrice, of whom "that errant lady and famous beauty," as she is styled by Evelyn, was a disreputable family connexion on the maternal side. On account of her near relationship to the duchess of Modena, and some friendly reminiscences, perchance connected with the beautiful Hortense Mancini and his early days, James had the false complaisance to permit his consort to visit this dangerous *intriguante*, even when she became one of the avowed mistresses of the king, his brother, and openly defied all restraints, both of religion and morality. The first great mortification that resulted to the duke and duchess of York from this ill-judged proceeding, was an impudent remonstrance from the duchess of Portsmouth to James, "that his consort paid *her* no attention, to which she considered herself as much entitled as madame Mazarine."[3] There was certainly no other ground on which this bold bad woman could have presumed even to intrude her name on a princess like Mary Beatrice. To avoid the inference of Charles's favourite sultana, that the duke and duchess of York patronised a rival mistress because she was the cousin of her royal highness, and all the other coarse observations to which they had exposed themselves, James took Mary Beatrice to pay Portsmouth a visit. They met the king at her apartments, who rewarded his sister-in-law for the reluctant concession she had made by saying a thousand

[1] Sandford's Genealogical History of the Kings and Queens of England.
[2] Toone's Chronology. Evelyn. [3] Life of James II.

obliging things to her. The queen gave a grand ball that night, and the king thought proper to dress in the apartments of the duchess of Portsmouth, where the duke and duchess of York left him. Some busy spy in the court hastened to whisper to her majesty the almost incredible tale, that the duchess of York had visited my lady of Portsmouth. "The same evening," said Mary Beatrice, from whose lips this incident was chronicled, "when I met her majesty in the dance, and made a profound curtsy to her, which is the custom on such occasions, instead of acknowledging it, she scornfully turned her back on me before the whole court,"[1]—a very natural manifestation of her sense of the impropriety of which the young duchess had been guilty; yet her royal highness had no choice in the matter, being wholly under the guidance of a husband five-and-twenty years older than herself.

The error committed by James, in permitting his consort to have the slightest intercourse with madame Mazarine, was one of those apparently trivial causes which produced an evil influence on his destiny and that of his family. He stood at that period on broken ground, every false step he made rendered his footing more difficult to maintain, and he had now incurred for himself and his duchess both the enmity of the duchess of Portsmouth and the displeasure of the queen. To have been the means of bringing his consort into collision with either of those ladies was very ill-judged. The queen was the natural protectress of her young sister-in-law: they were members of the same church, and ought to have been firmly united in friendship. The duchess of York would have been more respected by the virtuous matronage of England if she had steadily refused to countenance any of the titled courtesans whom Charles II., to his eternal disgrace, had forced into the presence of his queen. Her only safe and dignified course would have been to have appeared unconscious of their existence, and never to have permitted their names to be mentioned to her; but by countenancing one, and that one her relation, she deprived herself of the power of saying "that

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

it was against her principles to receive or visit any woman of infamous life," and afforded grounds for the accusation of partiality and pride. The duchess of Portsmouth was one of the most subtle and mischievous of all the tools employed by Shaftesbury and his coadjutors to effect the ruin of the duke of York. If it had not been for her pernicious influence with the king, James might have defied their utmost malice; but she was the treacherous Dalilah, who constantly wept before Samson till he had confided to her the secret wherein his strength lay, and thus enabled his foes to bind and make sport of him,—in other words, to paralyse the power of the crown by possessing themselves, through this woman, of the political defences of the king and the duke, and thus to frustrate all their measures.[1] So great was her effrontery, that at the very time she was labouring to assist Shaftesbury and Russell in effecting the duke of York's exclusion from the royal succession, she impudently demanded of his royal highness attentions and marks of respect from his consort, and it was found impossible to satisfy her presumptuous ideas of her own consequence with common conventional civilities. Nothing, in fact, is ever gained, even in a worldly point of view, by condescending to the really base; it is impossible ever to stoop low enough to please them, for persons who are conscious of deserving contempt will always despise those from whom they exact a reluctant civility.

On the 18th of August, 1676, the duchess of York gave birth to a second daughter at St. James's-palace, five minutes before eight in the morning, who was baptized by Dr. John North, master of Trinity college, Cambridge, and prebendary of Westminster, by the name of Isabella, after Isabella of Savoy, duchess of Modena, the great-grandmother of Mary Beatrice, a lady greatly distinguished for her virtues and piety. The godmothers of the royal infant were the duchess of Monmouth and the countess of Peterborough; her godfather was the earl of Denbigh. She lived to be five years old.[2]

The duchess of York was in hourly expectation of her third confinement, when the marriage of her step-daughter,

[1] Journal of James II. [2] Sandford.

the princess Mary, with the prince of Orange took place, November 4th, 1677; she was present in the bedchamber of the princess in St. James's-palace when those nuptials, so fatal to the fortunes of herself, her husband, and her descendants, were solemnized. King Charles, who was very facetious on this occasion, bade the bishop of London "make haste with the ceremony, lest his sister should be delivered of a son in the mean time, and so spoil the marriage."[1] Three days afterwards, the boy, whom his majesty had thus merrily anticipated, was born. Dr. Lake makes the following notice of this event in his MS. diary: "On Wednesday 7th, at nine in the evening, the duchess was safely delivered of a prince, to the great joy of the whole court, except the Clarendon party. The child is but little, but sprightly, and likely to live." The new-born prince was christened the next evening, with great pomp, by Dr. Crew, bishop of Durham. King Charles acted as sponsor for his infant nephew on this occasion, assisted by his nephew the prince of Orange. The little princess Isabella was the godmother; being only fifteen months old herself, she was represented by her governess, the lady Frances Villiers.[2] King Charles bestowed his own name on his nephew, and created him duke of Cambridge, an ominous title, which had successively been borne by three of the duke of York's sons by his first duchess, who had all died in infancy.

The smallpox broke out in St. James's-palace three days after the christening of the prince. The princess Anne fell sick of it, and a great mortality took place among the members of their royal highness's household; among the rest, the lady governess of the royal children, lady Frances Villiers, died on the 23rd of November.[3] The young duchess of York, however, showed so little fear of the infection, either for herself or her infant son, that, on the 3rd of December, she received a visit from her step-daughter Anne, in her lying-in chamber, the first time that princess was permitted to leave her room. That visit, in all probability, brought the infection to

[1] MS. Diary of Dr. Edward Lake, archdeacon of Exeter, and preceptor to the princesses Mary and Anne. [2] Dr. Lake's Diary. Sandford. [3] Dr. Lake.

the little prince, for an eruption, which was doubtless an indication of the same malady, appeared on his body and under his arm; and this being ignorantly repelled by his nurses, caused his death, in a convulsion fit, on the 12th of December.[1] "This day," notes Dr. Lake, "between eleven and twelve o'clock, Charles duke of Cambridge died at St. James's, not without suspicion of being ill managed by Mrs. Chambers, who pretended to recover him. When he was opened, all his vital parts were found in a sound and healthy state, so that, to all appearance, he might have lived many years had not Mrs. Chambers, and Mrs. Manning the dry nurse, struck in the humour which appeared, instead of putting on a cole-leaf to draw it out. The whole court testified great concern at this event, and the duke was never known to grieve so much at the death of any of his other children." The remains of this infant were privately interred the day after his decease, in the evening, in Westminster-abbey, like those of his sister the princess Catharine, in the vault of Mary queen of Scots. The demise of the first-born son of the duke and duchess of York was announced with formal ceremony to all the sovereigns of Europe by the British ambassadors resident at their respective courts. Waller's graceful little poem on the death of the infant duke of Cambridge, commences with an allusion to the immature age of the royal mother, to which he, with great probability, attributes the early deaths of her offspring, and from the same circumstance insinuates consoling expectations for the future:—

> "The failing blossoms which a young plant bears,
> Engage our hopes for the succeeding years;
> * * * * *
> Heaven as a first fruit claimed that lovely boy,
> The next shall live to be the nation's joy."

How deeply the duke of York felt his bereavement, may be perceived from the unaffected expression of parental anguish with which he alludes to it, in his reply to a letter of condolence the prince of Orange had addressed to him on the event, which, inasmuch as it replaced his newly-wedded consort in her former position of prospective heiress to England,

[1] Sandford says the 11th of December.

was doubtless a matter of rejoicing to himself. James, however, had the charity to give his son-in-law credit for sincerity. "I will not defer," he says, "letting you know I do easily believe the trouble you had for the loss of my son. I wish you may never have the like cause of trouble, nor know what it is to lose a son. I shall now say no more to you, because this bearer can inform you of all things here, as also that you shall always find me as kind as you can desire." This letter is superscribed, "For my son, the prince of Orange."[1]

The death of the infant hope of England soon ceased to trouble any one save the sorrowing parents, by whom his loss was long and deeply mourned. While Mary Beatrice continued in a feverish, agitated state, her nerves weakened, both from recent childbirth and the grief which preyed upon her in consequence of the loss of her boy, which had been preceded by several deaths in St. James's-palace, she was one night terrified with a frightful vision connected with the decease of the governess of the princesses, lady Frances Villiers, the particulars of which are thus related by Dr. Lake in his diary: "This day I heard an account of a dream which the duchess had, and which greatly discomposed her; viz. that whilst she lay in bed the lady Frances Villiers appeared to her, and told her that 'she was damned, and was in the flames of hell.' Whereto she answered, 'How can this be? I cannot believe it.' To which the lady replied, 'Madam, to convince you, feel my hand,' which seemed so extremely hot, that it was impossible for the duchess to endure it; whereat she awoke, much affrighted, and told the dream to several of her visitants. The earl of Suffolk,[2] and other of the deceased lady's relations, seemed much concerned at the duchess for relating it, and indeed it occasioned a deal of discourse both in the town and the city." At a period when the possibility of supernatural appearances was generally believed, we may imagine the sensation which the circulation of so awful a tale excited among the noble kindred of the deceased lady-gover-

[1] See Dalrymple's Appendix.

[2] This lady was the youngest daughter of Theophilus earl of Suffolk. She was married to sir Edward Villiers; her son was the first earl of Jersey.

ness, and their bitter feelings of indignation against her royal highness for mentioning a circumstance calculated to impress the superstitious with the notion that her ladyship's soul was in a state of perdition. The imprudence of the duchess of York, in relating such a dream, was the greater, because she was of a different religion from the defunct. The only apology that can be offered for such folly is comprised in the unfortunate propensity of this princess for telling every thing that occupied her mind, and the weak state of her health and spirits at this juncture. The incident itself is curious, from its similarity to several stories of comparatively modern date, which assume to be founded on family traditions; it is scarcely possible that their authors could have had access to a strictly private document like Dr. Lake's journal, and it is certain that the dream of the duchess of York was never before in print. The tangible proof of which, to her inexpressible horror, Mary Beatrice fancied the spirit of the departed lady Frances Villiers gave her of its woful condition, is in singular coincidence with the dialogue which the sister of lord Tyrone has recorded that she held with the apparition of her brother, and the thrilling touch which branded her arm with the mark of his burning fingers. Every one is familiar with the lines of Scott, in another version of the same story, the Baron of Smallholme, where the spectre says to the lady, in reply to an anxious question as to the state of his soul,—

"'This awful sign receive!'
He laid his left hand on an oaken plank,
His right on the lady's arm;
The lady shrank and fainting sank,
For the touch was fiery warm."

The most marvellous gossips of the court of the second Charles did not, however, go the length of asserting that the fair arm of her royal highness bore the slightest marks, the next morning, of the scorching fingers of the ghostly visitant who had presented herself to her slumbering unrest in the visions of the night. If lady Frances Villiers had been permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon, it would have been more reasonable for her to have appeared to her own good-for-nothing daughter Elizabeth, to warn her of the sinfulness of

her conduct with the newly-wedded prince of Orange, than to have needlessly affrighted the innocent duchess of York in the midst of her affliction for the premature death of her son.

The following brief letter of ceremony appears, by the date, to have been written by Mary of Modena during the ephemeral existence of the little prince, though she does not mention him. It is one of the few that have been preserved of those penned by her when duchess of York.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK TO KING LOUIS XIV.

"SIR, "London, 5 December, 1677.

"I am infinitely obliged to your majesty for the extraordinary marks of kindness I have received on your part from monsieur Courtin, your ambassador. I leave it to him to express to you the grateful sense I have of it, and I have also prayed him to assure your majesty of the profound respect with which I am, sir,

"Your majesty's very affectionate sister, cousin, and servant,

"MARIE."[1]

A curious contemporary portrait of Mary Beatrice, supposed to be a Lely,[2] represents her decorated with an orange scarf. This she probably wore in compliment to the marriage of her royal step-daughter with the prince of Orange. Mary Beatrice always kept up a friendly correspondence with both.[3] Before Mary of York had been married many months, reports that she was sick and sorrowful reaching the British court, the duchess of York determined to pay her an *incognito* visit, accompanied by the princess Anne, under the protection of the queen's lord chamberlain, the earl of Ossory, who was the husband of a Dutch lady. When her royal highness had arranged her little plans, she confided her wish to king Charles, and obtained his permission to undertake the journey. The duke of York, who was painfully anxious about his beloved daughter, gratefully acceded to his consort's desire of visiting her, and in a familiar letter "to his sonne, the prince of Orange," he announces to him "that the duchess and the princess Anne intended coming to the Hague *very incognito*, having sent Robert White on before to hire a house for them, as near the palace of his daughter as possible, and that they would take lord Ossory for their governor."[4]

[1] Inedited MS. in the Archives des Affaires Etrangères, communicated by monsieur Dumont, through the favour and kind permission of monsieur Guizot.

[2] Now at the George hotel, Kilmarnock.

[3] See Ellis's Royal Letters, vol. iii.

[4] Dalrymple's Appendix, pp. 20, 21.

The unostentatious manner in which the duchess wished to make her visit to her step-daughter, the princess of Orange, proves that it was simply for the satisfaction of seeing her, and giving her the comfort of her sister's society unrestrained by any of the formal and fatiguing ceremonials which royal etiquette would have imposed upon all parties if she had appeared in her own character. Considering the extreme youth of the three ladies, the affectionate terms on which they had always lived together, and the conjugal infelicity of the lately wedded princess of Orange at that time, her sickness and dejection, it is more than probable that Mary Beatrice undertook this expedition with the princess Anne in consequence of some private communication from the pining invalid, expressive of her anxious desire to see them, and confide to them some of the trials which weighed so heavily on her heart in that uncongenial land of strangers.[1] Sir William Temple, the British resident, to whom the duke of York had written to explain the desire of the duchess to waive the public recognition of her rank in his daughter's court on this occasion, says, in reply,—

"May it please your Royal Highness,

"I received yesterday morning, by Mr. White, the honour of a letter from your highness, with a command which it will be very difficult to perform here. I mean that of helping her highness to be *incognito* in this place. The prince being yet absent, and the pensioner too, I spoke of it to monsieur Van Lewen, who was hard to be persuaded that the honours due to her highness by the States upon such occasion should not be performed solemnly at her landing. But having acquainted him with the absoluteness of your highness's commands, both by your letter, and particularly by Mr. White, I prevailed with him to make no mention of it to the States till the prince's return, and this, I hope, may be to-night, or to-morrow at farthest.

"For a house to receive her highness and lady Anne, with their attendants, there was no choice at all in it, and so the princess-dowager's house is making ready for this purpose, and will, I doubt not, be in order by to-morrow. I could not persuade sir Gabriel Sylvius and Mr. White to allow me any other part in this care besides leaving the whole house empty, which I did early this morning, and they [White and Sylvius] with the prince's servants, in all the diligence that could be, of preparing it for her highness's reception."[2]

Temple pleasantly adds that these, the worthy Dutch officials, who were thus actively exerting their national propensity

[1] This curious portion of the personal history of Mary II., which has been carefully concealed from the English reader, will be related in the life of that princess.

[2] Letters of Sir William Temple, vol. iv. p. 444.

to household purifications, in cleansing and trimming up the Old Court, as the dowager-palace of the Hague was called, for the accommodation of the fair and illustrious travellers from England, "would, besides the honour of such a piece of gallantry, have very great satisfaction in seeing there such a princess as in all kinds," continues his excellency, "I do believe is very hard to be seen anywhere else." He dismisses the subject with a wish that "the weather were but as fair as the wind, and then the adventure might be very soon and very happily achieved."[1] This letter is dated October 11, N. S., being the first of that month according to the computation in England. Mary Beatrice and the princess Anne arrived at the Hague almost as soon as it was written. Their visit appears to have put the whole of the British embassy to the rout, for Temple writes to Lawrence Hyde,—

"Her highness's coming removed both your family and mine, at a very short warning, and I got into the next house I could find. She was so resolved upon the *incognito* here, and in that design so afraid of an ambassador, that my part was chiefly not to trouble her, or interrupt her design."[2]

Temple, in the same letter, which is dated October 25th, says, "The duchess went away on Monday morning with very fair weather, and a reasonable good wind, but I doubt may have had but a loitering passage, as it has proved since." The duchess and the princess Anne had evidently enjoyed their expedition, and gave a very favourable report of their entertainment to James, who expresses his acknowledgments to William for the hospitality they had received in these friendly terms:—

"London, Oct. 18, 1678.

"We came hither on Wednesday from Newmarket, and the same night, presently after eleven, the duchess, my wife, arrived here, so satisfied with her journey and with you as I never saw any body; and I must give you a thousand thanks from her and from myself for her kind usage by you. I should say more on this subject, but I am very ill at compliments, and you care not for them."[3]

The letter contains, also, some confidential observations on the plot which had been concocted by his enemies with the assistance of Oates, Tong, and their confederates, for the ruin of himself, the queen, and other persons of their unpopular creed.

[1] Letters of sir William Temple, vol. iv. p. 444.
[2] Clarendon Correspondence.
[3] Dalrymple's Appendix.

When the duchess of York returned from her visit to the Hague, she found her lord vainly attempting to grapple with the storm which had been mysteriously conjured up by his subtle foes. In the course of a few weeks the public mind became so greatly irritated against James, that he was compelled to give up his seat at the council-board; and the next demand of the triumphant faction was, that he should be excluded from the presence of his royal brother. His friends advised him, timid counsellors as they were, to retire to the continent with his family, but his proud spirit revolted from a proceeding that might be construed into guilt or cowardice. The king urged him to baffle the machinations of his enemies, by returning to the communion of the church of England; and to afford him a plausible excuse for doing so, sent the archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates to argue with him on the grounds of his secession. James, whatever might be his defects as a theologian, was too honest to sacrifice his principles to his interest. His grandfather, Henry IV. of France, had made no scruple of giving up his protestantism to conciliate the majority of his subjects, facetiously observing, "that the kingdom of France was worth a mass;" James would rather have lost a world than dissembled an opinion, or acted in violation to his conscience. He was not like his ease-loving brother Charles II., the supple reed that bent in accordance with the changes of the wind, and rose again unbroken; but the proud and stubborn oak, that would not bend before the coming storm, though it should uproot him. The king, thinking to purchase peace for himself by his brother's absence, urged him to go abroad before the meeting of parliament. James replied, "that he would only do so in obedience to his majesty's written commands, or it would be pretended that he had fled on account of some misdemeanour." Charles conveyed the order for his absence in the form of an affectionate letter, concluding with these words,—

"You may easily believe with what trouble I write this to you, there being nothing I am more sensible of than the constant kindness you have ever had for me; and I hope you are so just to me as to be assured, that no absence, or any thing else, can ever change me from being truly and kindly yours,

"C. R."

James requested to be permitted to take his beloved daughter the princess Anne, which was at first readily granted by the king; but a day or two before that fixed for their departure his majesty was compelled to rescind that permission, so great was the jealousy entertained by the people lest her father should attempt to shake her attachment to the church of England. The duchess, "who," to use his own touching expression, "was to bear a part in all his traverses and misfortunes," resolved to share his exile, although that determination involved a separation from her only surviving infant, for even the solace of the little princess Isabella's company was denied to her parents, and this was a severe trial to both.

Mary Beatrice was accustomed to say, "that the first five years she spent in England were the happiest of her whole life."[1] They embraced the halcyon period between fifteen and twenty, and were, as regarded her own position, years of festive splendour and great popularity; but they were saddened by the loss of children, and embittered by the infidelities of a husband, who was the first, last, and only object of her affection. The next five years were destined to be years of adversity to her and the duke. She always said "that she considered their mutual misfortunes commenced with their banishment to Flanders," which she called "their first exile."[2] The troubles of the duke of York began much earlier, and may be dated from the year 1672. "The late king my husband," said Mary Beatrice, in the days of her widowhood, to the abbess and nuns of Chaillot, "was the great admiral of England when he was duke of York; and when he used to return in triumph, after his victories over the Dutch, the people adored him. He understood both naval affairs and commerce, all his study was to promote the happiness of the people, by relieving them from the burden of taxes; and at that time he was passionately beloved by all the maritime classes."[3] James himself occasionally adverts, more in sorrow than in anger, to the change in popular opinion which took place in consequence of the change in his religious opinions. "Before

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the archives of France.

[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

that time the duke was the darling of the nation, for having so often and so freely ventured his life for the honour and interest of the king and country, and for having been always active and industrious in carrying on every thing, either as to trade or navigation, that might tend to their advantage; but no sooner was the alarm given of his having turned papist, than all these merits were blotted out from their memory, and he was set upon, on every side, as the common enemy."[1]

The letter from king Charles, enjoining his brother's absence from England, was written on the 28th of February. Their royal highnesses, being compelled to make hasty preparations for their voyage, were ready to embark on the 3rd of March. King Charles came on that day to bid them farewell. They were greatly afflicted at leaving their country and their children, but the king appeared like one overwhelmed with grief. The weather was very stormy, and his majesty, who had perhaps some misgivings, seemed then as anxious to delay the moment of parting as he had been before to urge it. "The wind is contrary," said he, to James; "you cannot go on board at present," and his eyes suffused with tears. Mary Beatrice, who considered that her husband had been sacrificed to the crooked policy of his royal brother's cabinet, and that Charles himself had acted with a selfish disregard of every thing but his own ease, exclaimed, reproachfully, "What, sir, are you grieved?—you, who send us into exile? Of course we must go, since you have ordained it." She afterwards blamed herself for this resentful burst of feeling. "I was wrong," she said, "to speak to his majesty as I did: it was no fault of his. He was placed in a cruel strait, and was compelled to yield to the clamours of our enemies."[2]

On the 4th of March the duke and duchess bade a sorrowful farewell to England, and embarked for Holland. They must have had a long and stormy passage, for they did not land till the 12th. The prince of Orange came to receive them, attended by many persons of rank, and conducted them to the Hague with every demonstration of respect.

[1] King James, vol. i. [2] MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena.

When they arrived there, the prince drew out all his guard, to the number of 3000, before his father-in-law, and when the duke passed them, the prince placed himself in command of his *gardes du corps*, and saluted him with his sword in his hand; and as they filed off, he marched at their head, repeating the same courtesy, though the duke endeavoured to prevent it. The States-General, upon notice of their royal highnesses' arrival, desired to have rendered them those public honours which were due to their high rank, but James excused it, desiring to remain *incognito*.[1] After a little while their royal highnesses removed to Brussels, where they resided at the same house Charles II. had occupied before his restoration. Scarcely were they settled in their new abode, when the reports of the dangerous illness of his daughter, the princess of Orange, induced the duke, whose affection for her was very great, to go and visit her at the Hague. On the 25th of April, he writes to his brother-in-law, Lawrence Hyde, from that place, "I am to go to-morrow morning to Amsterdam, and shall be back here on Friday; and next week I go to my house at Brussels, and take Buda in my way."

James rejoined his duchess at Brussels the first week in May. Soon after his departure from England, lady Shaftesbury's butler gave information to the select committee, who, like the Venetian council of Ten, had possessed themselves of a power in the state far more oppressive than regal despotism, that the duke of York was coming back in June at the head of 60,000 men, furnished by the king of France to assist the Catholics.[2] The banished duke, meantime, was exerting his care and foresight in endeavouring to prevail on those who had the direction of the naval defences of England to guard the coasts from the threatening armaments of France. Their prospects, however, were any thing but cheering. The bill of exclusion had been read twice in the house, and only prevented from passing by the king suddenly proroguing the parliament; on which occasion Shaftesbury, who was the president of the privy council, had declared aloud, "that whoever had advised the king to that measure should pay for

[1] Echard. [2] Journal of James II.

their presumption with their heads."[1] In July, the duchess of Modena came from Italy to Brussels to visit her daughter, and Mary Beatrice, after a separation of upwards of five years, enjoyed the happiness of embracing her beloved mother once more. Their separation from their children was so painful to the duke and duchess of York, that, on the 8th of August, James wrote an urgent letter to the king, his brother, entreating him to permit them to join him and the duchess at Brussels. Charles consented, and the two princesses, Anne and little Isabella, commenced their journey together on the 19th of the same month.[2]

Before the re-united family had been together many days, the earl of Sunderland sent an express to James, to apprize him of the alarming illness of the king, who had commanded him to request his royal highness to hasten to him in as private a manner as he could, bringing no more persons than were absolutely necessary, and therefore advised him to leave the duchess behind. Even if this caution had not been given, Mary Beatrice could not with any propriety have left the two princesses alone in a foreign country. James acquainted no one but her with his journey, and taking with him only lord Peterborough, colonel Legge, his favourite Churchill, and a barber, he set out from Brussels on the 8th of September. The first night he arrived at Armentiers, the next at Calais; but the wind being contrary, he could not sail till the evening of the 10th, when, disguising himself in a black periwig, he crossed in a French shallop to Dover,[3] where no one recognised him except the post-master, who was an honest man and held his tongue. He took post from thence, leaving lord Peterborough behind, who was unable to travel so fast, and arrived the same night in London. There he got into a hackney-coach, and went first to Mr. Frand, the post-master, to learn the news, where he found, to his great satisfaction, the king was much better. He slept at sir Allen Apsley's house in St. James's-square, where he sent for his brother-in-law, Hyde, and Sidney Godolphin. They told him "his coming was

[1] Journal of the Lords. Temple. [2] Blencowe's Sidney Papers.
[3] Journal of James II.

quite a secret, perfectly unsuspected by the duke of Monmouth and his gang," and advised him to make all the haste he could to Windsor before it got abroad.[1]

Very little time did James devote to sleep that night, after a journey which, without rail-road facilities of volition, was performed at rail-road speed; for he reached Windsor at seven o'clock the next morning, September 12th, having, as before mentioned, left Brussels only on the 8th. The king was so much recovered, that he was up, and shaving, when the royal exile entered, unannounced, and was the first to apprize him of his arrival. The suddenness of the thing surprised Charles at first. James, who had received a private message, telling him he must take the whole responsibility of his return on himself, as the king was fearful of acknowledging that he had sent for him, knelt, and begged his majesty to pardon him for coming before he was recalled.[2] This scene being over, the courtiers flocked about the duke to pay their compliments, his enemies, as well as his friends, for his presence always commanded respect even from those who were the worst affected to him. The loyal and virtuous among the gentlemen then at Windsor, were sincerely glad to see the lawful heir of the crown once more by the sovereign's side. Evelyn, for one, mentions with some complacency, "that when he came to Windsor to congratulate the king on his recovery, he saw the duke of York, and kissed his hand."[3] The king, in his first transport at seeing the face of that fraternal friend once more, exclaimed "that nothing should part them again."[4] The voice of nature was, however, speedily stifled, and the only real concession James obtained was, permission to transfer his abode from Brussels to Scotland.

[1] Journal of James II. [2] Ibid.

[3] He speaks with disgust of the conduct of the duke of Monmouth and his faction at that time, and says, "This duke, whom for distinction they called the Protestant duke, though the son of an abandoned woman, the people made their idol." Monmouth was at that time commander-in-chief of all the military force in England, and his design of supplanting the legitimate heir to the crown became every day more apparent. He threatened those who had, in obedience to the king's commands, sent for his royal highness, with his vengeance; and when a reconciliation between them was suggested, he peremptorily refused it.

[4] Reresby.

James left London September the 25th, and rejoined his anxious consort at Brussels October 1st. The duke of Villa Hermosa, in whose territories they had taken refuge, had paid Mary Beatrice and the princess Anne courteous attention in the absence of his royal highness, and given a grand ball out of compliment to them, which they, with the duchess of Modena, honoured with their presence. The friendly relations that subsisted between the duchess of York and her step-daughters, had not been interrupted by any thing like envy, jealousy, or disputes on their respective modes of faith. The leaven of party had not then infused its bitter spirit into the home circle of the unfortunate James, to rend asunder the holiest ties of nature under the sacred name of religion. Both he and his consort had carefully abstained from interfering with the conscience of the princess Anne, as we find from the following testimony of one of her biographers, who had very good opportunities of information:—"At Brussels, the princess Anne had her own chapel allowed her, and a place assigned for the exercise of her devotions according to the church of England. Nor was she at all importuned to go, or ever went, to mass with her father, as I have been assured by her Protestant servants who attended her there; but the family lived in perfect harmony, as if there had been no manner of religious difference between them, which seems strange, if his royal highness the duke of York was that zealous bigoted prince as he is represented to have been. For where could he have had greater opportunities of prevailing with his daughter to have come over to the church of Rome, than in a country where that religion is established?"[1]

The duke and duchess of York left Brussels on the 3rd of October, accompanied by the princesses Anne and Isabella, and the duchess of Modena, with the intention of visiting the prince and princess of Orange on the way. They had a tedious voyage, and their yacht, with the whole of the royal party on board, grounded near Dort, and remained aground for eighteen hours, but at seven the next morning arrived safely at Delfthaven. There they entered the prince of

[1] Life of her late majesty Queen Anne, in two vols., London, 1721: vol. i. p. 12.

Orange's barge, which was towed along by horses, and in this manner they reached the Hague at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th. The dowager-palace called the Old Court was assigned by William for their residence.[1] On the evening of the 7th, the duke and duchess of York, the princess Anne, and the duchess of Modena supped in public with the prince and princess of Orange.[2] While they were taking this meal, Mr. Calton arrived with an express from king Charles to his brother, the duke of York, recalling him and his family, directing them to embark for the Downs, and remain there till further orders. The duchess of Modena felt severely the approaching separation from her beloved daughter, with whom she had now spent two months; and when they all appeared for the last time at the court of the princess of Orange that evening, her countenance bore testimony to the sorrow that filled her heart. The duke and duchess of York, with the princesses Anne and Isabella and their retinue, commenced their journey at eight o'clock on the morning of the 9th. The prince and princess of Orange accompanied them as far as Maesland Sluys, and there they parted on apparently affectionate terms. This was the last time James and his daughter Mary ever saw each other. He had had too much reason, at different times, to be aware of her husband's treacherous intrigues against him;[3] but of her nothing could induce him to believe ill, till the fact was forced upon him, nine years afterwards, by her deeds.

Such was the state of party excitement in England, and to so low an ebb was the power of the crown reduced, that, though the king had promised his brother that he and his family should revisit London, it was necessary to keep this arrangement secret, and to feel the public pulse by the previous announcement of the intended change to Scotland, which appeared in the Gazette :—

"Newmarket, Oct. 7.

"His royal highness having represented to his majesty, that he conceives it

[1] Supplementary Pepys' Correspondence. [2] Ibid.

[3] Sidney's Diary at the Hague, edited by Mr. Blencowe, contains abundant evidence of the treachery of William against his uncle and father-in-law, the unfortunate James.

in many respects more proper for him to be in his majesty's dominions than in those of another prince, and made it his humble request to his majesty to have his leave to go into Scotland, his majesty hath granted it, and it is presumed that in a short time his highness will proceed thither."

The passage from Holland proved very stormy, and the duchess suffered excessively from sea-sickness. The king had changed his mind about their coming to London, and ordered the duke of Lauderdale to make arrangements for their reception in Scotland: two frigates met them in the Downs, with orders to convey their royal highnesses to Leith without delay. The duchess was not in a state to hazard a further voyage, neither dared the duke bring her on shore without having a written permission from the king; ill as she was, she remained in the yacht tossing in the Downs, while an express was sent to acquaint his majesty with her distress, and praying that she might be allowed to finish her journey to Scotland by land. Her dangerous condition, for she was vomiting blood,[1] prevented any one from raising an objection, and least of all king Charles, who had a great regard for his sister-in-law. They landed at Deal, and travelling post, arrived unexpectedly at St. James's-palace on Sunday night, October 12th, to the surprise of some, the joy of others, and the annoyance of many. The king gave them an affectionate welcome, but assured his brother that he had no power to protect him from an impeachment and its consequences, if he persisted in remaining in England.

The duchess of Monmouth was one of the great ladies who came to pay her compliments to Mary Beatrice, by whom she was very affectionately received. When Monmouth heard of this, he was so angry with his wife, that he would not see her.[2] He affected to be personally jealous of the duke his uncle. About a week after their royal highnesses' arrival, Sunderland and Hyde came to acquaint the duke that his majesty thought it desirable that he should go to Scotland, though not to stay longer than the middle of the January following. However irksome this mandate was to James, he replied, that "his majesty's will was ever a law to him."[3] Mary Beatrice, though greatly urged by king Charles

[1] Life of James. [2] Bulstrode. [3] Journal of James II.

to remain with the two princesses Anne and Isabella at St. James's-palace, determined as before to share the wayward fortunes of her wandering lord, though it involved the pangs of a second separation from her child. Her high sense of conjugal duty proved, as before, victorious over the strong impulses of maternal affection. How deeply this proof of the love and self-devotion of his beautiful young consort was appreciated by the banished prince, may be perceived by the manner in which he has recorded her conduct on this occasion in his private journal. The passage shall be given in his own words :—" The duchess, notwithstanding her late illness, and vomiting blood at sea, the short time it was designed the duke should stay in Scotland, and the king pressing her for that reason to remain at court, would nevertheless accompany him; and though she was not above twenty years old, chose rather, even with the hazard of her life, to be a constant companion of the duke her husband's misfortunes and hardships, than to enjoy her ease in any part of the world without him. But it was a sensible trouble to his royal highness to see the duchess thus obliged to undergo a sort of martyrdom for her affection to him, and he, to humour the peevish and timorous dispositions of some counsellors, to be thus sent a sort of vagabond about the world."[1]

[1] James always speaks of himself in the third person.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

The duke and duchess of York depart for Scotland—Inhospitality of the earl of Salisbury—Tedious journey to the north—Honourable reception on the Scottish borders—Public entrance into Edinburgh—Residence at Holyrood-abbey—James's popularity in Scotland—Recalled to England—Loyal civic banquet—Intrigues of the exclusionists—Duke again banished to Scotland—Stormy passage—Welcomed by the nobility—Magnificently entertained at Leslie-house—Portrait of Mary Beatrice—Pompous embarkation at Burnt-island—Honourable reception at Leith—Mons Meg riven—Tea first used at the duchess's parties—Death of her little daughter—Her affliction—Arrival of the princess Anne—Meeting of the Scotch parliament—Festivities at Holyrood—Pregnancy of the duchess of York—Delight of the Scotch—The duke summoned to his brother's court—Change of public feeling—Wreck of the Gloucester—James returns by sea—The duchess accompanies him—Terrors of her ladies—Welcomed at Erith by the king and queen—Arrival of the duchess of Modena—Birth of a princess—Sickness of Mary Beatrice—Secret cabal against the duke of York—Death of Charles II.

Mary Beatrice having taken a sorrowful leave of her only child, set out with her persecuted lord for Scotland, Oct. 27, 1679, having been scarcely permitted to remain a fortnight in London. Brief as that time was, however, greater manifestations of a change in popular opinion towards James had been shown than was at all agreeable to the exclusionists. Their royal highnesses were attended at their departure by a cavalcade of coaches and a great concourse of people, who brought them several miles on their journey with every manifestation of sympathy and respect.[1] The duke and duchess required a cordial like this to cheer them under their trials at the commencement of their long weary pilgrimage through roads always bad, but now, in consequence of a long continuance of heavy rains, almost impassable. The princess Anne

[1] Echard. Lingard.

accompanied them as far as Hatfield, where they intended to sup and sleep the first night. Cold was the welcome that awaited the royal travellers there. James had signified his intention of honouring the earl of Salisbury with a visit at Hatfield-house, not imagining that the earl, though politically opposed to his cause, could be guilty of a paltry manifestation of personal ill-will to him on such an occasion. The event proved how greatly James had miscalculated the nature of the man to whom he was willing to owe a courtesy; for when he, with his sick and sorrowful consort and her ladies, arrived at the close of a cold autumnal day, weary and out of spirits, they found Hatfield-house dark and desolate, no other preparation having been made for their reception than the inhospitable one of removing every thing that might have conduced to the comfort of tired guests. The lord of the mansion had withdrawn himself to Quickshot, a place about six miles off, whence he sent his son to excuse his not coming to wait on his royal highness, "for that he had been let blood five days before." The only provisions for the entertainment of the duke and duchess that appeared, were two does on the hall table, one barrel of small beer in the cellar, and a pile of faggots.[1] Comparisons, not more odious than correct, were, of course, freely made between the inhospitable lord of Hatfield and Nabal by the hungry followers of the duke, when, like Michael Scott's man,

"They sought bread, and gat nane."

Fortunately for the whole party, they were near a town where food was to be obtained, not only for money, but for love; and the humblest tradesman there would have scorned to deny it to the brother of his sovereign. If it had been otherwise, the duchess and her ladies must have gone supperless to bed, and in the dark too, for there were neither candles nor candlesticks left in the palatial halls of Hatfield, so minutely careful had the earl been to remove every means

[1] Letters of Algernon Sidney to Henry Saville, esq. The two does were probably shot by the young lord Cecil, who became a stanch adherent of James II., followed his fortunes in adversity with two younger brothers, and died in his service at St. Germain's, a ruined man.

of affording them the slightest comfort. "The duke's servants sent into the town to buy all things necessary, even to candles and candlesticks. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood were so charitable as to take the lord Ossory and many others into their houses, where they were well entertained."[1] Such is the account exultingly given by Algernon Sidney of the churlish treatment experienced by their royal highnesses from one of the peers of his party. The duchess and her ladies made no complaint. James indicated neither anger nor surprise, but, probably reminded by conduct so unlike the munificent hospitality of the ancient nobility of England that his titled host came not of gentle blood, retaliated his discourtesy with the lofty contempt it merited, by declaring "his unwillingness to be burdensome to so poor a lord," and directed his comptroller, sir John Worden, to pay for what had been consumed. "The steward actually took money for the faggots, and received eight shillings for the small beer."[2]

To such depths of littleness did the party who had succeeded in driving the duke of York from his royal home at St. James's descend in their feelings of personal animosity, that even the incessant rains, which rendered the northward progress peculiarly harassing and gloomy to him and his faithful consort, are mentioned with spiteful exultation by Algernon Sidney in his letters to his friend Saville. The state of the roads was, indeed, such as to compel their royal highnesses to travel at the funereal pace of only ten miles a day in some parts of the country. They were, however, received very well in all the towns through which they passed, except York.[3] They did not reach that city till the 6th of November. James, who had resided there for nearly two months with his first duchess Anne Hyde in the year 1666, expected to be received with the same honours and demonstrations of affection that had been lavished upon him thirteen years before, when he came fresh from his great naval victory over the Dutch to hold his ducal court in regal splendour in the loyal town of York. The fickle tide of popular favour

[1] Algernon Sidney's letters to Henry Saville, ambassador at the court of France. [2] Ibid. [3] Life of James II.

had strangely ebbed from the royal admiral since then. Falsehood had done its work successfully in alienating the hearts of the people from him. It was asserted that he had won his naval victories by cowardice, and though he had saved the city of London, by his sagacity and personal exertions during the fire, from being wholly consumed, he was accused of being the author of the conflagration. If any one asked for what purpose he was suspected of having committed so enormous an act of folly, it was replied, "for the advancement of popery," although the homes and properties of the Roman-catholic citizens had been blended in the same ruin with those of their Protestant neighbours. In short, there was nothing too absurd to be asserted and believed at that moment.

Loyalty was no longer the fashion at York, and the city was in the hands of a factious mayor and corporation, who decided that no public marks of respect should be paid to the duke and duchess. The sheriffs, indeed, did their duty, by riding to Tadcaster-bridge to meet the royal travellers, and conducted them to the house of Mr. George Ainslaby,[1] in the minster yard, where they were to take up their abode for two or three days; but otherwise, their entry was only like that of a private family. James was changed in person as well as in fortune, since his former entrance into York in the flower of his age and the pride of manly beauty. His countenance was now marked by the ravages of the smallpox, and prematurely furrowed by care; his flowing ringlets were superseded by one of those disguising structures called a periwig: in fine, it was no longer the gay and gallant prince, to whom they had paid their flattering homage when he was the darling of the nation and its hope, but a melancholy, persecuted, and calumniated man, who had been driven from his brother's court as the preliminary step for worse usage. The lord mayor and aldermen, instead of giving their royal highnesses a public welcome, merely waited on the duke in private at the house of Mr. Ainslaby, where James gave them audience in his presence-chamber, and the deputy-recorder addressed

[1] Drake's Antiquities of York.

a compliment to him on his arrival in the name of the town and corporation, but without the slightest allusion to his consort.

Small proof did the republican corporation of York afford of their courtesy to royalty and beauty on this occasion, for they offered no mark of attention, either by deed or word, to Mary Beatrice during her sojourn in the city from which she and her lord derived their title. It is possible, as her style of beauty was not of that character which suits a vulgar taste, that they might consider her vastly inferior to her plump, round-faced English predecessor, Anne Hyde, the duchess of York to whom they had been accustomed.[1] Very different from this churlish reception was the welcome that was preparing for the duke and duchess of York in that hospitable land of warm hearts to which they were proceeding,—the ancient realm of the royal Stuarts. The first order that was made in the good town of Edinburgh "*anent* the coming of their royal highnesses," was for the cleansing of the streets;[2] doubtless, a very necessary operation at that period, and they took plenty of time to do it effectually, withal, since the order is dated as early as October 29th. Their next care, in contemplation of so important an event as the arrival of the heir

[1] Charles II. testified his displeasure at the neglect which their royal highnesses had experienced, by causing a stern letter of reproach to be addressed to the mayor and gentlemen of York by his secretary of state, signifying that he expected that, on all future occasions when the duke passed that way, they would show him the respect which all good subjects ought to their sovereign's brother. Bulstrode. Life of James II. Drake's Antiquities of York.

[2] Record-book of the council of the good town of Edinburgh for the year 1679, vol. xxix. Through the great courtesy of Adam Black, esq., the lord provost of Edinburgh, and Thomas Sinclair, esq., the town-council clerk, I obtained access to their valuable and well-preserved civic records, to which I am indebted for some highly curious particulars connected with the residence of James II. and his second consort, Mary Beatrice of Modena, in Scotland, when duke and duchess of York, and illustrative of the manners and customs of the northern metropolis at that period. These are the more valuable, as especial care appears to have been taken, after the Revolution, to expunge almost every other record of the popularity enjoyed by James among the true men of Scotland while he and his consort kept court at Holyrood. To the honour of the nobility and gentry of Scotland, be it remembered, their hands were unsullied by the bribes of France and Holland at that period of national corruption, when the names of the political agitators miscalled patriots, Algernon Sidney and Hampden the younger, occupy so disreputable a position in the balance-sheet of Barillon.

of the crown, his consort, and the train of proud English nobles and gentles who expected to attend them, was "for reducing the great number of beggars, who are wont to trouble all persons who are boune there, to the great discredit of the place; therefore it was earnestly recommended, that Charles Charteris and Thomas Douglas, bailies, should take effectual means for ridding the good town of those sturdy nuisances." By the dint of indefatigable scourgings and other severe measures, the magistrates succeeded in clearing "the good town" of the vagrant part of its population, in time to prevent any disparaging remarks being made on the poverty of the nation by the noble southern strangers; but it is to be feared that the persecuted beggars had no other resource left them, than taking to the hills and moors with the insurgent Cameronians.[1]

Meantime their royal highnesses, passing through Newcastle, where they also rested, arrived at his majesty's town of Berwick-upon-Tweed on the 20th of November. Similar preparations, as regarded a general purification of the town, had been made at the news of their approach, as the entries in the town records for cleansing and carrying away the dirt when the duke of York came indicate. The duke and duchess spent one night at Berwick, and the following items in the corporation accounts[2] show the expenses that were incurred for their entertainment:—

	£	s.	d.
"By mo: p^{d} at y^{e} duke of York's coming to towne for charges of his treat	27	17	9
——— Mr. Ald'man Jackson, for bottles & corks, to repay some y^{t} [he?] sent w^{n} y^{e} duke of York was here	0	19	0
——— Mr. Samuel & Joseph Ellison, for banqueting w^{n} y^{e} duke of York came hith^{r}	33	2	6"

[1] On the 19th of November, the lord provost having intimated to the council that the lord chancellor and the lords of his majesty's privy council had signified that it was their pleasure that the whole of the militia regiment of the city of Edinburgh should be drawn out on the day when their royal highnesses should come to the abbey, and that it should be joined with the regiments of Mar and Linlithgow, and drawn up between the links of Leith and the Watergate, the council appointed the lord provost, James Dick, colonel of the militia and the whole of the train-bands of the city and district, to be in readiness in their arms on that day, in their best apparel, in order to his highness's and his duchess's reception and welcome to the good town of Edinburgh, and proclamation was made to that effect.—Town-council Books, vol. xxix. p. 188.

[2] Kindly communicated by R. Weddall, esq.

The charges for sack are very moderate. There is another entry, in which part of the charges for the entertainment previously given to his rival and enemy the duke of Monmouth, when he passed through Berwick a few weeks before, are oddly enough mingled with those for the banquet of the duke of York :—

	£	s.	d.
"By mo: p[d] Mr. Jos[h] Ellison, for banqueting and bringing home when his grace the duke of Monmouth was here	23	19	0"

This "banquet" (as well as that for the duke of York) was probably ordered from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, as a wealthy family of the name of Ellison were then merchants there. The smallness of the sums expended denote the economy of the corporation as well as its poverty, for they not only did to their utmost, but beyond their means, as we find that Mr. John Luck, the mayor, advanced the money out of his own private purse to assist the town on this occasion.[1]

The next morning, November 21st, their royal highnesses departed from the poor but hospitable town of Berwick-on-Tweed, and were received and welcomed on the borders of Scotland with signal marks of affection and respect. Three miles from Berwick they were met by the Scotch guards, commanded by the marquess of Montrose; and at a small distance farther by the lord chancellor of Scotland, thirty-eight lords of the king's council, accompanied by more than sixty noblemen and the principal gentry of the southern shires, making a cavalcade of two thousand horse. The lords of the council and the nobles were on foot, drawn up to receive their royal highnesses.[2] When the duke of York approached near enough, he was pleased to alight from his coach, and advance to meet them. Then the lord chancellor and his noble company made their compliments to his royal highness, and welcomed him into Scotland, which he returned with princely courtesy, standing uncovered until they had all kissed his hand. The greater number of them paid the like respect to the duchess, as she sat in her coach. The said company attended their royal highnesses on their journey as far as the duke of Lau-

[1] Corporation Records of Berwick.

[2] Historical Memoirs of James, Duke of York and Albany.

derdale's house, at Lethington, where they and their retinue, and many of the nobility and gentry, were splendidly entertained.[1] The duke and duchess remained at Lethington till they made their public entry into Edinburgh on the 4th of December, "which was so splendid," says a contemporary, who was probably a witness of the pageant, "that a greater triumph that city did never see; nor were the meanest of the Scotch nation wanting in expressing the joy they conceived on this occasion."[2] From an item in the accounts of Magnus Prince, the town-treasurer for that year, we find that the sum of 56*l.* Scots was expended by the good town of Edinburgh for a hogshead of wine to be drunk at the cross on the duke of York's arrival, and for bonfires that night 34*l.* Scots.[3]

In spite of all the calumnies that had been circulated against the duke of York, and the prejudicial reports of his bigotry, and the bigotry of his consort, universal satisfaction was manifested by all ranks of people at the sight of both, and the idea of their having come to reside among them. Scotland, having suffered for upwards of seventy years from the evils of absenteeism, naturally looked with hope to the increase of national prosperity which the establishment of a vice-regal court was likely to cause. James came, however, in a strictly private capacity on this his first visit to the land of his fathers, and he wisely resolved to avoid exciting the jealousy of his watchful foes in his brother's privy council by any assumption of state beyond that to which his birth entitled him. His first letter from Edinburgh is addressed to his son-in-law, the prince of Orange, to whom he says, in his usual plain, laconic style, "I arrived here on Monday, and was received here, as well as on the borders of the kingdom, as well as I could expect; and, truly, I have great reason to be satisfied with my reception in this country."

Mary Beatrice was attended by the countess of Peterbo-

[1] This ancient mansion now bears the name of 'Lennox-love,' and forms part of the appanage of lord Blantyre. The room where Mary Beatrice slept has a richly embossed ceiling with the coronet and cypher of the royal guest.

[2] Memoirs of the Life and Actions of James, Duke of York and Albany, p. 113.

[3] Treasurer's accounts, communicated by — Robertson, esq., chamberlain of the city of Edinburgh.

rough, the countess of Roscommon, and several other ladies of the highest rank, who had been in her service ever since her marriage. What idea she and her ladies had formed of Scotland may be supposed, when even the duchess of Monmouth, who was the territorial lady of so many fair domains in that realm, wrote to a gentleman that she had been told, "that the ladies sent to England for their clothes, and there were no silk stuffs fit to be worn in Scotland. Pray," continues she, "ask your lady if this be true, for if it is, we will furnish ourselves here; but if it be not, we will buy as we want when we come there, and be dressed like other good ladies, and break none of your acts of parliament."[1] Unfortunately, the season of the year was not calculated to impress one who had been born in the sunny land of Italy, and accustomed to the genial temperature of that voluptuous clime, with a favourable idea of the northern metropolis of Great Britain, surpassing all others as it does in the beauty and grandeur of its situation, and abounding in historical antiquities. There was a lack of the domestic luxuries to which the duchess had been accustomed in her royal home of St. James's-palace. She found Holyrood-abbey not only destitute of furniture, but in a state of ruinous dilapidation, not having undergone any effectual repairs since Cromwell had used that ancient abode of the monarchs of Scotland as a barrack for his troopers, who had plundered and destroyed all its furniture and decorations. The only apartments that were habitable, were in the occupation of the duke of Hamilton; and though some arrangements had been made for the reception of their royal highnesses, they were exposed to much inconvenience and discomfort. Mary Beatrice took these things patiently, for the sake of him by whose side she cheerfully encountered every trial and hardship, but however perfect her conduct was as a wife, she was not without her faults as a woman; and of these, her natural inclination to fancy herself too far above her fellow-creatures was the most injurious, and, had it not subjected her to a salutary check,

[1] Autograph letters of the duchess of Monmouth in the Register-office, Edinburgh, communicated by A. Macdonald, esq.

might have alienated the affection with which the old Scotch cavaliers were prepared to regard her. One day James invited the famous general Dalziel to dine privately with him. The character of this devoted adherent of Charles I. is familiar to our readers, from the brilliant sketch drawn by sir Walter Scott, in Old Mortality. The duchess of York, seeing three covers laid at table, asked her husband who was to dine with them? and when informed, she greatly objected to dine with a private gentleman. Dalziel entered at the moment, and heard the subject of the dispute before the duchess was aware of his presence, and with a spirit still haughtier than her own, he thus addressed her,—"Madame, I have dined at a table where *your* father stood behind my back;"[1] he alluded to the time when, as a general in the imperial service, he had dined in state with the emperor, for whom the duke of Modena, as one of the vassals of the empire, performed personal service. Instead of testifying any resentment at this well-merited reproof, Mary Beatrice turned playfully to her husband, and said, "Never offend the pride of proud men." It was not James's custom to do so. His conduct in Scotland was such as to conciliate all ranks of men, and, as far as it was possible, all parties. In one of his letters from Edinburgh, dated December 14th, he says,—"I live here as cautiously as I can, and am very careful to give offence to none, and to have no partialities."[2]

The loyal corporation of Edinburgh, being anxious at once to do honour to the illustrious visitants, and to exercise the prevailing virtue of the nation,—hospitality, convened an especial conclave on the 19th of December, the object of which appears in the following entry in the minute-book of the town council:—

"The said day the council did unanimously accord, that his royal highness and his duchess be complimented with a handsome treat; and therefore grants were sent to the town treasurer to provide the said treat, according as the magistrates shall direct."

The 29th of the same month was the day appointed for this banquet. Some junketing with the duke's cooks, and treating them and other of the officials in the culinary department of his royal highness's establishment at Holyrood-palace, took

[1] Dalrymple's Memoirs. [2] Dalrymple: Appendix.

place previously, it appears, probably for the purpose of obtaining a few hints from them, tending to enlighten the Scottish operatives as to the modes of cookery and sauces in vogue at St. James's and Whitehall. Charges there are in the corporation accounts for wine and "cannell" (cinnamon) water, drunk with those worthies in the back shop of Robert Mien, —"*mutchkins* [mugs] of cannell water, wafers and wine, and rough almonds;" and there is "to *ane* coach with the duke's cooks, 2*l.*, and spirits with them in Patrick Steel's, 1*l.* 12*s.*" for all which the corporation pays without grudge or grumble; also for twelve pounds of confections, which sir John Worden, his highness's comptroller, condescends to be treated with at Mrs. Caddell's, and four pints of wine and *ane* coach, for which 34*l.* 16*s.* is disbursed by the corporation,—a startling sum to southern eyes, were it not for the remembrance that the pounds are only *punds Scots*, which the gentle reader will be pleased to reckon at the rate of twenty pence instead of twenty shillings.[1]

A few items in the bill of maister R. Pollock, pastryman, *baxter*, and burgess of Edinburgh, for articles furnished by him "for *ane treitt* to his *hayness* the duke of Albanie,"[2] affords satisfactory proof that the science of good eating was pretty well understood "in the good town" in the seventeenth century. No lack was there of dainties, although the barbaric grandeur of gilded salmon-pasties, and dishes garnished with gold fringe, savoured rather of oriental than northern taste, and may astonish the refined gastronomes of the present day. There was "a large *turkie py*, all over gilded *rubby*, [ruby,] with boned veyl and boned turkie furnished," for which twelve pounds (Scots) are charged, just one guinea sterling; a very reasonable charge for such a dish, emblazoned, as it certainly was, with the royal arms of Scotland, and all correctly done by a professional withal,—witness the item, in another bill, of twenty pounds paid "to George Porteous, the herald, for gold, gilding, and painting." Then there is "a large ham pie, with a batton of gold, 16*l.*; a large *salmond*

[1] From the accounts of Magnus Prince, treasurer in the year 1679.—Town-council Records.

[2] The duke of York was chiefly distinguished by his Scotch title of Albany when in Scotland.

pie, gilded; and a *potailzie* pie." Of what this dainty was composed we confess our ignorance, but it was decorated with a gold fringe. "A lambe's py, *à-la-mode*." We should suspect the duke's cooks had a finger in this dish, and perhaps in the next, which, from its Italian name, was doubtless provided for her royal highness's especial eating; viz. "a Florentin, with a gilded cover," for which the charge is twelve pounds, Scots. "A shrimp py, with vermiliane colour," also figures at this feast. "A venison pasty of your *awn* venison," that is to say, venison furnished by the good town; but first, it should seem, presented to them by his royal highness, by the token that, in another bill, 26*l.* Scots is allowed for drink-money to those who brought three venisons. Three large venison pasties are charged by Richard Pollock in his bill, by which we understand the paste and other ingredients 16*l.* Scots, and 12*l.* ditto. There are also "three trotter pies, gilt," a dish that appears to have found favour in the sight of the royal guests, for they had trotter pies at their coronation banquet in Westminster-hall. Then there are diet pies, furnished with all sorts of confections, and *à-la-mode teirts*, and dishes of large *minched* pies, and *panterits*; no less than thirty dozen of French bread for the table, and other things, amounting to 444*l.* 13*s.*; after which appears the supplicatory appeal,—

"Remember the drink money."[1]

This is only a specimen of the pastryman's labours for the good town's treat. Some idea of the meats furnished forth on this occasion may be gathered from Mrs. Caddell's bill, whereof the first article is "*cockelike*," meaning no other than the favourite dish of bonnie king Jamie, immortalized by sir Walter Scott in The Fortunes of Nigel, under the scarcely more intelligible orthography of 'cockieliekie,' a compound of which a full-grown fowl forms the basis.

The next item is plumb *potag*,—porridge, we presume,—then a first-course dish, it should seem. No lack was there, however, of the substantial fare,—roast beef and roast mutton,

[1] From the accounts of Magnus Prince, treasurer to the good town of Edinbro'.—Corporation Records.

geese, ducks, hens, rabbits, tongue and lard, and other good things.[1] As for the dessert, there were oranges in plenty, and even orange-trees, pippins, rennets, almonds, raisins, dates and musk-plums, barberries, olives, no less than 60 pounds of comfits, and 567 pounds of confections;[2] the tables were decorated with large gilded crowns, the castle, the king's arms, and the arms of "the good town." In short, it was a feast to convince the southron strangers that there were other things to be got in Edinburgh besides sheeps' heads. The spices, fruit, confections, and condiments of all sorts for this feast, are furnished by a merchant of the name of Mien, who appears to have dealt in every thing, from ambergris and cochineal to glass and pewter. A list of breakage, which is included in his bill, is rather awful on this occasion,—39 glass trenchers at one fell swoop, 12 jelly glasses, and 16 stalked glass plates, and 8 fine crystal glasses. A great deal of glass appears to have been used at this banquet: 12*l.* is charged "for the loan of Dr. Irving's two silver salts," and 5*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* (Scots) for two knives of my lord provost's, mounted and twisted with silver, which were lost."[3] One of the most remarkable items in "the bill for confections," as it is endorsed, of that man of many callings, merchant Mien, "is thirteen and fourpence for writing three copies of an account of '*the treat*,' which were sent to London;" and it is to be hoped they were printed, both for the honour of the hospitable town of Edinburgh, and to prove that the persecuted heir to the crown was not at discount in the realm of his royal ancestors. If the said documents could be found, they would probably supply a most quaint and racy narrative of the proceedings of James and his fair duchess at the civic feast,—the largess they gave, and the gracious acknowledgments they were pleased to make for the many gratifying proofs of regard they had already received in auld Reekie.[4]

[1] Accounts of Magnus Prince, treasurer.—Corporation Records.

[2] Bill of William Mien, merchant, for the treat to their royal highnesses.

[3] Records in the Town-council Archives, Edinburgh.

[4] The civic authorities of Edinburgh appear to have provided one feast solely in honour of Mary Beatrice, for, in the minutes of the Council-book, there is an entry touching the liquidation "of the great expense the good town has incurred in the feast given to her royal highness."

The minute-books of the city chamber bear record, that on the 26th of December, 1679, they had duly admitted his royal highness the duke of Albany and York as a burgess and guild-brother of the good town, with a great many of his servants; among these are colonel John Churchill, master of the robes to his royal highness, afterwards the great duke of Marlborough, and colonel Woorden, comptroller of his household. Of those in the household of the duchess are lord Roscommon, her master of the horse; Hieronomo Nopho, esq., her secretary; Charles Leyburn, her carver; Thomas Vaughan, her cupbearer; two Nevilles, her pages of honour; Cornelius Donovan, page of the back-stairs; Nicholas le Point, yeoman of the mouth to her royal highness; and Claud Fourmont, her master-cook. All the duke's cooks were also complimented with the freedom of the city; so also was the yeoman of his wine-cellar, the yeoman of the *bear*-cellar, as it is called, several of their coachmen and footmen, and a functionary called the silver-scourer. A deputation of the corporation waited on his royal highness, and presented the freedom, with great solemnity, in a massive gold box.

The presence of the heir of the crown, and the prudent and conciliating conduct of himself and his consort, had a most beneficial effect in Scotland, and did more towards calming the effervescence of the conflicting parties there, than if an army had been sent over the border by king Charles. The duke of York came, however, strictly in a private capacity, and, in reality, as a banished man; his right to a seat in the privy council was at first contested, not only by the adverse faction, but even by the marquess of Montrose, the lord president. James, with an equal mixture of firmness and mildness, asserted his rights and carried his point.[1] That he bore no resentment against Montrose is apparent, from the circumstance that he afterwards preserved his life at the imminent peril of his own, by pulling him with his own hand into the little boat, in which he was leaving the foundering ship at the time of the disastrous loss of the Gloucester,—a noble action on the part of James, which no one but the

[1] Life of James.

faithful Pepys, who witnessed it, has had the honesty to record.[1]

The king had promised the duke and duchess of York that they should return to England early in the new year, and he was as good as his word. Moderate men and well-wishers to their country,—those, for instance, who had nothing to gain by a system of anarchy and confusion,—had been long disgusted with the proceedings of the party in power, and alarmed at the wild changes they were driving at. The cavaliers, the gentlemen of England, the churchmen, and the merchants came forward with loyal addresses to the crown, and expressed their affection to the sovereign, and their abhorrence of the practices of the factious demagogues by whom he was enthralled. The gentlemen of Norfolk even ventured to offer thanks to the king for the recall of the heir of the crown from Flanders.[2] Thus encouraged, the king roused himself from the mental paralysis in which he had suffered himself to remain for the last eighteen months, and entering his council-chamber, he informed the astonished conclave there, "that he had derived little benefit from the absence of his brother; that as the rights of that prince had been assailed, and probably would be again at the meeting of parliament, he thought it only agreeable to reason and justice that he should be present at the approaching session, in order to make his own defence. He had therefore commanded his royal highness to quit Edinburgh, and return to his former residence at St. James's-palace." This declaration, which was made January 28, 1680, was followed by the proffered resignations of Shaftesbury, Russell, Cavendish, Capel, and Powle. Charles replied, "that he accepted them with all his heart." Greatly rejoiced as the duke and duchess of York were with this auspicious change of affairs, the affectionate and respectful manner in which they had been treated by the Scotch caused them to leave the friendly northern metropolis with regret, which James expressed with manly eloquence in his farewell speech to the lords of the council.

[1] Memoirs and Correspondence, edited by lord Braybrooke: vol. v. p. 88.

[2] North. Journal of James II. Lingard. Macpherson.

He also told them, "that he would acquaint his majesty that he had in Scotland a brave and loyal nobility and gentry, a wise privy council, and a learned and upright judicature." The lords of the council responded with the warmest protestations of affection and respect, and wrote a dutiful letter to the king, thanking him for the honour he had done them in sending the duke to visit Scotland, and expressing the highest commendations of the wise and prudent conduct of that prince.[1]

Though the season of the year was improper for a sea-voyage, yet the duchess, who, to use James's own words, "was now inured to hardships as well as himself, counted that for nothing." So anxious was she to embrace her only child again, from whom she had now been separated for four long months, that rather than submit to the delay of an over-land journey, she determined to return by sea.

"If you were a seaman," wrote James to his brother-in-law, "I could soon make you understand that it is better going from Scotland to London by sea in winter, than back thither at this time of the year. There will be a light moon at the time I name, and both the duchess and I have a great mind to go back by sea, having been extremely tired by our land journey to Edinburgh." [2]

Mary Beatrice cheerfully embarked with her beloved consort in the yacht, commanded by captain Gunman, which the king had kindly sent for their transit, and arrived at Deptford, February the 24th. There they left the yacht, and went up the river to Whitehall in a barge. They were saluted by the guns from the ships and from the Tower, and at their landing at the privy-stairs, they were received by king Charles in the most affectionate manner. His majesty led the duchess to the queen's apartment, and from thence to her own, whither many of the nobility and persons of quality immediately repaired to compliment their royal highnesses on their safe return, and to kiss their hands. That night the city was illuminated and blazed with bonfires.

Two days after, the lord mayor, aldermen, and common council, came to pay their respects to the duke and duchess; the recorder delivered a congratulatory address to the duke

[1] Journal of James II.

[2] Letter to Lawrence Hyde; Clarendon Correspondence, vol. i. p. 82.

on his safe arrival, and expressed the prayers of the city for his health and prosperity. The civic powers, having kissed his royal highness's hand, were conducted into the apartment of the duchess, to whom the recorder also made a complimentary speech, assuring her of the affection of the city of London, and their joy at her return. They then kissed her hand, and withdrew, highly satisfied with their reception.[1] The next day sir Robert Clayton, the lord mayor, feasted the royal brothers with a magnificent supper. "The lady mayoress sat next the king, all over scarlet and ermine, and half covered with diamonds." The aldermen drank the king's health, over and over, on their knees, and in their uproarious state of loyal excitement "wished every one hanged, and consigned to a state of perdition, that would not serve him with their lives and fortunes." They would not trust the royal brothers to the escort of his majesty's guards, who were all visibly the worse for their powerful potations, but insisted on escorting them back to Whitehall themselves, at two o'clock in the morning, where they reduced themselves to, at least, as improper a state as the guards by a carouse in the king's cellar. The next day, they all came in a body to return thanks to the king and the duke, for the honour they had done them.[2]

The duke of York accompanied the king to the Spring races at Newmarket, but Mary Beatrice remained at St. James's, with the princess Anne and her own little Isabella. The duke made a journey from Newmarket to London on purpose to visit her, and returned the next day, which, considering there were no such locomotive facilities for travelling as in these times, may be regarded as almost a lover-like mark of attention. The virtues and conjugal devotion of this princess were gradually winning a greater empire over the heart of James than had been gained by her beauty in its early bloom, when she came to England as his bride. It was not till she had been his wife six years, that James appears to have

[1] Complete History of England, vol. iii. p. 378. Echard, vol. iii. Life and Actions of James, Duke of York and Albany.

[2] Letter of Dorothy countess of Sunderland, in Blencowe's Diary.

been fully sensible of the value of the prize he had drawn in the matrimonial lottery, and that she was possessed of qualifications more worthy of admiration than those external graces which had been celebrated by the most distinguished poets of the age. Mary Beatrice endeavoured to keep up an interest for her husband with the gay world, by giving brilliant balls and entertainments, and appearing often in public. The irreproachable purity of her life, and her amiable conduct as a step-mother, entitled her to universal respect, and notwithstanding her religion, she stood too high in public opinion for any one to mix her name up with the popish-plot accusations, although Colman, one of its earliest victims, had been her secretary. The duke of York himself began to recover his proper position in the court, and his levees at St. James's-palace were well attended again; but when the king was suddenly attacked with a fever towards the latter end of May, they were thronged with the time-serving courtiers. The king recovered, and the exclusionists, considering that they had gone too far in their proceedings against James ever to be forgiven, determined, by a bold stroke, to rid him of the company of his fair-weather followers, to intimidate his friends, and if possible, to drive him out of England again. Accordingly, Shaftesbury, with Russell, Cavendish, Titus Oates, and some others of the party, proceeded to Westminster-hall on the 26th of June, and represented to the grand jury the benefit that would accrue to the nation if the duke of York were presented for recusancy, which would involve the forfeiture of two-thirds of his estates, as the laws against popery then stood;[1] but the judges discharged the jury as soon as they understood that Shaftesbury was practising with them. The familiar correspondence of the countess-dowager of Sunderland, in the archives of his grace the duke of Devonshire, is calculated to cast occasional glimpses of light on the proceedings of the exclusionists at this momentous crisis. She was behind the scenes, being the sister of Algernon Sidney, and the mother of that crooked-minded statesman Sunderland, but took no part in politics

[1] Journal of James II. Lingard. Macpherson.

herself. She merely describes what was going on to her friend, the wily Halifax. With regard to the second attempt of the faction to present the husband of Mary Beatrice for recusancy, she says, "Nothing was done at Hicke's-hall, because they did not like the jury; but when they have another, which will be soon, they will prosecute the duke's indictment. They say they are gone too far to stop. The storm is grown very high within the fortnight." There appears to have been a great contrast in the outward demeanour of James and Mary Beatrice at this trying period. "His highness," continues lady Sunderland, "smiles, dances, and makes love. Sad hearts there are in the court, that tell against him things every day, that does exasperate them, [the exclusionists,] that the duke says, whether true or false I know not." It had been reported that Mary Beatrice was likely to bring an heir to England, but our communicative dowager contradicts the flattering rumour in direct terms, adding,—"She prays all day almost; she is very melancholy, her women will have it on account of Mrs. Sedley; she looks farther than that, if she has as much wit as is thought by some."[1] If Burnet may be credited, Montague offered the duchess of Portsmouth 600,000*l.*, in the name of the exclusionists, if she would induce Charles to pass the bill. Gladly would she have earned the bribe, but the king was inflexible on that point; yet it was her influence which prevailed on his majesty to send his brother back to Scotland. The cause assigned by her for her hostility to his royal highness was the old story, "that the duchess of York paid *her* no attention, and was not so kind to her as to the duchess of Mazarine; and that, during the king's late illness, James had made no professions of service to her." Mary Beatrice was at this momentous period an object of watchful observation to the enemies of her lord.

Her royal highness visited Cambridge the latter end of September, and while there, gave a grand ball to propitiate the university. From Cambridge she came to Newmarket,

[1] Autograph letter in the collection of his grace the duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick-lodge.

to join the duke, who was there with their majesties for the October races. In the midst of those gay festive scenes, Mary Beatrice and her lord bore anxious hearts, for it was at that time the question of his royal highness's banishment from the court was daily debated in council. James was desirous of being permitted to defend himself from the attack which he knew would be made upon him at the approaching meeting of the parliament, and the ministers were for driving him beyond seas again. Charles temporized as usual, by taking a middle course; which was, to send his brother back to Scotland, but with all possible marks of respect, as his representative in the government of that realm. In his letters to his privy council and lords of the treasury of Scotland, he says,—

"Whereas now, upon considerations of great importance to our service, we have thought fit to send our most dear brother, the duke of Albany and York, into that our ancient kingdom: we have signified our command to the duke of Hamilton, keeper of our palace of Holyrood, for voiding all the lodgings and removing all the goods and furniture now therein, to the end that our palace, with all the offices and conveniences thereunto belonging, may be left entirely for the use and accommodation of our said most dear brother, and of our dearest sister the duchess, with their retinues, allowing, nevertheless, our chancellor to continue in his lodgings as formerly. It is therefore our will and pleasure, and we doe hereby require you to take particular care that our said order be punctually and speedily obeyed, and to cause the rooms to be put in as good a condition as is possible for that purpose."[1]

This document is dated October 18th, 1680: the same day the king's pleasure was communicated to the duke of York, with directions for him to embark for Scotland on the 20th. His fair and faithful consort was, as usual, ready to share his adverse fortunes; she gave her farewell levee at St. James's-palace on the 19th, and received the adieus of the friends who came to take leave of her in bed.[2] Mary Beatrice had once more to sustain the painful trial of parting with her child, whom she was not permitted to take to Scotland with her, and she never saw her again. James, perceiving that those who had succeeded in driving him a third time into banishment did not intend to stop there, requested the king to give

[1] The original of this document is preserved in the Register-office, Edinburgh. I have been favoured with a copy by A. Macdonald, esq.

[2] Blencowe's Diary of the Times of Charles II.

him a pardon under the great seal, including, as is usual in that sort of protective document, every offence of which it is possible for any person to be accused. Charles considered it derogatory to his brother's high rank, and injurious to his honour, to have such an instrument drawn up in connexion with his name; and James, in the bitterness of his spirit, regarded the refusal as an intimation that he was to be sacrificed to the malice of his foes. For one half hour of his life he appeared ready to fall into the snares of the Machiavelian ambassador of France, for he exclaimed, in the climax of his indignation, "that if he were pushed to extremity, and saw himself likely to be entirely ruined by his enemies, he would find means to make them repent it,—nay, that he would throw himself into the arms of Louis XIV. for protection." Barillon, who was in hopes that the sense of intolerable wrong which was burning in the bosom of the unfortunate prince might be fanned into an open flame, so as to induce him to take up arms against the king his brother, or at least to excite seditions in Scotland, made him unlimited offers of money, and every other facility for raising an insurrection.

James's disaffection evaporated in that burst of passion, which Fox and many other writers have endeavoured to torture into the blackest treason, although the sole evidence that he felt his injuries is confined to that one unguarded sally, which, after all, only implied that he did not mean to fall without a struggle. If James had suffered himself to be drawn into the plots of Barillon, he would have been startled at finding himself mixed up in strange and most degrading fellowship with Buckingham, Sunderland, Montague, Hampden, Harbord, Algernon Sidney, and the duchess of Portsmouth, his deadliest enemies, who were at that period, the bribed tools of France.[1] Keenly, however,

[1] The autograph correspondence of Dorothy Sidney, countess-dowager of Sunderland, in the archives of his grace of Devonshire, contains a curious allusion to the secret pecuniary transactions of Algernon Sidney with France. In a letter to Halifax, dated July 8th, 1680, she says "that her brother All," as she familiarly styles the stern republican statesman, "had quarrelled with Shaftesbury, because he had heard that the latter had called him 'a French pensioner, and Sunderland's spy.'"

as the duke of York felt the ingratitude with which his services to his king and country had been requited, he complied with his majesty's commands by embarking with his duchess on the appointed day. Charles, who knew how severe a struggle it had cost his brother to yield obedience to his mandate, and that both he and Mary Beatrice were overwhelmed with grief at being separated from their children, endeavoured to soothe their wounded feelings by paying them the affectionate attention of accompanying them, with some of his nobles, as far down the river as Leigh, where they parted. "The king gave them fair words," observes the sarcastic diplomatist; "but the duke of York betrayed the greatest signs of misery, believing himself abandoned by all the world, and that he would not be permitted to remain even in Scotland long."

The following elegant lines on the subject of the embarkation of their royal highnesses, appeared soon after in the second part of Dryden's Absalom and Achithophel:—

"Go, injured hero! while propitious gales,
Soft as thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails;
Well may she trust her beauties on a flood
Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode;
Safe on thy breast reclined, her rest be deep,
Rocked like a Nereid by the waves asleep,
While happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
And to Elysian fields convert the main.
Go, injured hero! while the shores of Tyre[1]
At thy approach so silent shall admire,
Who on thy thunder shall their thoughts employ,
And greet thy landing with a trembling joy."

A cordial it assuredly must have been to the sad hearts of the royal exiles, could they have understood half the pleasure with which their arrival was anticipated on the friendly shores of Scotland. They had a long and dangerous passage, encountered a terrible storm at sea, and were beating about for nearly five days and nights in the rough October gales, before they could make their port.[2] One of their suite writes to a friend, in London,—

[1] Scotland is figured under that name in Dryden's Absalom and Achithophel.
[2] Fountainhall's Historic Observes.

"We have been in great difficulties at sea, insomuch that though we serve the best of masters, we begin to wish that there were no such thing as popery in the world, or that all mankind would come into it; for we, you know, have no such zeal for any thing as our own case, and do complain more than ever to be thus tossed about, and it is with admiration that we behold the great spirit of our master stooping to this coarse usage."

The duke and duchess arrived with the evening's tide in Kirkaldy-roads, about ten o'clock at night, on Monday, October 25th. The duke of Rothes, lord chancellor of Scotland, who had kept a vigilant look out for their long-expected sails, instantly despatched his nephew, Mr. Francis Montgomery, to compliment their royal highnesses on their arrival; but, sick as Mary Beatrice was of her stormy voyage, it was not judged prudent for her to come on shore that night. The next morning, his grace sent the lord justice's clerk to inquire his royal highness's pleasure concerning his disembarkation.[1] The duke and duchess landed that morning at eleven o'clock, and were received by the duke of Rothes, some of the lords of the council, and most of the nobility and gentry of the adjacent shires, who kissed their royal highnesses' hands on the shore, which was crowded with a mixed multitude who came to congratulate them on their safe arrival in Scotland.[2]

The duke of Rothes having offered their royal highnesses the hospitality of his house at Leslie, about nine miles distant, they proceeded thither, escorted by a troop of his majesty's Scotch guards, attended by a noble train of coaches, and many of the nobility and gentry on horseback. So gallant a company had perhaps never swept through the long straggling street of Kirkaldy since the days when an independent sovereign of Scotland kept court in the kingdom of Fife. Leslie-house is seated in a richly wooded park, on a picturesque eminence between the river Leven and the water of Lotrie, which unite their sparkling streams in a romantic glen in the pleasaunce. The present mansion occupies only the frontage of the site of the palace where the duke of Rothes feasted the duke and duchess of York, with their retinue and all the aristocracy of the district. The former

[1] A True Narrative of their royal highnesses' Proceedings at their arrival in Scotland.

[2] Ibid.

edifice was built on the model of Holyrood-house, and in rival splendour to that ancient seat of royalty, having a gallery three feet longer than that at Holyrood, hung with fine historical portraits on either side, and richly furnished. The ducal palace at Leslie was destroyed by fire in the year 1763,[1] but the stately garden terraces, leading down by successive flights of broad stone steps with carved balustrades to the shrubberies and a "vale, in whose bosom the bright waters meet," are the same which Mary of Modena and her ladies paced, and listened to the music of the mountain stream rushing to his bride in the depth of the wooded ravine below. Those woods were then tinted with bright autumnal hues, and even to eyes accustomed to Italian scenery, the spot was calculated to convey a favourable impression of the natural beauties of Scotland. Of these, Mary Beatrice had, as yet, only seen the bold and rugged features of a wintry landscape, with snow-clad hills and swollen torrents, her first visit to Scotland having been made at an ungenial season of the year. At Leslie, every thing wore a festive and smiling aspect, and proffered comfort and repose to the royal exiles after their stormy voyage, and a yet more harassing contention with evil days in England. Nor was Leslie devoid of classic interest, for the village fane occupies the site of one of more ancient date, celebrated by the poet-king of Scotland, James I., as "Christ's kirk on the green." There is a tree on that green called 'king Jemmy's tree,' which village tradition boldly affirms to have been planted by the royal bard,—a fond conceit, since the tree has not assuredly seen two centuries, and is scarcely old enough to favour the more probable notion, that it is a memorial of the last and most unfortunate of all the Scottish monarchs who bore the fated

[1] It is to be feared that the correspondence of the duke of Rothes, illustrative of that period of the annals of Scotland, and the interesting documents connected with the visits of the duke and duchess of York to Leslie-house, perished in that disastrous conflagration, together with many precious heirlooms of the noble historical family of Leslie. The author of this biography gratefully acknowledges the courteous attention, information, and hospitality that were kindly afforded her, on the occasion of her visit to Leslie-house for the purpose of historical investigation, by the accomplished countess of Rothes, the mother of the youthful representative of the honours of that ancient line.

name of James Stuart, planted by him during his visit with his consort at Leslie-house in the autumn of 1680. Tradition has also made some blunders in confusing relics and memorials of the consort of James II. with those of Scotland's fair and fatally celebrated sovereign Mary Stuart, whose name hallows many gloves, fans, watches, *étuis*, and cabinets, with other toys not older than the close of the sixteenth century. The long white glove embroidered with black silk, for instance, now exhibited in the museum of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh as the veritable glove of Mary queen of Scots,[1] if it ever did belong to a royal Mary Stuart, pertained to her who was entitled to that name only in virtue of her marriage with James Stuart, duke of York, and was possibly worn by her when in mourning for her little daughter the princess Isabella. The mistake has naturally arisen from the fact, that when James succeeded to the crown of the Britannic empire, his consort bore the title of queen Mary in Scotland as well as England, and in Scotland her name was dear to a generation who had known her when she dwelt among them; but when that generation passed away, and the descendants of old cavalier and Jacobite families found among the hoards of grand-dame or ancient aunt trifles that had been treasured as memorials of queen Mary, they forgot the intermediate queen-consort so called, and invested all such heirlooms with the distinction of relics of her whose name, in spite of Knox or Buchanan, will be superior in interest to any other while a spark of chivalry lingers in a Scottish bosom.

The duke and duchess of York were splendidly entertained for three days and nights at Leslie-house by their magnificent host and his kind-hearted duchess,[2]—days of unbounded hospitality, which was extended to all the loyal aristocracy of the district, who came to pay their compliments to the heir of

[1] Mary queen of Scots always wore long sleeves down to the wrist.

[2] The duke of Rothes, who was always distinguished for his affection to Charles II., is accused of being a cruel persecutor of the covenanters. His duchess, on the contrary, favoured their doctrines, and, as far as she could, protected the preachers of that sect, who were frequently concealed in the neighbourhood of Leslie-house. The duke, who was a facetious man, and not quite so hard-hearted as his enemies represent, never sent out his officers to apprehend any of those persons without previously endeavouring to provide for their escape,

the crown and his young and lovely consort. There is an exquisite portrait of Mary Beatrice, by Lely, in the collection of the earl of Rothes at Leslie-house, representing her such as she was at that period of her life, and in the costume which she then wore. Her hair is arranged in its natural beauty, clustering in full curls round the brow, and descending in flowing ringlets on the bosom,—a style far more in unison with the classic outline of her features and the expressive softness of her eyes than the lofty coiffure represented in the frontispiece of this volume. Her dress is scarlet, embroidered and fringed with gold; her tucker and loose under-sleeves of delicate cambric. A rich and ample scarf of royal blue, fringed with gold and edged with pearls, crosses one shoulder and falls over the lap in magnificent drapery to the ground. She is sitting in a garden by a pillar; her left hand clasps the neck of a beautiful white Italian greyhound; the tree that overshadows her is wreathed with honeysuckles and roses. Her age was under twenty-two when this portrait was painted: it was one of Lely's last and finest works of art. He died that same year, so Mary Beatrice must have sat for the portrait before she quitted London, for the express purpose of presenting it to the duke of Rothes.

On Friday, October the 29th, their royal highnesses departed from Leslie-house, and were attended by their courteous host the lord chancellor of Scotland, and many of the greatest nobles, to Burntisland, their train still increasing as they advanced. At Burntisland they were received with shooting of great guns, ringing of bells, acclamations of the people, and all the expressions of joy imaginable, which continued till their royal highnesses went on board the Charlotte yacht. With them went his grace of Rothes, and the persons of the highest rank. The other yachts, with several other boats,

by giving a significant hint to his compassionate duchess in these words: "My hawks will be out to-night, my lady; so you had better take care of your blackbirds." The local traditions of Leslie add, that the signal by which her grace warned her spiritual *protégés* of their danger, was a white sheet suspended from one of the trees on the brow of the hill behind the house, which could be seen for a considerable distance. Other telegraphic signs the good lady had, no doubt, to intimate the absence of her spouse, when they might safely come forth and preach to their hill-side congregation.

and all the boats about Burntisland, were filled with the nobility and gentry of the train, forming a grand aquatic pageant with their pennons and gala dresses. In their passage to Leith they were saluted by the great guns from his majesty's castle of Edinburgh, from the bastions at Leith, and the men-of-war and other ships both in the road and harbour of Leith. "The shore was so *throng*," says our authority, "with persons of all ranks, that the noise of the cannon, trumpets, kettle-drums, and drums were almost drowned with the loud and reiterated acclamations of the people for the safe arrival of their royal highnesses, which was about five in the afternoon.[1] One of the gentlemen of the duke's household complains that they arrived in the dusk of the evening, "by which," pursues he, "the glory of our entry was much eclipsed." This person insinuates that sufficient attention was not paid to their royal highnesses on this occasion, but from the following account by an eye-witness of the animating scene,[2] we should imagine that their reception must have been most gratifying and complete:—"At their landing at Leith, their royal highnesses were met by the lords of his majesty's privy council, ushered by their macers. Several ladies were also attending on the shore, to offer their service to the duchess. Their royal highnesses were received by the earl of Linlithgow, colonel of his majesty's regiment of guards, at the head of several companies of the regiment, and were attended by the sheriffs and most of the gentlemen of the three Lothians and next adjacent shires, who made a lane on both sides of the street through the whole town of Leith. After the king's troop of guards marched the nobility and gentry that were on horseback, and after them a great train of coaches filled with the council and nobility: their royal highnesses had made choice of the lord justice clerk's coach to proceed in from Leith to the water-gate at the abbey of Holyrood-house. Their royal highnesses were guarded by the train bands and militia regiment of this city, consisting of forty-four companies, who made a lane for them and their train to pass betwixt Leith and Edinburgh. All the while they were upon

[1] True Narrative of the Reception of their royal highnesses. [2] Ibid.

the way, the great guns from the castle, and other places prepared on purpose, saluted them, the whole body of the people universally shouting, with great joy and chcerfulness, 'Lord preserve his majesty, and their royal highnesses the duke and duchess of Albany!' Being come to the water-gate, near the palace-royal, they were met by the lord provost, magistrates, and town-council of Edinburgh in their best formalities, where the lord provost, kneeling, and having kissed his royal highness's hand, delivered to him the silver keys of the city, and heartily welcomed him, in the name of the whole of the citizens, to his majesty's good town of Edinburgh. From this to the palace, their royal highnesses were guarded by two or three hundred of the best citizens with gilded partisans, and in the outer court were received by several other companies of his majesty's guards. In the guard-hall they were received by the archbishops of St. Andrew's and Glasgow, and several other lords of the clergy, where his grace the lord primate complimented their royal highnesses in name of the orthodox clergy. There the lieutenant-governor of the castle of Edinburgh delivered to his royal highness the keys of the castle. All the bells of the city continued ringing most of the night, and all the streets of the city were filled with great bonfires, whither many of the citizens repaired to drink their majesties and royal highnesses' health, nor was any thing to be seen but an universal joy in the countenances of all here."[1] An evil omen occurred amidst the rejoicings for the arrival of the royal pair, for the celebrated great gun, called 'Mons Meg,' being fired in honour of this event by an English cannonier, was in the firing riven. "This the Scots resented extremely," says sir John Lauder, of Fountainhall, "thinking the English might of malice have done it purposely, they having no cannon as big as she."

Holyrood-palace had been repaired, and a royal suite of apartments fitted up and furnished for the accommodation of the duke and duchess of York and their retinue. There can be little doubt that the state-beds, at present pointed out by guide-books and guides as the beds of Mary queen of Scots

[1] True Narrative. Historic Observes. pp. 1, 2.

and Charles I., were a part of this arrangement, all the ancient royal furniture at that palace having been plundered or destroyed by Cromwell's troopers. The crimson damask state bed, which was preserved from the conflagration at Leslie-house, is very similar to the bed now shown at Holyrood as that of Mary Stuart; and, certainly, both are a hundred years too modern for beds of the sixteenth century. If the duchess of York occupied the crimson bed at Holyrood, it would, of course, be styled 'queen Mary's bed,' after her consort succeeded to the regal office; and retaining her name after she was forgotten by the vulgar, has probably been thus added to the numerous posthumous goods and chattels with which tradition has fondly endowed Mary of Scotland. James and his consort appear to have been better contented with their Scottish palace than some of their followers. One of the gentlemen in their household writes to his friend in London,—

"We are not so well accommodated as at St. James's, and yet, whatever the matter is, we do rather dread than desire to return to you; so that sometimes I fear things are worse than we are persuaded to believe, and that we shall not see you whilst the parliament sits. I was willing to tell you thus much, because I believe you would not be told it in your gazette. Let me know what the terrible men at Westminster are acting, and what you think of our case; and pray believe that, wherever I am, I will be, dear sir,

"YOUR BEADSMAN.

"Edinburgh, Oct. 30, 1680."

The English parliament, or rather the prevailing faction that had succeeded in driving the duke of York from court, was following up the success already achieved by pushing on the bill for excluding him from the crown. The 'popish plot' was the two-edged sword with which the leaders of the faction fought, since it furnished both the pretext against him, and deprived him of effectual assistance from every one of his own religion, by the terror of the executions of innocent persons accused of being engaged in it. The commons passed the bill for excluding the duke of York from the succession, and when lord Russell brought it up to the lords, he said, "If his own father were to vote against it, he would accuse him of high treason,"—words which implied the most unconstitutional threat against every senator who

should presume to exercise the parliamentary privilege of voting according to his own conscience. The bill was, however, rejected by a majority of sixty-three. The bishops stood in the gap, and saved the crown for the rightful heir,[1] although they were opposed to his creed. They acted like honest and courageous men, and by their votes that day ought to have won everlasting confidence and gratitude from James, for, with the exception of Compton, they were his best friends. Well did his foes and the agitators who made zeal for the Protestant religion the pretence for faction and persecution know it. An attempt was immediately made by that party to excite popular fury against the whole bench. A lampoon song was compounded, and sung about the streets for this purpose, called 'the Bishops and the Bill,' of which every verse ends with this line,—

"The bishops, the bishops have thrown out the bill."

In conclusion, it daringly exhorts the mob

"To throw out the bishops, who threw out the bill."

It was in this parliament that the project, so bitter to a parent's heart, was first started, of making James's own children supplant him in the succession; or rather, to invest the prince and princess of Orange with the power of the crown under the name of regents for him, whom it was proposed to banish five hundred miles from his own dominions; and if his consort, who was then only two-and-twenty years of age, should bear a son, the prince was to be taken from his parents, and placed under the guardianship of the princesses his sisters.[2] James endured these aggravating proceedings with less irritation than could have been supposed, nor did they cause the slightest change in his affection for his daughters, whom he did not, at that period, imagine capable of entering into the confederacy against him. Meantime, he and his faithful consort endeavoured to conciliate the regard of those with whom their present lot was cast. A brilliant court was kept at Holyrood, to which resorted the principal nobility and gentry of the land; and Mary Beatrice soon succeeded, by her gracious

[1] Journals of Parliament.

[2] See Parliamentary Journals. Life of James. Lingard, &c.

and prudent deportment, in winning the hearts of the generous aristocracy of Scotland. If her religion were unpopular, the purity of her mind and manners was unimpeachable. Young, beautiful, innocent, and desirous of pleasing, cold indeed must have been the hearts that could have hardened themselves against her gentle influence; and it is certain, that the interest she excited at that period in Scotland operated long in favour both of her husband and her son, and was even felt to the third generation. The Scotch ladies were at first greatly astonished at the novel refreshment of tea, which her royal highness dispensed at her evening parties,[1] that beverage having never before been tasted in Scotland; but the fashion was quickly imitated, and soon became general. An interesting testimony to the popular conduct of this princess during her residence in Scotland is rendered by a learned author of that nation, who wrote the history of the house of Este under her patronage. In his dedicatory epistle to her, he says,—

"At your first coming among us, our loyalty to our sovereign and our duty to his only brother disposed us to do every thing in our power that might be acceptable to so great a princess, but your royal highness condescending to the simplicity in which we live, your affable deportment towards all that have the honour to come near your person, and your seeming pleased with our weak endeavours to serve you, do justly challenge that respect as due now to yourself, which we must, however, have paid to your quality. When we reflected how long we had been strangers to a court, we could not but think ourselves ill fitted to receive a princess born and bred in the paradise of the world. Only as we then knew your royal highness came prepared to bear with the plainness of our northern climate, so we since find that you are in some measure delighted with it; and we begin to flatter ourselves that the happiness of so illustrious a guest, which was procured to us at first by your obedience, is now continued to us by your choice."

The green strip at the foot of the hill behind the abbey of Holyrood, is still called 'the duke's walk,' from the duke of York having delighted in walking there, it being then shaded with stately oaks, which, like the Stuart dynasty, have all been swept away. The game of the golf, and tennis, were the favourite amusements of the gentry of those times. The duke of York was frequently seen in a golfing party on the links of Leith, with some of the nobility and gentry. "I remember in my youth," says the learned Tytler of Wood-

[1] Tytler of Woodhouselee, in Transactions of the Scottish Antiquarian Society.

houselee, "to have often conversed with an old man, named Andrew Dickson, a golf club-maker, who said that, when a boy, he used to carry the duke's golf clubs, and to run before him and announce where the balls fell." The sailor-prince, being a friend to ancient customs, encouraged the citizens and mechanics of the good town to take a share in these manly sports and pastimes, and for this end he always chose his partner at golf from those classes. His example was generally imitated, and thus the public games became a bond of good fellowship between high and low, the object for which they were originally instituted. The oral traditions of Edinburgh record the following instance of the frank and gracious conduct of the duke of York to one of his humble allies at the golf. His royal highness and the duke of Lauderdale, who were both expert golfers, generally engaged on opposite sides, and one day they determined to play for an unusually high stake. James called a working shoemaker, named John Paterson, to second him, and, after a very hard contest, defeated his antagonist. When the duke of Lauderdale paid the stake, which is said to have been some hundreds of broad pieces, his royal highness handed the gold to Paterson, with these words: "Through your skill I have won this game, and you are therefore entitled to the reward of the victory,"—the princely courtesy of the compliment being a trait of more refined generosity than the princely munificence of the gift, and dear, we may be sure, were both to the heart of the bonnie Scot, who had seconded the brother of his sovereign so stoutly on the links of Leith that day.[1]

Notwithstanding his popery, James was at that period one of the finest gentlemen in Europe. The following anecdote is worthy of the grandson of Henry of Navarre. When

[1] The antique house in the Cannongate is still in existence built by the fortunate shoemaker, who became not only a rich man, but the founder of a wealthy family. A Latin epigram, engraved on the stone entablature over the door of this domicile, signifies the fact that the house was built with a sum of money won at a game of the golf: the when, how, and where, remain untold. Gratitude might have suggested one honest word in acknowledgment of the generosity which proved the foundation of his fortunes, but John Paterson exercised due caution in the matter: he lived in ticklish times, when those who owed a kindness to a fallen prince thought it wisest to forget it, lest it might be remembered by the world.

Lochiel,[1] a brave highland cavalier, who had formerly rendered signal services to the royal cause, was presented to James at Holyrood, he received him with marks of great distinction, and in full court honoured him with his conversation, and put many pleasant questions to him touching the adventures of his youth: finally, he asked him for his sword. Lochiel having delivered it, his royal highness attempted to draw it, but in vain, for it was somewhat rusty, being a walking or dress sword, which the highlanders never make use of in their own country. The duke, after a second attempt, gave it back to Lochiel with this compliment, "that his sword never used to be so uneasy to draw, when the crown wanted its service." Lochiel, who was modest even to excess, was so confounded, that he could make no return to so high a compliment; and knowing nothing of the duke's intention, he drew the sword, and returned it to his royal highness, who addressing himself to those about him, "You see, my lords," said he, smiling, "Lochiel's sword gives obedience to no hand but his own;" and thereupon was pleased to knight him.[2]

James has been unsparingly accused by modern historians of countenancing all the cruelties that were practised on the insurgent Cameronians and other nonconformists in Scotland, by presiding in council when the torture of 'the boot' was applied. There is not the slightest proof of this. Wodrow, indeed, asserts that James was present on one occasion, when Spreul, a wild fanatic, who had designed to blow up the palace of Holyrood, with their royal highnesses in it, was thus examined, and he quotes the almost inaccessible records of the Scottish privy council as his authority. Sir John Dalrymple honestly avowed that he had been unable to find any such entry in the council books;[3] but even if Wod-

[1] This gentleman was the ancestor of the more celebrated chief who joined the standard of Charles Edward, in the memorable rising of 1745.

[2] Memoirs of sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, chief of the clan of Cameron. This book is "presented to the president and members of the Maitland Club, by William Crawford and Robert Pitcairn:" edited by James Macknight.

[3] Through the courtesy of W. Pitt Dundas, esq., the keeper of her majesty's records in the Register-office in Edinburgh, and W. Robertson, esq., the deputy-keeper, I have enjoyed the opportunity of examining the privy-council records of that period, and found no confirmation of Wodrow's assertion. Since the

row, who was not a contemporary, but merely an enlarger on the marvellous legends of a preceding generation, were an entirely faithful witness of things which touched the passions and prejudices of his party so closely, he has only mentioned, not verified, a solitary instance, which certainly does not warrant later writers in representing this unfortunate prince as having been in the constant habit of amusing himself with those revolting exhibitions. The fact is, that the dreadful scenes referred to took place under the auspices of the brutal Lauderdale before James came, and after his departure; and as both are indiscriminately styled 'the duke' in the records, the mistake was very easily made by persons who were not *very* careful in testing their authority by the simple but unerring guide of dates.

James and his duchess arrived at Edinburgh in perilous times, and in the midst of the sanguinary executions that followed an insurrection, in which great outrages had been committed on the lives and properties of the episcopalian party. The duke did his utmost to calm the jarring elements

publication of the earlier editions of this volume, Mr. Macaulay has endeavoured to deprive James of the benefit of the convincing evidence of his innocence afforded by the privy-council records, by stating "that all those belonging to the period of his residence in Scotland had been carefully destroyed." It is unfortunate for the cause of historic truth, that, of the numerous readers of Mr. Macaulay's work, very few enjoy the privilege of access to the royal Record-office of Scotland; and of those who, on application and recommendation to the proper authorities might possibly, like myself, be favoured with an order of admission to that department of the register-house, with permission to examine the privy-council books of Scotland, still fewer would be able to read and understand them, a task which requires time, and involves trouble,—trouble which the right hon. historian could scarcely himself have taken, or he would have been aware that the "Decreets of the privy council of Scotland for these years, viz., 1679, 80, 81, and 82," are not only in existence, but in a perfect state, and contain the particulars of upwards of ninety *sederunts* at which his royal highness James duke of Albany and York presided, with brief details of the business which occupied the attention of the council, and the resolutions passed on those occasions. Fortunately for Scotland, which may reasonably date much of its present commercial importance from the attention bestowed by James on maritime affairs and the statistics of trade during that period, his energies appear to have been almost exclusively devoted to the advancement of these objects, and the rectifying of previous abuses, especially in the way of monopolies, which, as in the case of Mrs. Anderson and her Bible-patent, *cum privilegio*, he succeeded in abrogating for the benefit of the public. The romance of the torture *matinées* rests solely on the unsupported assertion of Burnet, in the History of his Own Times, which may be confuted by another passage in the same work.

that were ready to break out into fresh tumults. The council, breathing blood, were for going to the rigour of the law; James offered pardon to the condemned, on the easy terms of crying "God save the king!" The council talked of death and tortures; his royal highness recommended madhouses, and hard labour or banishment. His suggestions proved more efficacious than the barbarous proceedings of Lauderdale and his colleagues, and he succeeded, in a great measure, in tranquillizing Scotland.[1] He gained the esteem and respect of the gentry, and won the affections of the people by his gracious acknowledgment of the marks of respect they paid him. If he had governed England half as wisely for himself as he did Scotland for his brother, or observed the same moderation in regard to his religion after he became king which he did when duke of York, history would have told a different tale of the close of his career.

"Letters from Scotland," says Bulstrode, "tell us that affairs go there according to wish; that the parliament there has written a letter of thanks to the king for sending the duke of York, which we hope will break the measures of those who flattered themselves with support from that kingdom, which has not been in many ages more united than it is at present under the prudent conduct of his royal highness." The letters add, "that the duke is highly esteemed and beloved of all sorts of people, and that there is a constant and great court of lords and ladies." James showed on some occasions a tenderness for human life, that goes far to disprove the cruelty with which he is generally charged. In February, 1681, we are told by Fountainhall "that a sentinel at the gates of the abbey of Holyrood being found asleep on his post when the duke of York passed, was brought to a court-martial and sentenced by general Dalziel to die for that breach of military discipline. In pursuance of this sentence he was carried to Leith links for execution; but when all was ready, the duke of York interceded for his life, and obtained it."[2]

[1] Burnet. Macpherson. Lingard. Dalrymple.

[2] Historic Observes.

The duke and duchess of York, though generally popular, were exposed to some mortifications on account of their religion. On Christmas-day, the scholars of King's college thought proper to entertain them with the pageant of burning the pope in effigy, in the court of Holyrood-house, under their windows. "This," says sir John Lauder, "was highly resented as an inhospitable affront to the duke of York, though it was only to his religion." Their royal highnesses were wise enough to pass it over in silence, as the wild frolic of young people. It was, besides, intended as a reprisal for the Westminster scholars having dressed up a Jack Presbyter, and treated the said Jack with sundry indignities. Such was the turbulent state of the times, that children took a warm part in the political and polemical disputes which convulsed both kingdoms.

The consort of Mary Beatrice was at that time, to use the expression of a contemporary writer, "caressed not only by the grandees of the nation, but likewise gracious in the eyes of the vulgar even to admiration, no people ever demonstrating more lively expressions of joy as well as love for his royal person."[1] Yet his servants, whom the earl of Arlington always emphatically designated "a senseless pack," were ever importuning James to solicit the king for his recall, and representing to him how materially his interests were suffering from the proceedings of Monmouth, who drove on his ambitious schemes openly, with a headlong violence that was only less dangerous than the masked treachery of the prince of Orange, whose mining operations, like those of the unseen mole in the dark, might be detected by the occasional traces of his works appearing on the surface. Another plot was devised, as a pretext for prolonging the duke's banishment from the court, of which the leading instrument was an Irish papist named Fitzharris; and in this there was a covert attempt to involve the duchess, by the absurd pretence "that Montecuculi, the late Modenese envoy, had offered him ten thousand pounds to kill the king, which he, Fitzharris, had

[1] Historical Memoirs of James, Duke of York and Albany.

refused, though Montecuculi had assured him that it might easily be done at madame de Mazarine's by poison; adding, that the duke of York was privy to the design, that a great army was to come from Flanders and France to place him on the throne, that the duchess of Modena had raised large sums of money to support the enterprise, and that a great many parliament-men were to be boiled alive to make a *sainte ampoule*, or oil," (not very holy, one would think, if composed of such ingredients,) "to anoint him and all succeeding kings of England at their coronations."[1] Such a tale being seriously deposed on oath before two secretaries of state, and eagerly taken up by the whig leaders of the prevailing party in parliament, is at once a picture of the excited state of the public mind, and of the want of common principles on the part of those by whom it was supported. Charles defeated the designs of this party, by proceeding against Fitzharris for high treason in the court of King's-bench. After his condemnation, Fitzharris confessed that he had been suborned by Shaftesbury and others to accuse the queen and the duke of York, and that the libel was compounded by the lord Howard of Escrick, at that time the unprincipled ally of the exclusionists, and one of their tools.[2] The long winter passed wearily over the banished duke: the coldness of the season was severely felt in the northern metropolis by his Italian duchess from the sweet South, but she bore every thing with uncomplaining patience for his sake. The spring brought them heavy tidings: their little daughter, the princess Isabella, a very lovely and promising child in her fifth year, died at St. James's-palace on the 4th of March: king Charles sent Mr. Griffin express to break this distressing news to the bereaved parents.[3] "It was the more afflicting to both," as James pathetically observes, "because they had not the satisfaction of seeing and assisting her in her sickness; but those hardships were the unavoidable sequels of their uneasy banishment and cruel persecution."

[1] Journal of James II. Macpherson. Lingard. [2] Ibid.
[3] Memoirs of the Duke of York and Albany. Life of James II. Sandford.

There is a scarce mezzotinto engraving of this royal infant, from a painting which was, perhaps, burnt either at Whitehall or St. James's-palace. She is represented with a chaplet of flowers on her head, and her left hand on the forehead of a lamb.[1] She was the last surviving of the three living children born of the marriage of Mary Beatrice of Modena with the duke of York; her remains were deposited near those of her brother and sister in the vault of Mary queen of Scots.

James, flattering himself that some little sympathy would be felt for him and his consort by his brother's council under so great a sorrow, sent his favourite, colonel Churchill, to the king with letters from both, beseeching him to accord permission for the duchess to come either to Tunbridge Wells or Bath for the benefit of her health, which had been much impaired by her residence in a climate so different from that of which she was a native, as well as her affliction for the loss of her only child. For himself, the duke added, he could be well content to reside at Audley-End, or anywhere his majesty might think fit, so that it was but in England.[2] Charles wrote to his brother, in reply, "that the present time was not favourable for their return, and advised him to exercise the very necessary virtue of patience, of which he confessed that he was himself in great need at that juncture."[3] After three or four months of deliberation and suspense, the company of his daughter, the princess Anne, was accorded to James as an especial favour. She came in one of the royal yachts, landed July 17th at Leith, and was received with all the honours due to her rank.

The arrival of her royal step-daughter is mentioned by Mary Beatrice with unaffected pleasure in a letter to the marchioness of Huntly, with whom, from the political allusions therein, she appears to have been on very confidential terms. This letter is a valuable addition to the biography of Mary Beatrice, and proves how well she understood the idiom of the English language when duchess of York:—

[1] Grainger.

[2] Journal and Life of James II.

[3] Ibid.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK TO THE MARCHIONESS OF HUNTLY.[1]

"Edinburgh, July 20th.

"I was very impatient to hear how you were after your long journey, and extremely pleased when I heard from yourself that it was so well over. I can't help wishing that you were at it again, and I hope you don't take it ill of me, since it is only the desire I have of your company that makes me wish it, but I doubt I shall not have that satisfaction so soon as I expected. I am very sorry for it, for several reasons; however, it is better late than never, and about a month hence I hope I shall have it. I thank God I am in perfect good health, and much pleased to have lady Anne with me, and some others of my friends; they got hither on Sunday morning, after a very fine passage, being but four days upon the sea. I have at the same time the trouble of parting with this Italian lady, who goes away to-morrow. There is no remedy, and therefore one must have patience. One cannot in this world have a . . . . . without a displeasure. The duchess of Hamilton is come, and lady —— is expected this day. The town fills very fast, and this house is perfectly crowded. You will have heard very good news since you left this place, both from London, where lord Shaftesbury is secured, and from hence, where Cargill is so too. I pray God all the . . . . may be discovered, and that the innocents may be thought so by all the world. Methinks I have sent you a good deal of news. I expect as much from you, though of another kind. I shall always be glad of your . . . . being truly, with great kindness,

"Yours."

On the 28th, the parliament of Scotland met with great pomp. The duke of York, as lord high-commissioner from his brother king Charles, rode in state from Holyrood-palace to the parliament-house, and opened it in person, the duchess, the princess Anne, and all their ladies being present.[2] The appearance of this unwonted galaxy of royal and noble beauties, in jewelled pomp, added grace and glory to the scene, and was calculated to soften the combative spirit in which the Scottish peers and chieftains had, from time immemorial, been accustomed to meet. Many a deadly debate between feudal foes and their retainers had been fought out, on such occasions, with dirk and dagge; while the rival cries of "cleanse the causeway!" announced the collision of hostile magnates and their followers in streets too narrow to admit of any thing like a courteous passage, even between persons who were not eagerly seeking a pretext for deciding old grudges with blows. The duke of York, who had taken infinite pains to effect a general reconciliation among the highland chiefs, and other great families, who were all at open war with each other when he first arrived in Scotland, had shown

[1] Spalding Club Miscellany.
[2] Fountainhall's Historic Observes and Diary.

good judgment in bringing the ladies to assist him, by the influence of their bright eyes, in keeping the peace at the first public assembly of those discordant elements after the suppression of a recent civil war. The presence of these fair and gentle spectators was, however, censured by the sour fanatics of the day "as uncommon and indecorous,"[1]—a proof that civilization had not advanced a single step in the northern metropolis since the days when John Knox quenched the star of chivalry in gall and wormwood. The duke of York did his best to keep every one in good humour, by giving a grand banquet to the whole parliament,—the lords by themselves, and the commons by themselves, at separate tables, where every thing was so discreetly arranged as to give general satisfaction.[2] Then the good town of Edinburgh, being emulous of such princely hospitality, voted another "*trait*" to their royal highnesses. The duke and duchess of York, the lady Anne, afterwards queen of Great Britain, and the whole court of Scotland were present at this entertainment. "It was given in the parliament-house; but, to accommodate the company, it was found necessary to pull down the partition which divided, and where a new wall still divides, the outer parliament-house from the place where the booksellers' stalls are kept. The expense of the entertainment exceeded 1,400*l.* sterling."[3] The auspicious tide of affairs in Scotland, as well as the arrival of the princess Anne, had a cheering effect on the spirits both of the duke and duchess of York. The lately sorrowful court of Holyrood emerged from tears and mourning into such a series of gaieties, as enchanted the lively, astonished the sober-minded, and offended the puritanical portion of society. Such doings in Scotland had never been witnessed within the walls of the royal abbey since the ill-omened night when the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Stuart honoured the bridal fête of Bastian with her presence. Balls, plays, and masquerades were introduced: these last, however, were soon laid aside, the taste of the times being opposed to such ungodly innovations. The masquerade was

[1] Fountainhall's Historic Observes and Diary. [2] Echard.

[3] Arnot's History of Edinburgh, p. 177.

styled "promiscuous dancing, in which all sorts of people met together in disguise." The vulgar gave it a ribald name; so the more elegant pastimes of poetic and dramatic masques and pastorals were substituted, in which the princess Anne, with other young ladies of quality, represented some of the mythological characters. These entertainments included the Comus of Milton, and similar pieces by Ben Jonson, Shirley, Davenant, and other dramatic poets of the last century: they were interspersed with music, and set off with splendid dresses and decorations. "Our fathers of the last age," observes that learned antiquarian, Tytler of Woodhouselee, "used to talk with delight of the gaiety and brilliancy of the court of Holyrood-house. The princesses were easy and affable, and the duke then studied to make himself popular among all classes of men."[1]

"On the 14th of October was the duke of York's birthday, keeped at Edinburgh," notes sir John Lauder, "with more solemnities and more bonfires than the king's. That of the duchess, in the beginning of October, was also observed with great pomp at the abbey in the same month. The birthday of queen Catharine, on the 15th of November, was keeped by our court of Holyrood-house with great solemnity," pursues our diarist; "such as bonfires, shooting off cannon, and acting a comedy, called Mithridates king of Pontus, before their royal highnesses, wherein the lady Anne, the duke's daughter, and the ladies of honour, were the only actors." He adds a bitter philippic against all such amusements: a lively detail of the proceedings of the illustrious performers would have been more agreeable. If the private theatricals of the court of the elegant and pure-minded duchess of York were subjected to stern censures from a man like sir John Lauder, who was far from going to the extremes of fanaticism, it can scarcely be supposed that the coarse and ofttimes profane representations of the public performers of the stage were tolerated. The duke of York's company had dutifully followed their royal highnesses to Edinburgh, but found it an uncongenial atmosphere. Playhouses and players

[1] Transactions of the Scottish Antiquarian Society.

were constantly anathematized by the clergy, and regarded by their congregations with scarcely less abhorrence than monasteries, monks, and nuns. The duchess of York was passionately fond of music, but had strong moral objections to the coarse comedies of the era: she even entertained doubts of the propriety of appearing at operas, though Italian singers were patronised by her. She was wont to say, "that there was no sin, she believed, in going to theatres, provided the pieces selected for representation were not of an objectionable character; but that the stage might and ought to be rendered a medium of conveying moral instruction to the public, instead of flattering and inculcating vice."[1] Among the traces of the residence of the duke and duchess of York at Holyrood, may be reckoned the decoration of the gallery of that palace with the portraits of all the kings of Scotland; for, although they were not completed till the year 1685, the order was given by the duke, who engaged James de Wit, a Dutch artist, to paint the whole, 120 in number, according to the best style of his art, in two years, receiving for his reward 150*l.* per annum.[2] It must be confessed, that more than one of those *beau-idéals* of the primitive sovereigns of Caledonian fame bears a brotherly likeness to the Saracen's head on Snowhill.

While in Scotland, James applied himself zealously to business, and, with his usual regard for economy, detected and put a stop to many of the peculations and abuses of the duke of Lauderdale's creatures, whereby he incurred the ill-will of that corrupt statesman, his duchess, and their connexions.[3] He bestowed his attention on the maritime and commercial interests of Scotland, all of which were materially improved during his residence in that nation. He made several progresses, to visit the principal towns and all the ancient palaces of Scotland. The greatest marks of respect were paid to him at Glasgow, Linlithgow, and Stirling,

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary d'Este, in the archives of France.

[2] The original agreement for these royal portraits was recently discovered, among the Exchequer-records of Scotland, by the late lamented antiquary, Alexander Macdonald, esq.

[3] Life of James II. Macpherson. Lingard. Echard.

and whatsoever county he entered he was met on the boundary by the principal nobility and gentry of the shire, and was attended by them as if he had been the sovereign;[1] but the irrefragable proof of the affection with which James was then regarded in Scotland is the act of parliament which declared his rights, as the heir of the crown nearest in blood, to be immutable, and that neither difference in religion nor any future act of parliament could alter or divert the said right of succession and lineal descent of the crown from the nearest heir. Such were the feelings which the residence and popular government of the duke of York had excited in the kindred land of his forefathers, that there can be little doubt, if he had been rejected by England, that he would have been instantly proclaimed and crowned in Scotland, and for this contingency the parliament had assuredly provided.

It is not to be supposed, however, that a country so divided in politics and religion as Scotland was at that time, was unanimous in affection to the persecuted heir of the Britannic empire; far from it. A considerable faction not only cherished, but professed republican principles. The same party that had driven him from England, was busily intriguing against him in the sister realm; but so preponderant was the balance in his favour, that the power of Argyle, who, by his territorial possessions, his heritable offices in the state, his natural rights, and extensive usurpations of the rights of others, might be regarded as sovereign of two-thirds of the highlands, broke like a reed before him. The arrest of that nobleman, and the proceedings against him, are foreign to the subject of this volume, and are only mentioned because Mary Beatrice wrote a letter to king Charles in favour of his son, lord Lorn,[2] a letter that is probably still in existence, though hitherto inaccessible. The earl of Argyle escaped from prison by changing clothes with his daughter lady Sophia Lindsay's footman, when she came to visit him, and went out in that disguise, bearing up her train. Some of the members of the council were unmanly enough to propose, that this filial heroine should be publicly whipped through

[1] Local Histories. [2] Life of James II., from Stuart Papers.

Edinburgh. The duke of York prevented it, observing "that they were not accustomed to deal so cruelly with ladies in his country."[1]

While in Scotland, Mary Beatrice met with a frightful accident, which had nearly cost her her life, in consequence of being thrown from her horse with great violence, but fortunately for her on a sandy plain; if it had been on rocky ground she must have been killed, for her long riding-dress got entangled in some part of her saddle, and she was dragged a considerable distance with her face on the sand, and received several kicks from the infuriated animal before she could be extricated from her perilous situation. When she was taken up, she was covered with dust and blood, blackened with bruises, and perfectly insensible: every one thought she was dead. Surgical aid being procured, she was bled, and put into bed; she only suffered from the bruises, and recovered without any injury to her person.[2] It does not appear that the duke was with her on this occasion. He had a very great objection to ladies riding on horseback, which, when Mary Beatrice was first married to him, he was accustomed to tell her "was dangerous and improper." She was, however, passionately fond of equestrian exercise, and her importunities had prevailed over his extreme reluctance to allowing her to ride. She always said "his indulgence to her was so great, that it was the only constraint he had ever placed on her inclination; and she regarded it as a proof of his complaisance, that he had withdrawn his prohibition against her taking this dangerous pleasure." So devoted was she to her favourite exercise, that as soon as she was recovered from the effects of her accident, she had sufficient courage to mount her horse again.[3] James, who was too courteous a husband to interpose his marital authority to prevent his youthful consort from exercising her wilful inclinations, on finding his persuasions unavailing, gave so terrible an account of the narrow escape she had had to the duchess of Modena, that that princess wrote, in an agony of maternal alarm, to her daughter, telling her that "she should

[1] Journal of James II. Macpherson.

[2] MS. Memorials in the archives of France.

[3] Ibid.

die of grief if she thought she would ever be rash enough to put herself into such peril again; and that she should never receive a letter from England without expecting it to contain the news of her death." She also reminded Mary Beatrice, that she was frequently in a situation that rendered such exercises highly inexpedient as well as dangerous. In consequence of these urgent letters from her mother, Mary Beatrice gave a solemn promise never to mount a horse again,[1]—a privation which, in consequence of the bad roads in Scotland, at that time almost impracticable for coaches, was, of course, very great. Her only resource after this, was the then usual conveyance of a horse litter, if she wished to accompany the duke in any of his highland expeditions; but she appears to have been generally stationary with her court at Holyrood-abbey. From what Mary Beatrice says, in allusion to this accident, in the following pretty letter to one of the noble Scotch ladies with whom she formed a personal friendship, we find that she had had a severe fall previously:—

THE DUCHESS OF YORK TO THE MARCHIONESS OF GORDON.[2]

"Edinburgh, 20th . . . . 1682.

"I know myself so guilty towards you, for having been so long without writing to you, that I don't know which way to begin again; but I think the best is to acknowledge my fault, and ask pardon for it, promising never to *comitt* the like again. One thing more I must say; which is, to desire you will be so just to me as not to believe,—nay, nor think, my past silence want of kindness, for indeed that is a fault I can never be guilty of. But whenever I don't write to you, it is want of time, or at most a little laziness; and now, of late, after having been so long, I grew so ashamed of myself that I did not know which way to go about it, and so put it off, without considering that I did still worse and worse; but pray forget what is past, and for the time to come I shall give you no cause to complain of me. My last fall has been as much more terrible than the first as it is possible to imagine; but God Almighty has been very merciful in preserving me from a greater hurt, for when most of those who saw me fall thought me dead, I had no harm but in my legs, of which, I thank God, I am almost recovered,—I can't say quite, although I am able to walk with care, because one of my legs swells every night; but I hope it will not do so long, for I take care of myself as much as I can. I do not go about to send you news, for I believe you hear from others all that we have. My lord Argyle caused great talk for a great while, but now he is quite forgot. Some say he is in London, and I believe it, though I do not think he will stay long there, since he

[1] MS. Memorials in the archives of France.

[2] Spalding Club Miscellany.

sees he is not like to be received by the king. My letter is long enough, and yet I cannot end it without assuring you that, as long as I live, you shall ever find me

"Truly yours."

Mary Beatrice bore her voluntary absence from the splendid circle of Whitehall with infinitely more patience than her lord did his enforced banishment. His anxiety to leave the generous friends in the north who had done so much for him, and were willing to serve him with their lives and fortunes, to return to the stormy vortex of his brother's court, seems strange; but the game was closely played there, and the crown of a mighty empire was the stake. James finally owed his recall to the avarice of the duchess of Portsmouth, who, designing to appropriate 5,000*l.* a-year out of his revenue from the post-office, caused her modest wish to be communicated to him by the king, who had the weakness to propose it to his brother, promising to give him an equivalent in some other way if he would oblige him. The transfer could not be effected without James's presence in London. Hard as it appeared to him to be recalled for such a purpose, when he had vainly made the most earnest representations of the perilous state of his wife's health, and the necessity of removing her into a milder temperature, he agreed to come, though unaccompanied by his duchess, for he had no leave to bring her.[1]

James embarked at Leith on the 6th of March, in his own yacht, attended by the earl of Peterborough, Churchill, and many persons of rank of both nations. After a boisterous passage, he landed at Yarmouth on the 10th of March, and was received with what lord Peterborough calls "the applause and duties of that town and the adjacent counties," and entertained with as noble a dinner as could be provided on so short a notice. A reaction of popular feeling having taken place in James's favour, he was greeted with acclamations wherever he came. Charles detained him eight weeks, and then sent him back with a little fleet, to convoy his duchess and the princess Anne to London

[1] Journal of James II. Macpherson. Lingard, &c.

Mary Beatrice was, after a lapse of nearly five years, once more about to become a mother, to the extreme joy of the Scotch, who were desirous that the royal babe should be born among them, fondly anticipating that it would be a boy, and their future sovereign. King Charles, however, determined that his sister-in-law should lie-in in London; and this resolution, after all, seems to have been the true and natural cause of his recalling both her and his brother to court.

Mary Beatrice bore the absence of her husband heavily, according to her own account of her feelings on that occasion, in one of her confidential conversations with the nuns of Chaillot. Some additional particulars connected with the loss of the Gloucester were at the same time recorded from her own lips. Speaking of James, she said, "The seamen loved him passionately, and we had a great proof of their attachment, as well as that of the nobility, while we were at Edinburgh. The duke of York having been sent for on business by king Charles, I was left in an advanced stage of pregnancy at Edinburgh. I felt myself so greatly depressed in his absence, that, unable to struggle against the melancholy that oppressed me, I wrote at last to tell him so; on which he determined to come by sea to fetch me."[1] It is necessary to turn from the simple narrative of James's consort, in order to collate it with the particulars of the voyage from the letters of the survivors.[2] At nine o'clock in the morning of May 4th, the duke embarked in Margate-roads on board the Gloucester frigate, which had been got ready hastily, too hastily perhaps, for sea: a little after eleven the whole squadron were under weigh. The weather was wet and foggy, and the passage slow; it was not till half-past one at noon the following day that they came in sight of Dunwich steeples, on the Suffolk coast. Well did the royal admiral know that coast, where he had twice defeated the fleets of Holland. His nautical skill and experience of the track led him to warn the

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice in the archives of France: Chaillot collection.

[2] Sir John Berry, captain of the Gloucester. Sir James Dick. Lord Dartmouth. Pepys.

pilot that the course he was taking was attended with danger, and to order him to stand farther out to sea. If James had guided the helm himself, the vessel would have been saved; but no sooner had he retired to rest, than the obstinate and self-conceited pilot tacked again, and at half-past five on the morning of Sunday, May the 6th, grounded the ship on the dangerous sand called 'the Lemon and Ore,' about twelve leagues past Yarmouth. The duke awoke with the knocks of the foundering vessel, and, as soon as he could get his clothes on, hurried on deck to inquire how matters were. A terrible blow had just unshipped the rudder: eight feet of water were in the hold. Sir John Berry, the captain, urged the duke to have his barge hoisted, to preserve his royal person, "his highness," adds sir John, "being unwilling to have any boat hoisted, hoping, as I did, that the ship might be saved; but the water increasing, and no manner of hope left but the ship must be lost, I did again request his royal highness to go away in *his* boat to the yacht. The boat was hoisted out, and his highness took as many persons of quality in the boat with him as she would carry."[1]

The conduct of the royal admiral on this occasion has, it is now well known, been strangely misrepresented by Burnet and many other writers, who have copied his statement "that the duke got into a boat, and took care of his dogs and some unknown persons, who were taken, from that earnest care of his, to be his priests. The long-boat went off with few, though she might have carried above eighty more than she did."[2] Though Burnet is the text-book of a party, by whom any attempt to contradict his erroneous assertions is considered a strong symptom of popery, it is only proper to correct the unauthenticated story of one who was not present, by the evidence of several efficient witnesses who were. It is worthy of attention how closely the simple verbal narrative of the wife of James agrees with the statements of sir John Berry, lord Dartmouth, and the earl of Peterborough, but not surprising, since she had it from the lips of her husband and

[1] See the letter in Clarendon Correspondence, edited by Singer. Also that of sir James Dick.

[2] Burnet's History of His Own Times.

those very persons. "In the passage," said Mary Beatrice,[1] "the ship struck upon a sand-bank, foundered, and began to fill with water. The duke of York was instantly called upon, from all sides, to save himself in his shallop, which would take him to one of the yachts. He refused, not wishing to forsake the perishing bark; but more than six feet of water being in the hold, they compelled him to leave her to preserve himself. The respect and attachment that they had for him was such, that not one of those who were in the vessel thought of taking care of his own life till that of the duke was in security. The first that began to leave the ship were those he called to him."[2] These were not priests, as we have good evidence. The only priest, whose name has yet been discovered among the passengers in the fatal Gloucester, who escaped a watery grave, was père Ronché, the almoner of the duchess of York. He saved himself by embracing a plank, as his royal mistress told the nuns of Chaillot; and as she, of course, formed a very different estimate of the value of the lives of the ecclesiastics of her own church from what Dr. Burnet did, she would, in all probability, have recorded it as a great merit in her dear lord, if he had manifested any particular solicitude for their preservation. The duke's boat held but six persons besides the rowers, including himself. The first person he admitted was his favourite Churchill,—no priest certainly; and if Burnet meant to class him among the dogs, he forgot that gratitude and fidelity are inherent virtues of the canine race. James then called for the earl of Roxburgh and lord O'Brien, but neither obeyed the friendly summons. The earl of Winton and two bedchamber-men were in the boat. "The earl of Aberdeen," (then lord Haddo,) says Fountainhall, "shared the danger and escape of James upon the Lemon and Ore, 5th May, 1682. The duke of York was so anxious for his

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, in the hôtel de Soubise: Chaillot collection.

[2] Ibid. This statement is confirmed by the earl of Peterborough, who says, "The duke himself was preserved, with a few in his own pinnace, by the care and loyalty of the seamen, who would neither intrude themselves, nor suffer others, for their safety, to expose a prince so considerable."—Mordaunt Genealogies. Sir James Dick affirms that the duke went out of the cabin-window into his own little boat.

safety, that he called out, 'Save my lord chancellor!' which was the first public announcement of his appointment to that high office."

"The government of the ship being lost," proceeds sir John Berry, "and every one crying for help, yet, amidst all this disorder and confusion, I could not but observe the great duty the poor seamen had for the preservation of his royal highness's person. When the barge was hoisting out and lowered down into the water, not one man so much as proffered to run into her, but, in the midst of all their affliction and dying condition, did rejoice and thank God his royal highness was preserved." There were as many in the shallop as she could without danger contain, and colonel Churchill took upon himself the task of guarding her from the intrusion of supernumeraries,—a caution not in vain, for an overloaded boat was upset close by that in which the duke and his little company were. When his royal highness saw his adversary the marquess of Montrose struggling with the waves, he forgot all personal and political differences, and insisted that he should be received into the shallop. It was objected against, as attended with peril of life to all; but, regardless of selfish considerations, he pulled him in with his own hand. Nor was this the only instance of generous compassion by which James distinguished himself on that occasion. A violin-player swam so close to the boat as to grasp the side, imploring them, for God's sake, to save his life. The duke ordered that he should be taken into the boat. His companions protested that it was already overloaded, and would have had the wretched suppliant beaten off with the oars. "Fie!" exclaimed the duke, who knew him. "He is but a poor fiddler; let us try to save him."[1] The savage instincts of self-preservation, which had prompted the crew of that frail bark to reject the agonizing prayer of a perishing fellow-creature, yielded to the manly appeal of the duke in his behalf. The dripping musician was admitted at once to share, and by his presence to diminish, the chances of escape for the heir of the crown, the future victor of Blenheim, and their companions in peril. They reached the Mary yacht in safety, when the duke, commanding her to anchor,

[1] Oldmixon.

sent out all her boats, and those of the Happy Return, to save the men in the foundering ship; but, before any service could be done, his royal highness and the rest, to their inexpressible grief, saw her sink.[1] As for the person whom James, at the imminent risk of his own life, and the lives of the gentlemen who were with him, had preserved from a watery grave,—he who, while he clung to the boat's side had heard the momentous parley between the duke of York and those who were bent on excluding him, had taken umbrage, forsooth, at the terms in which his royal preserver had succeeded in moving their compassion. "Only a poor fiddler!"—the service was not sufficient to excuse the use of an epithet, which vulgar pride construed into a contempt. James, feeling a regard for one whose life he had preserved, continued to patronise him; but the insect bore him deadly malice, and repaid his benefits with the basest ingratitude. He leagued himself with his political libellers, became a spy and a calumniator, and, on the landing of the prince of Orange, was one of the first who offered his services, such as they were, to that potentate. As to Burnet's assertion touching the dogs, which has been repeated by so many subsequent writers, lord Dartmouth says, "I believe his reflection upon the duke for the care of his dogs to be as ill-grounded, for I remember a story, which was in every one's mouth at that time, of a struggle that happened for a plank between sir Charles Scarborough[2] and the duke's dog Mumper, which convinces me that the dogs were left to take care of themselves, (as he did,) if there were any more on board, which I never heard, till the bishop's story-book was published."[3]

[1] Echard.

[2] Sir Charles Scarborough was one of the royal physicians; he succeeded in reaching the yacht, but he was almost dead with cold and fatigue when he was taken on board. The captain, sir John Berry, escaped with difficulty, by means of a rope, into captain Wyborne's boat.

[3] Letter to Erasmus Lewis, esq.—Notes of the new edition of Burnet, vol. ii. p. 316. Burnet's third assertion, "that the long-boat went off with few, though she might have carried off above eighty more than she did," is equally erroneous. Sir James Dick, the lord provost of Edinburgh, who, with the earls of Middleton, the laird of Touch, and many others, were in her, declares that she was so overloaded, that the laird of Hopetoun, the earl of Roxburgh, and many more considered it safer to remain in the sinking ship than to expose themselves to the same hazard. "If the rest," pursues he, "had not thought us dead men, I am sure many more would have jumped in upon us. We were so thronged, we

The duke of York performed the rest of his voyage in the Happy Return, and landed at Leith the next day, Sunday, May 7th, at eight o'clock in the evening; "and came once again," says lord Peterborough, "into the arms of his incomparable duchess, who was half dead, though she saw him alive, at the fears of that which, though it was now past, she had heard was once so near." It appears, however, from the following interesting particulars, which were recorded from her own lips, that Mary Beatrice was not aware of the peril in which her husband had been involved till informed of it by himself. "The duke," she said, "though almost beside himself with grief at the calamity which had been attended with the loss of so many lives, had, nevertheless, sufficient presence of mind to prevent any of his followers from preceding him to Holyrood-abbey, lest the news of the fatal catastrophe of the Gloucester should be told too suddenly to her, so as to alarm and agitate her, which might have been attended with dangerous results in her present situation. The approach of the little fleet had, of course, been observed from the heights above Edinburgh, and she was in momentary expectation of his arrival. He hastened to her instantly on landing, but to avoid surprising her, made his equerry, Mr. Griffin, enter first, to prepare her for his appearance. The duchess, seeing that gentleman alone, exclaimed in great consternation, 'Where is the duke?'—'He is in the antechamber, madam,' replied Griffin. The next moment James entered, and announced his own arrival.[1] Mary Beatrice was so overpowered at the thoughts of the dreadful peril from which her lord had narrowly escaped, that she could not restrain her tears, and for years afterwards she wept and shuddered whenever she

had not room to stand." No other author but Burnet could have contrived to make three such sweeping misstatements in as many lines. The only blame that can with justice be imputed to James on this occasion was, his excessive anxiety for the preservation of a box of papers which, in spite of colonel Legge's remonstrances, he insisted on having deposited in the boat before he could be induced to enter it himself. If Burnet had been aware of his obstinacy in this respect, he might have censured him with reason for giving them a thought at such a moment. That box, in all probability, contained his autograph Memoirs, a valuable legacy to historians.

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a nun of Chaillot, in the Secret Archives of France.

thought of it."[1] The greatest rejoicings, accompanied by bonfires and illuminations, took place in Edinburgh on account of his royal highness's escape, and several spirited popular songs and congratulatory poems were published on the occasion. In some of these, there were allusions to the hopes which the situation of the duchess was calculated to excite among the numerous party who were anxious to see the royal line and name of Stuart continued by a male heir. The following verse, from a song by Mat. Taubman, called York and Albany, contains a graceful compliment to the duchess:—

"The wandering dove, that was sent forth
To find some landing near,
When England's ark was tost on floods
Of jealousy and fear,
Returns with olive-branch of joy,
To set the nation free
From whiggish rage, that would destroy
Great York and Albany."

Great persuasions were used to deter Mary Beatrice from undertaking a journey to England at all under these circumstances, and, more especially, to dissuade her from a sea voyage; but, notwithstanding the terror which the calamitous loss of nearly two hundred lives in the fatal Gloucester had excited among her ladies, she declared her determination of accompanying her lord,[2] who wished to adhere to the original plan of returning to England by sea. She would neither consent to remain in Scotland for her accouchement without him, nor listen to any arrangement for a long overland journey by herself. "Whatever dangers he might be exposed to," she said, "it was her wish to share them; and that she should esteem herself happier in danger or trouble with him, than in ease and security without him."

The duke of York took a solemn leave of the lords of his majesty's council, and also of the authorities of the good town of Edinburgh. On the 12th of May, a few days after, he, with his faithful duchess and the princess Anne, proceeded in state to Leith, and embarked in the Happy Return. They were attended to the water's edge by a great concourse of

[1] MS. Memorials in the archives of France.
[2] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice. Journal of James II.

people of all degrees, and no little wonder was expressed at the courage of their royal highnesses in venturing to go by sea, after the duke's recent peril and narrow escape from a watery grave. It was to facilitate the embarkation of the duchess of York, whose situation rendered James very solicitous for her safety, that the plan of the accommodation-chair and pulley, now so general for ladies, was first devised.[1] In this simple machine, which she described minutely to her cloistered friends at Chaillot, Mary Beatrice was drawn up the side of the vessel and carried into her cabin. Her principal lady in waiting, Penelope countess of Peterborough, whose nephew, lord O'Brien, had perished in the Gloucester, was so greatly terrified at the idea of the voyage, that she begged to go in another ship, lest she should infect her royal highness with her fears, and agitate her with her tears and cries.[2] "For my part," said Mary Beatrice, when relating these particulars in the days of her widowhood and exile, "I feared nothing. I saw the king, and I seemed to have power to confront every peril. Alas!" added she, sighing, "I often stand self-condemned before God for my want of love and confidence in Him, when I think of my feelings towards the king, my husband. He was," pursued she, "the most intrepid of men, and looked on danger with perfect coolness, as was said of him by monsieur le prince [de Condé] and M. de Turenne."[3]

The voyage was safely performed. On the 26th they arrived at the buoy in the gun-fleet, of which their majesties, who were at Windsor, being informed by express, they came with all the loyal part of their court to Putney, where they took barge, and went down the river to meet and welcome their royal highnesses. At Erith the joyful encounter took place, his majesty's barge being laid alongside the auspiciously-named vessel in which the royal exiles had returned from Scotland, they were received on board amidst the thunders of the artillery, and the joyful gratulations with which the duke was greeted by his royal brother and all present, in consequence of his almost miraculous escape from

[1] MS. Memorials, Chaillot collection. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

his recent peril at sea. The king also expressed his love and esteem for the duchess, whom he had always greatly regarded, and on the present occasion considered her worthy of more sympathy than her lord. He knew how much she had suffered by her residence in a northern climate, and honoured her for her conjugal devotion, as well as for her conjugal patience under some grievances, which were too well known to the whole court. The royal brothers, with their consorts, proceeded in a sort of triumph on their pleasant homeward progress up the Thames to Whitehall, where they landed amidst the acclamations of the crowded shores, having been saluted all the way up the river by the ships in the roads and the guns from the Tower. They proceeded next to Arlington-house, in the park, where they were entertained by the earl and countess with a magnificent banquet. The lord mayor and aldermen, with many worthy citizens, came the same day to offer their congratulations to their royal highnesses on their happy return. In the evening, the city blazed with illuminations and bonfires, the bells rang, and all the tokens of popular rejoicing were expressed.[1] These rejoicings were echoed in Edinburgh as soon as the news of the safe arrival of the duke and duchess were received in "the good town," of which the following traces have recently been discovered among the Exchequer-records, by Alexander Macdonald, esq :—

"Paid to Robert Kennedy, 10*l.* sterling, for two bonfires, 29th of May and 1st of June, upon the newes of their royal highness' saif arrjvell at London. More 44*l.* Scots, for wine and glasses as within."

Then follow the vouchers for this outlay, from which we find that the glasses were broken by the loyal topers, and that the bonfires were kindled in the abbey-close and on Arthur's-seat, the grandest station for such a beacon of joy that the three realms could boast. The first thing that occupied James's attention after his return to England, was the condition of the widows of the officers and seamen who had perished in the wreck of the Gloucester. To those of the common seamen he ordered eleven months' pay to be disbursed, and that the officers' widows should be pensioned as if their husbands

[1] Historical Memoirs of James, Duke of York and Albany. Journal of James. Echard.

had died in battle, besides presenting each with a donation from his private property; which was received, says a contemporary biographer, "by the poor women with many thanks and reiterated prayers for his royal highness's long life, health, and prosperity." [1]

James and his consort were now established in their own royal home at St. James's-palace once more, and their prospects wore a flattering brightness for a time. Mary Beatrice had always been a favourite with the people, to which her beauty and purity of conduct contributed not a little. She was now only four-and-twenty, and the charms of early youth had ripened into matron dignity and grace. Her first appearance at the theatre with the duke drew forth the most rapturous applause, and was celebrated by the poetry of Otway and Dryden, in the prologue and epilogue of the play that was performed on that occasion. A few days afterwards, the laureate addressed the following elegant lines to her royal highness on her return:—

"When factious rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty and the court of love,
The Muses drooped with their forsaken arts,
And the sad Cupids broke their useless darts:
Love could no longer after Beauty stay,
But wandered northward, to the verge of day.
But now the illustrious nymph, returned again,
Brings every grace triumphant in her train;
The wondering Nereids, though they raised no storm,
Followed her passage to behold her form:
Far from her side flew Faction, Strife, and Pride,
And Envy did but look on her, and died.
Three gloomy years against this day were set,
But this one mighty sun hath cleared the debt;
For her the weeping heavens became serene,
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green;
For her the nightingales are taught to sing,
And Nature has for her delayed the spring.
The Muse resumes her long-forgotten lays,
And Love restored, his ancient realm surveys,
Recalls our beauties, and revives our plays;
His waste dominions peoples once again,
And from her presence dates his second reign.
But awful charms on her fair forehead sit,
Dispensing what she never will admit,
Pleasing, yet cold, like Cynthia's silver beam,
The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.

[1] Memoirs of James, Duke of York and Albany.

The manifestation of popular favour with which the royal exiles were greeted on their return to England, was only like a burst of sunshine through dark clouds when the thunder growls ominously in the distance. The exclusionists were defeated but not conquered. They were outnumbered, but they continued to wage their war with the base weapons of libels and political squibs. Hitherto the duchess had been spared from open attacks, though more than one oblique shaft had been aimed in her direction; but now her situation was to furnish the grounds of a false accusation. As her last child had been a boy, it was confidently hoped by the Yorkists that she would bring the duke a son. The Orange party, exasperated at the idea of these sanguine anticipations being realized, circulated malicious reports that a plot was in preparation to deprive the Protestant heiress to the crown of her place in the succession, by the imposition of a spurious child. In Scotland, these injurious rumours were indignantly noticed by a now forgotten lyrist of that period in the following elegant stanzas, with which he concludes a series of mythological compliments to "York's lovely duchess:"—

"See, led by her great admiral, she is come,
Laden with such a blessing home
As doth surmount our joy,
And with a happy omen speaks the princely boy
Heaven grant him live,
Our wonted peace and glory to retrieve;
And by a just renown,
Within its lawful centre fix the crown.
Then smile, Great Britain's genius, once again,
And music's daughter's lofty numbers sing;
And every beauteous nymph and loyal swain
Their grateful tribute bring,
And only impious men
That happy birth contemn."

Mary Beatrice felt, however, more than usual apprehension as her hour drew nigh, and entreated king Charles to permit her to have the comfort and support of her mother's presence. The king, ever indulgent to his fair sister-in-law, not only acceded to her wish, but wrote with his own hand to the duchess of Modena, acquainting her with her daughter's desire for her company, and inviting her to his court. The duchess of Modena being then in Flanders, came in great

haste, to avoid all troublesome ceremonies which might create delay. No sooner was it known that she was in London, than the party that had formed a base confederacy to stigmatize the birth of the infant, in case it proved to be a prince, endeavoured to poison the minds of the people, by circulating a report that the duchess of Modena only came to facilitate the popish design of introducing a boy to supplant the female heirs of the crown, in the event of the duchess of York giving birth to a daughter;[1] thus imputing to the duchess of Modena the absurd intention of depriving her own grandchild of the dignity of a princess of Great Britain, and the next place in the regal succession after her two elder sisters, for the sake of substituting a boy, whom they pretended she had brought from Holland for that purpose.[2] So early was the determination betrayed of impugning any male issue that might be born of the marriage of James and Mary Beatrice by the faction which, six years afterwards, succeeded in some degree in stigmatizing the birth of their second son. It is also remarkable that circumstances favoured the projected calumny, for Mary Beatrice, who did not expect her accouchement till the end of August, was unexpectedly brought to bed on the 15th of that month, only three days after the arrival of the duchess of Modena. The infant was born before the witnesses whose presence was deemed necessary could be summoned; but as it proved a girl, nothing more was said about the Dutch boy. Great rejoicings were made in Edinburgh for the safety of the duchess,[3] of which the following amusing do-

[1] Leti Teatro Britannica, tom. ii. p. 666, published in 1684. [2] Ibid.

[3] The Town-council Record-book has the following entry connected with this event:— "21st day of August, 1682.

"The council have appointed a solemnity this day, in testimony of the great joy and satisfaction that the neighbours and inhabitants within this city, and others his majesty's lieges therein residing, ought to have for the great blessing all his majesty's good subjects have, through God Almighty his gift, of an addition of ain daughter of his royal highness to the royal family. Therefore the council appoints a proclamation to go through the city by beat of drum, ordaining all the inhabitants therein to put on bonfires this day in the afternoon at the ringing of the bells, in testification of their joy and great satisfaction for the great blessing God Almighty has bestowed on the royal family, and the happiness the whole subjects in his majesty's dominions enjoy by the foresaid addition to the royal family. Ilk person that fails to put on bonfires shall pay a penalty of 20*l.* Scots." The accounts of Magnus Prince, the city treasurer, show that the bonfires cost the good town 33*l.* 2*s.* Scots.

cument, lately discovered among the Exchequer-records[1] of Scotland, is one of the vestiges :—

"Att Edinburgh, 22 August, 1682.

"Receaued from sir William Sharp, his majestie's cash-keeper, the sum of five pound starlin, and that for the bonfires sett up in the Abbie-closs and on Arthur Seat, on the account of her royall highnes being saifly brought to bed. I say receaued by me, "ROBERT KENNEDY."

"Alsoe receaued for wyne and glasses spent at the said bonfyre, the sum of three pound starlin. I say receaued by me, "ROBERT KENNEDY."

The appearance of a comet the day of the infant's birth, was supposed to prognosticate a great and glorious destiny for the little princess, who was baptized, by Henry Compton, bishop of London, by the names of Charlotte Maria. Her sponsors were the duke of Ormonde, and the countesses of Clarendon and Arundel. The maternal joy of Mary Beatrice was as usual doomed to be succeeded by maternal grief. The babe, whose birth had been so eagerly anticipated, after an ephemeral existence of about eight weeks, died suddenly in a convulsion fit. It was interred in the vault of Mary queen of Scots. The prince of Orange wrote a letter to his uncle, the duke of York, expressive of his sympathy, which, however deceitful, appears to have been very gratifying to the bereaved parent, unless James uses the following expressions in bitter sarcasm, well aware as he was of William's treacherous practices against him. He says,—

"I had yours of the 23rd at Newmarket, before I came thence, but could not answer it sooner than now. I see by it you were sensibly touched with the loss I had of my little daughter, which is but what I had reason to expect from you, that are so concerned at all that happens to me."[2]

The following spring James endeavoured to enliven the drooping spirits of his duchess, by taking her and his daughter Anne to visit the university of Oxford. They came from Windsor, May 10th, 1683, and were met by the earl of Abingdon and two hundred of the county gentry, who escorted them to Eastgate, where they were received by the mayor and aldermen, who presented the duke with a pair of gold-fringed gloves, and the duchess and the lady Anne with a dozen pairs of ladies' long gloves, richly embroidered and fringed. At

[1] By Alexander Macdonald, esq., to whose courtesy I was indebted for the transcript.

[2] Dalrymple's Appendix. The date of James's letter is Oct. 24, 1682.

Christ-church they were welcomed by the earl of Clancarty, who recited a congratulatory poem in honour of their visit.[1] Mary Beatrice, being laudably determined to make the most of her time, rose so early on the following morning, that by six o'clock she was abroad, and visited Merton college. From thence, accompanied by her lord, she went over Oriel and Corpus Christi.[2] In the afternoon she walked in the physic garden, and went in state to Magdalen college, where Dr. John Younger, fellow of that society, addressed an oration to her in Italian, at which her royal highness was so well pleased, that by her influence and favour he afterwards obtained a prebendship of Canterbury.[3] After seeing Wadham, St. John's, and New college, the royal party went out of town in the evening to visit lord Clarendon, at Cornbury. Mary Beatrice returned to Oxford, with her consort and the princess Anne, on Monday, May 21st, about ten in the morning. At three they went to the schools and libraries, and from thence to the theatre, where, after a short address from the vice-chancellor, the orator spoke in Latin to the duke, and in English to the duchess and the lady Anne. They were entertained with two heroic English poems by Mr. Creech of Wadham, recited by him; and a pastoral, in dialogue, composed by Dr. Aldrich. Then the duke, the duchess, and lady Anne were conducted to the laboratory, and saw Tradescant's rarities, presented by E. Ashmole. The duchess and lady Anne were shown several experiments in the vaults, and were then led to the middle chamber, and placed at a sumptuous banquet. That done, they visited Jesus, Exeter, Lincoln, and Brazennose. The next day, a convocation was held, when several of the duke's attendants, the earl of Kildare, lord Churchill, &c., were made doctors of civil laws![4]

In the afternoon, the vice-chancellor and other doctors went to take their leave of them, at which time the vice-chancellor did, in the name of the university, present to the duke

[1] White Kennet's MS. Diary; British Museum.
White Kennet's MS. Diary. Ant. à-Wood, Fasti Oxoniensis.
Ibid., Samuel Parker. [4] White Kennet's MS. Diary.

the History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford, with the plates thereunto belonging; to the duchess the said plates by themselves, and Plot's Natural History of Oxfordshire; and a fair English Bible to the lady Anne; all which books were richly bound.[1]

The court of Mary Beatrice at St. James's-palace was always magnificent, and far more orderly than that at Whitehall. Gregorio Leti, the historiographer to Charles II., gives the following list of the English ladies, of whom her household was composed in the year 1683:[2] "Penelope Obrien, countess of Peterborough, speaks French well, salary 1600 crowns." This lady had been with her ever since her marriage. "Susanna Armine, lady Bellasys;" the reader will remember that this lady had been honourably wooed by the duke of York for his wife. He had vindicated her character by making her lady of the bedchamber to his duchess, who never expressed the slightest jealousy of her. The countess of Roscommon was another of the ladies of her bedchamber. Her six maids of honour were Frances Walsingham, Catharine Fraser, Anne Killigrew, Anne Kingsmill, Catharine Walters, and Catharine Sedley,—the last, with a salary of 800 crowns: she was an object of great uneasiness to her royal highness, on account of her illicit tie with the duke. Lady Harrison held the office of mother of the maids: lady Jones was chamber-keeper. Her bedchamber women were Mrs. Margaret Dawson, who had been in the service of Anne Hyde, duchess of York, with a salary of 600 crowns; lady Bromley, ditto; lady Wentworth; lady Bourchier; and lady Turner. The household of Mary Beatrice had much higher salaries than those of her royal sister-in-law, queen Catharine; but the duke's economy enabled his consort to be generous, and it is doubtful if her ladies had any perquisites.

Early in the year 1684 the duke of York was reinstated in his post of lord admiral, on which occasion the first Jacobite song was written and set to music; it was entitled—

[1] Wood, Fasti, anno 1683.

[2] Mary Beatrice had four Italian ladies: madame de Montecuculi and her daughter, madame Molza, and Pelegrina Turinie, in her household.

"THE ROYAL ADMIRAL.

"Let Titus[1] and Patience[2] stir up a commotion,
Their plotting and swearing shall prosper no more,
Now gallant old Jamie commands on the ocean,
And mighty Charles keeps them in awe on the shore.

Jamie the valiant, the champion royal!
His own and the monarchy's rival withstood;
The bane and the terror of those, the disloyal,
Who slew his loved father, and thirst for his blood.

York the great admiral,—ocean's defender,
The joy of our navy, the dread of its foes;
The lawful successor,—what upstart pretender
Shall dare, in our isle, the true heir to oppose?

Jamie, who quelled the proud foe on the ocean,
And rode the sole conqueror over the main;
To this gallant hero let all pay devotion,
For England her admiral sees him again."

Mary Beatrice was attacked with a sudden alarming illness in the latter end of May the same year, in the absence of her lord, who had been summoned by the king to attend a council at Windsor. As soon as the duke heard of her indisposition he hastened to her, but the danger was over by the time he arrived. In a letter, dated May 30th, James relates the symptoms of her malady to the prince of Orange, adding, "But now, God be thanked, she is quite well of that, and free from a feverish distemper which came with it, and I hope will be well enough to go to Windsor by the end of next week."[3] After spending about three weeks with the court at Windsor, the duke and duchess of York returned for a few days to their own palace at St. James's. Up to that period, the friendly relations between Mary Beatrice and her step-daughter the princess Anne, who had now been married several months to prince George of Denmark, had not been interrupted. Evidence of the regard which subsisted between them at this time appears in the following casual communication, in a letter from James to the prince of Orange, dated June 26th, 1684: "The duchess intends for Tunbridge on Monday. My daughter, the princess of Denmark, designs to go there also, to keep her company, but not to take the waters."[4]

[1] Titus Oates, the inventor of the popish plot.
[2] Patience Ward, the fanatic alderman.
[3] Dalrymple's Appendix.
[4] Dalrymple's Appendix, vol. ii. p. 50.

A season of peace and national prosperity had succeeded the crisis of the Rye-house plot. The duke of York appeared firmly planted beside the throne, and his influence guided the helm of state; but his knowledge of business and love of economy suited not the views of the corrupt and selfish statesmen of whom his brother's cabinet was composed. In the beginning of the year 1685 a secret cabal was formed against him, of which the leading members were the earls of Sunderland and Halifax, lord Godolphin, and the duchess of Portsmouth, for the purpose of recalling the duke of Monmouth, and driving him and his consort into exile;[1] but before their plans were matured, the unexpected death of the sovereign placed the rightful heir of the crown in a position to make them tremble. "They were trying to send us into banishment again," says Mary Beatrice, "just before we became king and queen of England."[2] This event occurred on February the 6th, 1685.

[1] Life of James II. Lingard. Mackintosh.
[2] MS. Memorials in the archives of France.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Mary Beatrice queen of England—Her grief for the death of Charles II.—Popularity of king James—Reforms at court—Negotiations for her brother's marriage—Ill health and unhappiness of the queen—Her dislike to rouge—Catharine Sedley—Queen's jealousy—Her majesty's splendid regalia—Anecdotes of the coronation—King and queen go in state to mass—Monmouth's rebellion—False aspersion on the queen—Sedley created countess of Dorchester—Anger of the queen—She takes to her chamber—Passionate scene with the king—Lady Dorchester banished from court—Embassy to Rome—Queen visits the camp at Hounslow—Her displeasure against lord Rochester—Her dislike of father Petre—Death of the duchess of Modena—Grief of the queen—She goes to Bath with the king—His attentions to her—His pilgrimage to St. Winifred's well—Warned of the treachery of the prince of Orange—Queen's pregnancy—Public thanksgivings—Injurious reports—Declaration of liberty of conscience—The king and William Penn—Father Petre and the queen—Princess Anne's hatred to the queen—Her secret machinations against her—Outward civility—Queen's sudden illness.

Mary Beatrice was an attendant on the death-bed of her royal brother-in-law, Charles II., and the only person in that room to whom queen Catharine ventured to speak a word in confidence on his spiritual affairs.[1] No one lamented more sincerely for the fatal termination of the illness of that monarch, although it was an event that elevated her consort and herself to a throne. "The queen that now is," writes an eye-witness of the last moments of Charles II., "was a most passionate mourner, and so tender-hearted, as to think a crown dearly bought with the loss of such a brother."[2] Mary Beatrice herself, when alluding to her feelings on this occasion long years afterwards, said, "I confess that I took no pleasure in the envied name of a queen. I was so greatly afflicted for

[1] See the biography of Catharine of Braganza, vol. v. p. 669.

[2] Letter to the rev. Francis Roper, in sir Henry Ellis's Letters, first Series, vol. iii. p. 337.

the death of king Charles, that I dared not give free vent to my grief, lest I should be suspected of hypocrisy or grimace. I had loved him very dearly, and with reason, for he was very amiable, and had shown me much kindness."[1]

The same moment that certified the fact that Charles II. had ceased to breathe, saw every knee bent in homage to the calumniated duke of York, while every voice united in crying, "God save king James II." The crown had taken away all defects, and he was instantaneously beset on every side with compliments and congratulations. Exhausted with grief and watching, beholding in the lifeless form before him a solemn lesson on the frailty of earthly grandeur, and sickening, perhaps, at the shameless adulation of the time-serving courtiers, the new sovereign withdrew to his closet, to commune with his own heart in silence. After a brief pause, James met his council, and was recognised as the lawful monarch of the realm without a dissentient voice. He expressed his passionate sorrow for his brother's death, and signified his intention of governing by the established laws, and supporting the church of England. "I have often," said he, in conclusion, "ventured my life in defence of this nation, and will go as far as any man in preserving its just privileges."[2] This declaration was received with unanimous applause. He was immediately proclaimed at the gates of Whitehall, and afterwards in the city, amidst the acclamations of the populace.[3] Evelyn,

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of the kingdom of France: Chaillot collection. [2] Journal of James II. Echard. Lingard, &c.

[3] All the former animosities seemed to be forgotten amidst the loud acclamations of his people on his accession to the throne.–Wellwood's Memoirs, p. 154. "I was present," says the celebrated nonconformist minister, Edmund Calamy, "upon the spot at the proclaiming king James at the upper end of Wood-street in Cheapside, which is one of those places where proclamation is usually made upon such occasions, and my head ached at the acclamations made on that occasion, which, as far as I could observe, were very general. And it is to me good evidence that all the histories that fall into our hands are to be read with caution, to observe that bishop Burnet positively affirms that few tears were shed for the former [Charles II.], nor were there any shouts of joy for the present king [James II.]; whereas I, who was at that time actually present, can bear witness to the contrary. The bishop, indeed, who was then abroad, might easily be misinformed; but methinks he should not have been so positive in a matter of that nature when he was at a distance."—An Historical Account of My own Life, with some Reflections on the Times I have lived in; by Edmund Calamy, D.D.; vol. i. pp. 116, 117.

who assisted at this ceremony, returned with the state officers and the heralds to Whitehall, and was introduced into the presence of the new king and queen, tells us, that "the king, tired out as he was with grief and fatigue, had been compelled, meantime, to take a little repose on his bed, but was now risen, and in his undress." The queen was still in bed; but the deputation being introduced into her apartment, —queens had neither rest nor privacy allowed them in those days of royal slavery,—"she put forth her hand, seeming to be much afflicted," as I believe she was, pursues Evelyn, "having deported herself so decently upon all occasions since she came into England, which made her universally beloved."[1] The following Sunday their majesties went publicly to mass in the queen's chapel in St. James's-palace, leaving the chapel-royal at Whitehall for the use of the princess Anne of Denmark and the Protestant portion of their household. That Sunday almost every pulpit in the metropolis echoed with the praises of the new sovereign, and with prayers that he and his consort might enjoy a long and happy reign. The first few days after their accession to the throne, their majesties were chiefly occupied in receiving the compliments and condolences of the ambassadors of all the sovereigns in Europe. Mary Beatrice received and entertained her court, seated under a mourning canopy of state, with a black foot-cloth.[2] She performed her part with the grace and dignity that were natural to her, but she took no pleasure in her new honours; she was a childless mother, and though she was only seven and-twenty, her enemies began to insinuate the improbability of her bringing heirs to the throne. James had four illegitimate children by Arabella Churchill, and two by his present mistress, Catharine Sedley. His majesty, however, being bent on effecting a moral reform in his court, persuaded Mrs. Sedley to absent herself, to the great satisfaction of those who had feared that she would act the same part in the reign of James, as the duchess of Cleveland had done in that of Charles II.

King James was a person of better intentions than his bro-

[1] Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. [2] Ibid.

ther. He expressed publicly his abhorrence of drinking and swearing. "On Sunday last," writes a contemporary, "the king, going to mass, told his attendants 'he had been informed that since his declaring against the disorder of the household, some had the impudence to appear drunk in the queen's presence.' Tis thought he reflected on the duke of A.; but he advised them at their peril to observe his orders, which he would see obeyed."[1] James also discouraged the practice of duelling, which was one of the prevailing sins of the age, and had caused several frightful tragedies in his brother's court: among other things, he said, "I know a man who has fought nine duels, and yet is a very coward, having manifestly shown himself so during an engagement at sea."[2] The king attended closely to business, and a great change for the better appeared in the manners of the courtiers: profane and licentious speeches were no longer tolerated.

The first use Mary Beatrice made of her new power and dignity as queen of England, was an attempt to compel her brother, the duke of Modena, who had perversely remained a bachelor till he was five-and-twenty, to enter the holy pale of wedlock with a consort of her providing. The young lady whom she was desirous of making duchess of Modena was mademoiselle de Bouillon, one of the greatest heiresses in France, nearly related to themselves also, for her mother was one of the fair Mancini sisters. Perhaps the duke of Modena disliked the connexion, or preferred choosing a wife for himself, for he coldly declined the alliance. Mary Beatrice, who appears to have taken an infinity of pains in gaining the consent of the lady and of the king of France, under the idea that she was rendering her brother a great service, attributed his refusal to the evil counsels of his prime-minister and favourite, prince Cesar, a kinsman of their family. The records in the *Archives des Affaires Etrangères de France* connected with this business, prove that she behaved with petulance towards her brother and his minister. "In her letter of the 26th of February, there are marks of

[1] Letters of the Herbert family. [2] Ibid.

great anger on the part of the queen of England against prince Cesar," observes our authority;[1] "and she seems disposed to carry matters with a high hand, as she says he is the cause of preventing the marriage she has proposed, for which marriage she testifies the most ardent wish." In another letter, written by her on the 5th of March, she manifests the same disposition. "The king, her husband, has told the abbé Rizzini, that of all the matches that had been proposed for the duke, that with mademoiselle de Bouillon was the most advantageous for him, and that he thought he ought not to hesitate any longer about accepting it, since the king of France had expressed a wish for it, and it was the only means by which he could reinstate himself in the good graces of that prince; and that, for the future, he must not reckon on the good offices either of the queen or himself, unless he resolved to follow their advice."

Mary Beatrice, suspecting that prince Cesar had suppressed her former letters to the duke, her brother, wrote a passionate letter to the duke complaining of his conduct, which, she said, "she entirely attributed to that person; and that, if he did not alter his determination, and consent to this advantageous match which she had proposed for him, she should be compelled to add her resentment to that of the king of France." In a letter to Louis XIV. she positively declared "that she never would desist from this design till she had brought it to pass, the king of England and she having set their hearts upon it; and that it could not fail of being accomplished, provided Louis continued in the same mind. Nevertheless," added she, "I see plainly that prince Cesar will not allow the duke of Modena to marry, that he may retain his influence over him, and continue to govern him as he has hitherto done." She begged that Louis would communicate with her privately on this matter, as she did not wish to discuss it with his ambassador Barillon. The duke of Modena wrote to his sister, "that he had some thoughts of coming to England, to explain to her in person the reasons that prevented him from accepting

[1] Inedited MS. in the Archives des Affaires Etrangères de France. Communicated by monsieur Dumont.

her proposition." When she had read this letter, she exclaimed, with great vehemence, "Unless he has vowed himself a monk, I see no good reason why he should not marry; and if he does marry, why should he not accept the proposition that I have made to him?" She wrote again to Louis, telling him she was inclined to ask the king, her husband, to write a letter to the duke of Modena, representing to him how wrong he was to demur giving his hand where she had advised as the most advantageous marriage he could make, since it would wholly reinstate him in the good graces of the king of France, with whom he was at variance; therefore he ought to consider it as the greatest good she could procure for him," observing "that she considered prince Cesar had been the cause of all the false steps the duke her brother had taken, and that if she could only get the duke to come to England, she had every hope that she should be able to induce him to enter into this alliance; only she much doubted that prince Cesar would never permit him to come, lest such a journey might be prejudicial to his design of continuing to govern the duke and country of Modena as tyrannically as he had hitherto done; so that she foresees he will prevent it, and she is quite sure that he has suppressed most of the letters that she has written to her brother."[1] The dangerous position of the duke of Modena's affairs, in consequence of his rash quarrel with Louis XIV., and the pains Mary Beatrice had taken to effect a reconciliation by means of the proposed marriage between him and mademoiselle de Bouillon, cannot excuse the imperious manner in which she attempted to overrule his reluctance. Little had she learned of the combative nature of mankind during her twelve years of matrimony. It seems that James allowed her to say what she pleased in any matter of dispute, but acted according to his own pleasure. In many respects, he had acted much wiser and better if he had followed her advice. She was greatly opposed to his allowing father Petre any share in his councils; she disliked

[1] Documents in the Archives des Affaires Etrangères, by favour of M. Guizot. The duke of Modena resisted the dictation of his royal sister, and took a consort of his own selection, Margaretta Farnese, daughter of Ranucci II., duke of Parma.—L'Art de Vérifier les Dates.

the man, and perceived that he would lead her royal husband into unpopular courses.

Of a far more courteous character than her correspondence with the duke of Modena, her brother, was the letter which Mary Beatrice wrote to the prince of Orange, in reply to the congratulations he had addressed to her by his ambassador:

"Whitehall, March 16, 1685.

"The lines you sent me by Mr. Overke [Overkirk], and the compliments he made me from you, were so obliging, that I know not how to thank you half enough for it; but I hope you believe that all the marks you give me of your friendship are very agreeable to me, and so must desire the continuance of it, which I am sure I shall always deserve from you; for nothing can ever alter me from being, with all sincerity, and without compliments, "Yours truly,

"M. R."

"Pray follow my example, and write to me without any ceremony, for it is not to be minded between such friends as we are."[1]

Though all things wore a smiling aspect at the beginning of her consort's reign, the fickle multitude evincing the enthusiastic loyalty which is generally manifested towards a new sovereign, Mary Beatrice was neither well in body nor tranquil in mind. "The health of the queen of England," writes Barillon to Louis XIV., "is not in a good state; those who are about her person believe that she will not live long. Her malady is a species of inflammation on the chest, with violent attacks of colic, which frequently return. She believes herself in danger."[2] In another letter his excellency speaks of her majesty having become very thin and pale. Up to that period, Mary Beatrice had never used art to heighten her complexion. She had a great objection to rouge, not only as a matter of taste, but from a religious scruple. It was, however, the fashion for the ladies of her court to paint, and the king told her he wished her to do the same, more out of complaisance, probably, to the opinion of others, than because he imagined that artificial opaque tints of red could harmonize better with the classic dignity of her features than her own pure marble-like complexion. The queen, willing to please her lord at any rate, at length complied with the fashion, by putting on rouge. Father Seraphin, a Capuchin friar of great sanctity,

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, 116. Copied from the original in king William's box, at Kensington-palace.

[2] Despatches in Fox's Appendix.

seemed surprised when he saw her thus; and in reply to her remark about the paleness that seemed to render it necessary, bluntly exclaimed, "Madame, I would rather see your majesty yellow, or even green, than rouged." This being in the presence of the king, the queen was infinitely amused at the uncourtier-like sincerity of the old ecclesiastic, and could never think of his rejoinder without laughing.[1] The cause that robbed the cheek of the consort of James II. of bloom, preyed on her spirits, and occasionally ruffled the equanimity of her temper, was her inability to induce him to dismiss his audacious paramour, Catharine Sedley, from her household.[2] This woman, after James's accession to the throne, aspired to become a recognised state mistress, and to enjoy the like power she had seen the duchess of Portsmouth exercise in the late reign. Unfortunately, those who called themselves James's best friends, the earl of Rochester for instance, and other gentlemen who dreaded the effects of his blind zeal for Romanism, which they attributed to the influence of his consort, thought that it would be as well if that influence were counterbalanced by the fascinations of her rival. Catharine Sedley piqued herself on being "a good Protestant," which goodness consisted not, in her case, in the purity and holiness of life enjoined by the reformed religion, but hostility to that of Rome, and she was accustomed to amuse James with the most cutting raillery on the ceremonies and dogmas of his faith. It was devoutly hoped by Rochester, Clarendon, and others, that her powers of ridicule would, in time, destroy his majesty's unpopular veneration for the church of Rome, and

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena.

[2] Catharine Sedley was the daughter of the witty and profligate gentleman-author, sir Charles Sedley: she had been mistress to James II. for some time previous to his marriage with the queen. She was very plain, excepting a stately figure: she had a talent for repartee, coarse enough to be called wit in those days. She insisted on a reward for her vile course of life, which was granted by James, who made her baroness of Darlington and countess of Dorchester, but only for life. The most respectable trait in her father's character was his indignation, as a gentleman, at this disgraceful advancement of his only child. Hence that well-known line of Dr. Johnson,—

"And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king."

Her daughter, by the king, married Sheffield duke of Buckingham.

they very improperly encouraged him in his unprincipled violation of his conjugal duties.[1]

The queen, when she learned that her rival was supported by the king's brothers-in-law, treated them and their ladies with the disdain which such conduct was calculated to excite in her bosom. This was in turn resented and revenged in various ways, and the result was, that Sunderland, who was politically opposed to the earl of Rochester, and affected to pay great court to the queen, worked his way into a preponderance of power in the cabinet, not through her favour, for she always distrusted him, but in consequence of her hostility to the allies of Catharine Sedley.[2] Sad indeed it is when the virtuous affections of a pure and sensitive heart are rendered instrumental to the selfish interest of cold, calculating politicians. Yet the jealousy of Mary Beatrice was not the coarse feeling that belongs to vulgar-minded women. Long after the death of her lord, when she alluded to her affection for him, she once adverted to her wrongs in these words: "I will not say that he had no other attachment or passion. The king was ready to sacrifice his crown to his faith, but had no power to banish a mistress. I said to him once, 'Sir, is it possible that you would, for the sake of one passion, lose the merit of all your sacrifices?'" On another occasion her majesty confessed that she had suffered herself to be so far transported by her indignant feelings, as to say to the king, "Give her my dower, make her queen of England, but let me never see her more!" Mary Beatrice considered, however, that she had been guilty of a great fault, in speaking thus to her lord.[3] The remonstrances of the priests and the Catholic lords, who made common cause with her majesty, induced James to expunge Mrs. Sedley's name from the list of the ladies of his injured consort's household, and he made a strong effort to break the disgraceful tie by enjoining her departure from the court. Such intimacies are much easier contracted than broken, as all princes find to their cost. Catharine left town for a little while, but retained her apart-

[1] Mackintosh. Lingard. [2] Ibid.
[3] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a sister of Chaillot.

ments at Whitehall; the result will be shown anon. It can scarcely be imagined that James really preferred a coarse-minded, unchaste, ugly woman to his virtuous, loving, and beautiful wife. The empire of Catharine Sedley was that of habit, maintained by violence and effrontery. She was the mother, at that time, of a grown up daughter, whom he had married to the earl of Annesley. There are many proofs, notwithstanding his infidelities, that James regarded his consort with feelings of respect, amounting to veneration. His admiration for her personal charms is testified by the device he chose for the reverse of her coronation medal, in which her graceful figure, clothed in flowing draperies, is seated on a rock in the attitude of a Britannia, with an inscription from Æneas's address to Venus, O DEA CERTE.

The proclamations were issued for the coronation of the king and queen, to take place April 23rd, being St. George's-day. Circulars were on this occasion issued to the peeresses to attend in scarlet robes and coronets on the queen at that ceremonial. One of the Scotch judges, sir John Lauder of Fountainhall, makes a singular observation in his diary on the intimation that Mary Beatrice was to be crowned: "What the coronation of the queen imports, is doubted if it will make her regent after his death. A massy crown of gold is making for her." No queen-consort had been crowned in England, with the single exception of Anne of Denmark, since Anne Boleyn, and great interest was excited at the expectation of Mary of Modena taking her proper place in this imposing spectacle, which her great beauty and majestic figure were eminently calculated to adorn. So many ancient claims were revived for the performance of various services, which, in the olden times, were required of the manorial nobility of England by the sovereign, but which had in later years fallen into disuse, that a court was empowered to sit at Westminster for the purpose of deciding them previous to the coronation. This court was opened on the 30th of March. Many of these claims being founded on oral tradition, were judged obsolete.[1] The

[1] Among some of the curious observances connected with the customs of regality in the olden time on such occasions, may be reckoned the claim of the

lord of the manor of Bardolf, in Addington, Surrey, claimed to find a man to make a dish of grout[1] for their majesties' table, and therefore prayed that the king's master-cook might perform that service, which was granted. The lord of the manor of Fyngrith, Essex, claimed to be chamberlain to the queen for that day, and to have the queen's bed and furniture, basons, &c., belonging to the office, and to have a clerk in the exchequer to demand and receive the queen's gold.[2] This claim was disallowed, because not made out as regarded the moveables; as for the ancient immunity of the queen-gold, or *aurum reginæ*, it was never either claimed or received by Mary Beatrice.

King James, with his usual regard to economy, curtailed some of the expensive details connected with his inauguration, especially the cavalcade from the Tower, by which he effected a retrenchment of upwards of 60,000*l*. In consequence of the plunder of the crown-jewels by the roundheads during the civil war, every article of the queen's regalia had to be supplied out of the fund voted for the coronation in this reign. No parsimony, however, was shown by James in regard to the circlet, crown, and other regal ornaments that were made expressly for the use of his consort, for they appear to have been of unparalleled magnificence. The price of the diamonds, pearls, and other gems with which her imperial diadem was set, amounted to 100,658*l*. sterling, according to Evelyn, who saw the bills, attested by the goldsmith and jeweller who set them. When completed, however, it was valued at 111,900*l*.[3]

lord of the manor of Lyston, in Essex, to make wafers for the king and queen, to serve them up at their table, and to have all the instruments of silver and metal, with all the linen used on this occasion, with a certain proportion of the ingredients of which these dainty little cakes were compounded, and *living* for himself and three men. This claim was allowed, the composition and baking of the wafers were performed by deputy, chosen from among the household, and the fees compounded for 30*l*.—British Chronologist.

[1] This dish was that far-famed regal potage, or delicate white soup, known by the name of 'dillegrout' at the coronation-banquets of the Norman and Plantagenet sovereigns.

[2] British Chronologist.

[3] This very elegant crown, or a *fac-simile* of it in shape and design, is shown among her majesty queen Victoria's regalia in the Tower, as the crown with which subsequent queens-consort have been crowned.

The coronation was in the Easter week. King James, on the Maundy-Thursday previous, performed in person the ancient ceremonial observance of the sovereigns of England, by washing the feet of fifty-two poor men, according to the number of his own years, and touched several for the 'king's evil.' The night before the coronation, the queen slept at St. James's-palace, her former abode when duchess of York, and always preferred by her to the royal palace of Whitehall. The next morning, having performed her devotions there, she was attired by her ladies of the bedchamber, assisted by her women, in her royal robes of purple velvet, furred with ermine, and looped with ropes and tassels of pearls; her kirtle being of rich white and silver brocade, ornamented with pearls and precious stones, with a stomacher very elaborately set with jewels. On her head was a cap of purple velvet, turned up with ermine, powdered with gems, and a circlet of gold very richly adorned with large diamonds, curiously set, a row of pearls round the upper edge. She then went privately in her chair to Whitehall, and thence through Privy-gardens into Channel-row, and across New Palace-yard to Westminster-hall, where the court of wards had been fitted up for her majesty to repose herself in with her ladies, while the ceremonial of the procession was set in order in the hall. At the same time that the king entered Westminster-hall, her majesty, attended by her lord chamberlain, and her other officers and ladies, left the court of wards by a private door at the south-west corner of the hall, and went to her chair of state under her canopy at the upper end of the hall, and stood before it until the king was seated. The seats of the royal pair were under separate canopies, that of the queen being somewhat lower and smaller than that of the king, but both exceedingly rich.[1] After the regalia had been delivered to the king, and placed, with ceremonies too elaborate to recapitulate here, on the table at which their majesties were to dine that day, the said table being covered with a large fine carpet of Turkey or Persian work, the queen's crown, sceptre, and the ivory rod with the dove were, in like manner, delivered and placed

[1] Sandford's Book of the Coronation.

on the table before her majesty at the king's left hand, and were distributed by the lord great-chamberlain to the noblemen appointed to carry them.

The queen's procession, headed by her vice-chamberlain, Mr. Robert Strickland, preceded that of the king in the following order: The earl of Dorset, carrying the ivory rod, the earl of Rutland the sceptre, and the duke of Beaufort the crown. After them followed the queen herself, supported by the bishops of London and Winchester, under a rich canopy carried by sixteen barons of the Cinque-ports. Her train was borne by the young duchess of Norfolk, assisted by four daughters of earls; viz. lady Jane Noel, daughter of the earl of Gainsborough; lady Anne Herbert, daughter of the earl of Pembroke; lady Anne Spencer, daughter of the earl of Sunderland; and lady Essex Roberts. The countess of Peterborough, groom of the stole as she was called, with two ladies of the bedchamber, lady Sophia Bulkeley and Frances countess of Bantry, with Miss E. Bromley and Mrs. Margaret Dawson, her majesty's bedchamber women, were in close attendance on her person. The king's procession, in which the venerable sir William Dugdale walked, in his eighty-second year, as Garter king-of-arms, followed in solemn state. Their majesties walked in this order from Westminster-hall, through New Palace-yard, into King-street, and so through the great Sanctuary to the west door of the abbey, the passage being railed in on both sides, from the north door of the hall to the entrance into the choir, guarded by his majesty's guards, horse and foot. Two breadths of blue cloth were spread for their majesties to walk on, all the way from the stone steps in the hall to the foot of the steps in the abbey choir, amounting in all to 1220 yards.

The ancient picturesque custom of strewing flowers before the royal procession being revived on this occasion, was performed by Mrs. Mary Dowle, hereditary herb-woman to the king, assisted by six young ladies, all wearing hoods, as represented in the plate illustrative of the flower-strewing in Sandford's Book of the Coronation of James II. and Mary Beatrice. The herb-strewers appear there in the full-dress costume of the period,—deep pointed bodices, with open robes, looped

back to show rich petticoats. They wear long gloves, and very deep ruffles, falling from the elbows nearly to the wrists. Baskets, containing two bushels of flowers and sweet herbs each, were carried—no light burden for the fair strewers,—two women to every basket, and nine basketsful were strewn. As it was April, we may presume that violets, primroses, cowslips, pansies, blue-bells, and jonquils, with stores of sweet-briar sprigs, and other herbs of grace, formed the staple commodity, over which the gold-broidered slippers of the queen and her noble attendants trod daintily on that proud day, as they proceeded from the hall to the western entrance of the abbey, the drums beating a march, the trumpets sounding *levets*, and the choir singing, all the way to the church, the well-known anthem commencing "O Lord, grant the king a long life," &c. Both James and his consort were greeted with reiterated acclamations from the crowded spectators, who forgot, at least for one day, all differences of creeds in the delight occasioned by the royal pageant. The people were, indeed, prepared to look upon the queen with pleasure, for she had hallowed the day of her consecration with a deed of tender and munificent charity, by releasing all the prisoners who were in gaol for small debts, taking the payment upon herself of all sums not exceeding five pounds. Eighty prisoners were discharged from Newgate alone, through the gracious compassion of Mary Beatrice, which was extended to all the small debtors in confinement throughout the realm.[1] Hundreds and thousands, therefore, had reason to remember that anniversary, and to bless her name when, of all the glories of royalty that surrounded her that day, nothing remained to her but the empty name of queen, and the sweet recollection that she had caused many to rejoice in her joy, by doing good when she had it in her power.

When the queen reached the entrance of the choir, she left her canopy and its supporters, and, preceded by her vice-chamberlain and regalia bearers, and followed by her ladies in attendance, ascended the steps of the raised platform, or theatre, between her two bishops; and so going to the chair

[1] Historic Observes, by sir John Lauder of Fountainhall.

of state prepared for her, on the east side of the sacrarium, she stood beside it to await the king's coming.[1] It has been said, that this royal ceremonial derived its greatest lustre from the presence of a queen, whose graceful figure and majestic carriage were so well fitted to adorn the external pomp with which royalty is surrounded on such an occasion. Sandford's prints of this coronation represent Mary Beatrice with her hair dressed very low, a style that well became her classic outline, and with a profusion of long ringlets falling on either side her face, and floating on her bosom. Another contemporary quaintly observes, "the jewels she had on were reckoned worth a million, which made her shine like an angel."[2] While she stood by her chair of state, the Westminster scholars greeted her with shouts of *Vivat regina Maria!* a compliment never paid before to any but a sovereign. This salutation, or short prayer as it is termed, they continued to reiterate till the arrival of the king, to whom they knelt, saluting him in like manner by shouting *Vivat rex!* as he ascended the steps of the choir to the theatre. At the recognition, the people signified their willingness and joy with loud acclamations of "God save king James!" After the offering of the pall of cloth of gold had been made by the king, the queen was brought up from her seat to the altar to perform the like ceremony, her regalia being borne before her. Mary Beatrice joined in the service of the church of England, not only without hesitation, but with edifying piety. Indeed, the devout behaviour of the queen, and the earnestness with which she made her responses, were generally noticed.[3] The bishop of London had presented her with a small book of the prayers which were appointed to be used on that occasion, and she read from it with the greatest reverence and attention during the whole of the ceremony.[4] Mary Beatrice probably felt at that moment, that the differences between Christian churches were not great enough to prevent those who agreed in the truths of Scripture from uniting together in an act of prayer. The sermon was preached by Turner, bishop

[1] Sandford.
[2] Fountainhall's Historic Observes.
[3] Patrick's Diary.
[4] MS. from the family papers of George IV.

of Ely, at half-past one. The services of anointing, crowning, investing, and enthroning the king, and the homage from bishops and peers, were performed before the consecration of the queen took place, she having remained seated in her chair of state on the south side of the area, a spectatress of the inauguration of her royal lord, till the last verse of the anthem, "His seed also will I make to endure for ever, and his throne as the days of heaven," had been sung, followed by flourish of trumpets, beat of drum, and the shouts of "God save the king!" from those who were so soon to transfer their oaths of allegiance and shouts of gratulation to another. King James had bestowed much care on his consort's regalia, but none on his own. The crown had been made for Charles II., whose phrenological organization was broadly and powerfully developed; consequently it was too wide in the circlet, and not lofty enough in the arch, to fit James II., for the heads of the royal brothers were as unlike as their characters. When Sancroft placed this diadem on James's head, it tottered. Henry Sidney put forth his hand and kept it from falling, saying, as he did so, "This is not the first time, your majesty, that my family has supported the crown,"[1]—a brilliant *bon-mot* if it had been based on facts, but a vain boast from a member of a republican family, and who, at the very time he was complimenting himself for this *small* crown service, was engaged in a treasonable correspondence with the prince of Orange, for the purpose of undermining the throne of his unsuspecting sovereign.[2] It is well known that this trifling incident, which a little foresight on the part of James might have prevented, was regarded by the superstition of many present as an evil omen. Few are aware that the circumstance was noted with dismay by the anxious queen, who was, of course, the most deeply interested person there. She mentioned it herself, many years after the Revolution, in these words, "There was a presage that struck us, and every one who observed it. They could not make the crown keep firm on the king's head; it appeared

[1] Burnet. Echard.

[2] See his letters in Blencowe's Sidney Correspondence.

always on the point of falling, and it required some care to hold it steady."[1]

When the ceremony of anointing the queen took place, the duchess of Norfolk took off her rich cap of state, and the archbishop pronounced the prayer as she knelt before him, and poured the oil on her head in the form of a cross. The ladies then opened the bosom of her majesty's dress, and he anointed her on the breast with the same ceremonies. The duchess of Norfolk dried the place where the oil had been poured with fine cotton wool, and placed a fine linen coif on her majesty's head. Then the archbishop put the coronation ring, set with a fair ruby, and sixteen smaller ones round the hoop, on her fourth finger; this ring Mary Beatrice wore to her dying day, and nothing could ever induce her to part with it. When Sancroft placed the crown on her head, the cries of "Long live the queen!" resounded through the abbey, and were many times redoubled and prolonged. Then all the peeresses put on their coronets, and the choir sang that appropriate anthem from the 45th Psalm:—

"My heart is inditing of a good matter: I speak of the things I have made unto the king. At his right hand shall stand the queen," &c.

While this anthem was being sung, her majesty rose, and was conducted to her throne, which was placed at the king's left hand, and many steps lower than his. She made a very low reverence to his majesty, as she passed before him to take her seat on her throne, where she reposed herself till the end of the anthem, while the peeresses, which was an unusual token of respect, came up to render her complimentary marks of homage.[2] The queen's coronation-medals, bearing her effigies, were thrown about at the same time. In consequence of the unfortunate difference in the religious opinions of the sovereign and his consort from those of the great majority of their subjects, and of that church of which James, in virtue of his regal office, was the nominal head and defender, they did not receive the sacrament. "At the coronation," says bishop Patrick, "I observed a vast difference between the king's

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a sister of Chaillot, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

[2] Ibid.

behaviour and the queen's. At the reading of the litany, they both came to kneel before the altar; and she answered at all the responses, but he never moved his lips. She expressed great devotion, but he little or none, often looking about as unconcerned. When she was anointed and crowned, I never saw greater devotion in any countenance: the motion of her body and hands was very becoming, and she answered "Amen" to every prayer with much humility. There was not the least sign of pleasure or transport, but all seriousness and composure of spirit."

The prayers being ended, the king and queen descended from their thrones, and proceeded in state to St. Edward's chapel, where they delivered their crowns and sceptres to the archbishop of Canterbury, by whom they were placed on the altar there. Then their majesties retired each into a separate retiring-room or traverse, where the queen reposed herself in hers, till his majesty was revested in his imperial robes of purple velvet. Then coming forth, and standing before the altar there, the archbishop placed other crowns on their heads, with caps of purple velvet: that which had been made expressly for the queen was of exceeding richness and elegance of form. During the recess, Mary Beatrice departed from the solemn rigour of royal etiquette, by going in her state crown into the private box, where the princess Anne and prince George of Denmark sat *incognito* to see the ceremonial, and chatted affectionately with them for some time.[1] Her majesty returned from St. Edward's chapel, preceding the king, holding her sceptre with the cross in her right hand, and the ivory rod with the dove in her left; her train borne as before. Passing through the choir, she was again received under her canopy of cloth of gold by the sixteen barons of the Cinque-ports; and thus, guarded on either side by the band of gentlemen-pensioners, she left the church, followed immediately by king James in his regalia, with the swords of state borne be-

[1] King's library MS., in French, presented by George IV. from his family papers.—Recueil de Pièces, extracted by George Auguste Gargan, p. 91. It is entitled, "Relation du Couronnement du Roi Jacques II. et de la Reine." The queen is repeatedly mentioned, and the whole is most interesting. It was evidently sent for the information of the royal house of Hanover.

fore him. As the royal procession passed from the abbey to Westminster-hall, the drums and trumpets sounded, and a vast concourse of spectators rent the air with acclamations, and cries of "Long live the king and queen!" Many fountains played with jets of wine, according to the custom of the good old times.[1] When their majesties returned to Westminster-hall, they reposed themselves in their separate retiring-rooms in the court of wards, till all the company had taken their places at the seven tables, which were laid for the privileged or invited guests at the banquet. Then the king, preceded by his great state-officers, made his entry, with his crown on his head, his sceptre and orb in either hand, and seated himself in his chair of state at the head of the royal table. Immediately after, the queen, wearing her crown, and bearing the sceptre and the ivory rod with the dove, her train borne by her ladies, came forth from her retirement in the court of wards, and took her seat in her chair of state at the king's left hand.

Most of the ancient ceremonies observed at the coronation-banquets of the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet services were revived by James on this occasion. The lords who claimed the office of sewers that day, went to the dresser of the kitchen to receive the dishes. The master of the horse officiated as sergeant of the silver-scullery, and went in person to the kitchen-bar to take assay of the king's meat, which was thus performed: Having called for a dish of meat, he wiped the bottom of the dish, and also the cover, within and without, tasted it, covered it, and caused it to be conveyed to the royal table, and attended by a procession of all the great officers of the household, including the earl-marshal with his rod, the lord high-steward with his white staff; the lord high-constable, with his constable's staff, rode up the hall on horseback, preceding the first course. Thirty-two dishes of hot meat were brought up by the knights of the Bath, bareheaded, followed by a supply of other dishes by private gentlemen. Then the lord of the manor of Addington had the satisfaction of placing the mess of dillegrout before their majesties, and was afterwards knighted for his pains.[2]

[1] King's library MS. Sandford's Book of the Coronation. [2] Ibid.

Dinner being placed on the table by the king and queen's carvers, with the help of the earl-sewers and their assistants, the lord great-chamberlain, with his majesty's cupbearers and assistants, went to the king's cupboard, and washed before they presumed to tender their services to the sovereign. Then the lord great-chamberlain, preceded by the usher of the black rod, assisted by the cup-bearer and followed by the officials before mentioned, brought up the great bason and ewer for his majesty to wash. At the queen's washing, water was appointed to be poured on her majesty's hands by the earl of Devonshire, her cup-bearer, and the earl of Bridgewater was to offer her the towel; but she only used a wet napkin, which was presented to her by the earl of Devonshire on his knee. Grace was then said by the dean of the chapel-royal, and their majesties sat down to dinner. The banquet consisted of upwards of a thousand dishes, among which many Scotch dainties, appearing for the first time, puzzled southern gastronomes with their hard names and novel forms, and delighted the northern magnates, by testifying their majesties' remembrance of the hospitalities they had received in Scotland. Before the second course, sir Charles Dymoke, the king's champion, clad in one of the king's best suits of white armour, having a helmet on his head, with a great plume of feathers —white, red, and blue, mounted on a fine white charger, rode into the hall preceded by trumpeters, and attended by his two esquires richly dressed, one bearing his lance erect, the other his target, the earl-marshal and the lord-constable, both on horseback, bringing him up to the royal table, where the herald-at-arms proclaimed his challenge, and the champion flung down his gauntlet,—not entirely a needless ceremony, as Monmouth was taking measures to contest the crown. This being thrice repeated, and no objection offered, the champion made a low obeisance to the king, who drank to him from a gilt bowl, and then sent the bowl of wine with its cover to him. The champion, with a low obeisance, pledged his majesty again, and then, having performed his service, rode out of the hall, taking the bowl and cover as his fee. Dinner being ended and grace said, their majesties performed

their ablutions with the same ceremonies as before dinner; and then the king resuming his orb and sceptre, the queen her sceptre and ivory rod with the dove, they withdrew with their officers of state, their trains borne as before, the queen, attended by her ladies, into the court of wards, about seven in the evening, and having delivered their regalia to the dean of Westminster and the master of the jewel-house, they departed in the same manner as they came.[1]

In the days of her exile and sorrowful widowhood, Mary Beatrice declared "that she had never taken any pleasure in the envied name of a queen;" yet she sometimes spoke of the glories of her coronation, and descanted with true feminine delight on the magnificence of the regalia that had been prepared for her. "My dress and royal mantle," said she, "were covered with precious stones, and it took all the jewels that all the goldsmiths of London could procure to decorate my crown; of all these, nothing was lost except one small diamond, worth about forty shillings."[2] She told the nuns of Chaillot, "that no coronation of any preceding king of England had been so well conducted, and that all the arrangements had been made under the especial superintendence of king James, who ordered a book to be made of it."[3] There is a splendid original portrait of Mary Beatrice, in her crown and coronation robes, in the collection of his grace the duke of Buccleugh, at Dalkeith-palace. She is seated on her throne, with an orb in one hand, and the ivory rod in the other; it has been, by some mistake, lettered A. R., and is, in consequence, shown as the coronation portrait of queen Anne, to whose exuberant charms it bears about the same resemblance as a Provence rose to a full-blown red peony.

"The English coronation oath," observes that shrewd Scotch lawyer, sir John Lauder of Fountainhall, "is not very special as to the protestant or popish religion, but runs somewhat in general terms." The oath, in fact, was the same

[1] The king's son by Catharine Sedley died on the day of the coronation.

[2] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a sister of Chaillot.

[3] This book, a small folio by Sandford, contains a series of highly curious and important costume illustrations, and has been used as an authority for all succeeding coronations in which a queen-consort has been associated.

that was taken in the days of Edward the Confessor, no alteration having been made in it at the time of the Reformation. A stringent clause for the protection of the church of England as by law established, ought, in common prudence, to have been introduced at the inauguration of James II.; but it was not, and he endeavoured to take advantage of the omission by adhering to the original meaning of the pledge, not to the new interpretation of it. Almost the first use made by James II. of his royal prerogative was, to release several thousand Roman-catholics and protestant dissenters, who had been imprisoned for nonconformity. Among these victims of legalized bigotry were 1500 members of the amiable and inoffensive society, vulgarly styled quakers. He also put a stop to the revolting trade, then too much practised by base individuals, of informing against others, under pretences of religious differences, for the sake of gratifying private revenge, or sharing the fines. James had suffered too much annoyance in his own person from the existence of the iniquitous statutes by which such crimes were sanctioned, not to wish to ameliorate the case of others who stood in a like predicament; but, in his zeal to exercise the paternal prerogative of mercy and justice towards an oppressed portion of his subjects, he rushed single-handed against the threefold barrier of the penal laws, the test act, and popular opinion. The two first were destined to fall, but not by the assault of regal power; they fell gradually before the progressive march of reason and moral justice, but not till nearly a century and a half after the abortive attempts of James II. to do away with them had involved him in ruin, for they were then supported by the third, that capricious giant—public opinion, against which princes can seldom contend with impunity.

The ostentatious parade with which James thought proper to practise the ceremonials of his church, gave great offence to many of his subjects. He was no longer contented with accompanying his consort to her chapel, but opened a Catholic chapel in Whitehall, to which he insisted on their both going in state to receive the sacrament, attended by the great officers of their household. His brother-in-law, the earl of Rochester

who held the office of lord treasurer, absented himself under the pretence of indisposition. The duke of Norfolk, bearing the sword of state, stopped at the door of the chapel: "My lord of Norfolk, your father would have gone farther," said James. "Your majesty's father would not have gone so far," rejoined the duke; but he soon after made up his mind to attend the king as far as the gallery. The duke of Somerset refused to enter. The queen's lord chamberlain, lord Godolphin, was more compliant. It was his duty to lead her by the hand into the royal closet, and to conduct her to the steps of the altar when she thought proper to receive the sacrament, and also to lead her back to her own apartment when mass was over,—privileges which no protestant scruple could induce Godolphin to forego.[1] There were no other terms, he was aware, on which any man might hope to touch the hand of a princess, to whom these lines of lord Falkland were peculiarly applicable:—

> "Such beauty, that from all hearts love must flow;
> Such dignity, that none durst tell her so."

Godolphin had been an active member of the exclusion faction. James, on his accession to the throne, generously forgave him, and preferred him to the office of lord chamberlain to the queen. The heart of the whig statesman was not proof against the personal charms and graceful manners of his royal mistress; his passion was hopeless, but it influenced his political conduct, and he became what, in the angry parlance of the times, was called a trimmer,—a term peculiarly applicable to this nobleman, who, being a double-minded man, was, of course, unstable in all his ways.

Mary Beatrice was present at the opening of the new parliament, May 22, 1685. She and the princess Anne of Denmark came into the house of lords together, without state, some time before the arrival of the king, and stood next above the archbishops on the right hand of the throne. Her majesty remained standing while the prayers were read,[2] and even while several of the lords took the test and the usual oaths; "so that," says Evelyn, "she heard the pope and the

[1] Barillon's Despatches.

[2] Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 593.

worship of the Virgin renounced very decently." Then came in the king, in his robes, wearing the crown; being seated, the commons were introduced, and he delivered his speech, at every period whereof the house gave loud shouts. He finished with announcing that morning's news of Argyle's landing in the west highlands of Scotland from Holland, and expressing his conviction of the zeal and readiness of his parliament to assist him as he required; "at which," pursues Evelyn, "there followed another *Vive le Roi!*" and so his majesty retired. It does not appear that a special seat was provided for the accommodation of the queen, or that her presence was in any way recognised.

The commons voted the usual revenue to his majesty. The rebellion of Argyle in Scotland, and of Monmouth in England, strengthened rather than shook the throne of James II., in consequence of the celerity with which both were put down. Monmouth landed, on the 11th of June, 1685, at Lyme in Dorsetshire, set up his standard, and issued a proclamation, in which he denounced the king "as a usurper, a murderer, a traitor, and a tyrant; accusing him, in the most intemperate language, of burning the city of London, murdering sir Edmundbury Godfrey, cutting the throat of the earl of Essex, and poisoning the late king, his brother." Public opinion was at that time in favour of James II. Both houses of parliament united in an address to his majesty, offering to assist him with their lives and fortunes in putting down the rebellion. An act of attainder passed against Monmouth three days after the news of his landing was received. In the course of a week, Monmouth's forces amounted to 10,000 men. The enthusiastic welcome he received at Taunton encouraged him, in evil hour, to proclaim himself king by the title of James II., and to set a price on the head of "the usurper, James duke of York," as he now termed the lawful sovereign.

The news of the defeat and capture of Argyle in Scotland was followed by the overthrow of Monmouth's cause at Sedgmoor, July 6th. He was taken two days after, concealed in a ditch, near Ringwood. The agonizing love of life prompted

him to write a humble letter of supplication to the king, expressive of "his remorse for what he had done, and imploring his mercy, and above all, to be permitted to see him, and to speak only one word to him, as he had that to reveal to him which he dared not commit to paper." He also wrote both to the queen and the queen-dowager, begging them to intercede for him with his majesty to grant him an interview. Thus urged, James very improperly consented to see him. Monmouth threw himself at his feet, and implored for mercy in the most passionate terms. The king had forgiven him very bitter injuries and intolerable provocations, when duke of York, on a personal humiliation, scarcely twenty months before; and the unfortunate prisoner must have deluded himself with the hope that he had only to reiterate his penitentiary protestations and promises, with submissions proportioned to the aggravation of his offence, to receive the like grace. But the case was altered: James had sterner duties to perform than the forgiveness of personal wrongs. He was now a king, invested with the responsible office of maintaining the laws that provided for the peace and security of his people. Two kingdoms had been plunged into the horrors of civil war, and more than 3000 of his subjects had already perished in consequence of this attempt, and it behoved him to take proper measures to prevent the repetition of such scenes.

The full particulars of what passed at this interview are not distinctly known. "I have been told," says sir John Bramston, "that the king asked him how he could expect pardon, that had used him so? 'to make me,' said he, 'a murderer and poisoner of my dear brother, besides all the other villanies you charge me with in your declaration.' To which Monmouth replied, 'Ferguson drew it, and made me sign it before ever I read it.' That so angered the king, that he said, 'This is trifling; would you sign a paper of such consequence and not read it?' So he turned from him, and bade him prepare to die."[1] Lord Dartmouth affirms that James told

[1] Auto-biography of sir John Bramston, edited by lord Braybrooke. This passage is greatly confirmed by sir John Reresby

Monmouth "that he had put it out of his power to pardon him, by proclaiming himself king." Monmouth insinuated a desire of returning to the church of Rome, in which he had been educated. It was, perhaps, with a view of assailing James on his weak point,—his spirit of proselyting, that Monmouth had so earnestly besought to be admitted to his presence; and this might be the mysterious "one word" that he wished to speak to him, for it is certain he made no political disclosures. If he had any such to make, he was unhappily deterred by the presence of the treacherous Sunderland, whom James, with his usual want of tact, had brought with him as one of the witnesses of this ill-judged interview, —Sunderland, whom he knew had been deeply implicated in all Monmouth's former plots, and had afterwards good reason to believe was his confidant in the late rebellion.[1]

Kennet endeavours to throw a most odious imputation on the consort of James II. in the following passage, for which no other authority is given than the proverbially unfaithful evidence of hearsay: "The queen is said to have insulted him [Monmouth] in a very arrogant and unmerciful manner; so that when the duke saw there was nothing designed by this interview but to satisfy the queen's revenge, he rose up from his majesty's feet with a new air of bravery, and was carried to the Tower." Mary Beatrice could not insult the unfortunate duke in his distress, for she was not present. The interview took place in Chiffinch's apartments, whither the king came accompanied only by his two secretaries of state, the earls of Middleton and Sunderland.[2] If, instead of the latter, it had been possible for the queen to have been present, the result might have been very different. But neither the etiquette of business or royalty permitted her to witness this secret conference in the apartments of one of the menial officers of the palace. James, who, if we may trust the memoirs compiled by the historiographer of George IV.,[3] had some difficulty in overcoming his natural inclination to spare

[1] Journal of James II. Sidney Correspondence, edited by Blencowe.

[2] Journal of James. Life of James II. Macpherson. Continuation of Mackintosh. Reresby. Lingard. Fox.

[3] Stanier Clark.

the unhappy culprit when he begged so hard for life, did not of course expose himself to the additional trial of bringing a tender-hearted, excitable female like Mary Beatrice, to be a witness of a scene which it was not in woman's nature to behold without tears and intercessions in his behalf. Monmouth, who had better means of knowing the disposition of this princess than those writers with whom it became a matter of business, after the Revolution, to blacken the widow of James II. and the mother of the pretender, calculated on her compassion in that dreadful crisis of his fate. He had, as soon as he was taken, written to entreat her to unite her good offices with those of the queen-dowager to obtain for him an audience of the king, which audience would scarcely have been granted if she had been his enemy; and after it had proved ineffectual, and he was told he must prepare for death, he again wrote to *both the queens*,[1] to implore them to intercede for his life with the king. Would he have done this, if he had thought Mary Beatrice capable of hardening her husband's heart against him, much less if she had already insulted him in his agony? Fox, whom no one can suspect of a favourable bias towards James's consort, expressly declares this story to be wholly unworthy of credit without more certain evidence.[2] "It must be remarked, also," says that author, "that Burnet, whose general prejudices would not lead him to doubt any imputations against the queen, does not mention her majesty's being present." Burnet, in fact, never misses an opportunity of reviling this princess, whom he calls "a revengeful Italian lady." That Mary Beatrice of Modena was a native of Italy cannot be denied, but it is a strong presumption of the innocence of her life, when party malignity was reduced to the imbecility of using that circumstance as

[1] Reresby. Mackintosh. Lingard.

[2] Since the publication of the first impressions of this volume, I have had the pleasure of reading the Life of the Duke of Monmouth by George Roberts, esq., in which I perceive that gentleman has introduced the passage from Fox, almost in the same words unconsciously used by me in exculpating Mary Beatrice from the aspersion thrown on her by White Kennet. Mr. Roberts has deeply studied the documentary evidences of that period, and his book is a valuable contribution to historical literature, and I am happy to be able to add it to the list of my authorities.

an epithet of reproach,—an appeal to the prejudices of the vulgar, disgraceful to the man who held the office of a Christian prelate, and called himself an historian. If such a tale had been in circulation, Burnet would have been only too happy to have quoted it, as an instance of the unamiable disposition which he imputes to her.[1]

It has been assumed by some historians, that James was cognizant of all Jeffreys' merciless proceedings, because there was a constant correspondence between the latter and Sunderland, and Sunderland's letters contain assurances "that the king approved, and thanked Jeffreys for his zeal in his service;" but this appears only one of the links in Sunderland's extensive chain of treachery. He and his friend Jeffreys played into each other's hands, and amassed enormous sums by the sale of pardons to the wealthy,—a species of traffic of which Rochester and father Petre are also accused. It is a notorious fact, that Jeffreys, who was always in a state of exasperation of temper from bodily torture, and the irritability caused by habitual intemperance, scrupled not to set the king's authority at nought, by hanging old major Holmes, notwithstanding the royal grace had been extended to him.[2] Jeffreys pretended that it was an accident; so, according to queen Elizabeth, was the execution of Mary queen of Scots. The barbarities of Jeffreys were lamented by the king when the whole truth was made known to him by two courageous and noble-minded men, sir Thomas Cutler, the commanding officer at Wells, and the good bishop Ken,[3] who made a per-

[1] The same motives which induced Burnet, and other party writers whose works were published after the Revolution, to vilify the innocent consort of James II., operated in a far greater degree to the defamation of her unfortunate lord, whose conduct was much more open to attack. The executions in the west of England, after Monmouth's rebellion was put down, were bloody enough of themselves, without the palpable exaggerations and incredible fictions with which they have been embellished. The butcheries of the inhuman Kirke are spoken of by James, in his private journal, in terms of unqualified indignation and disgust; and as Kirke was one of the first to join the prince of Orange, by whom he was highly favoured and constantly employed, it can scarcely be supposed that his conduct in the west of England was dictated by loyalty to the sovereign whom he deserted and betrayed.

[2] Journal of James II.

[3] Ken, in accordance with the apostolic beauty of his character, had used the authority of the church in putting a stop to the military executions of lord

sonal appeal to the monarch himself in behalf of some of the victims. James not only listened to their representations, but thanked sir Thomas Cutler publicly for what he had done, and expressed a wish that others had imitated his humanity.[1]

Among the prisoners whose case came under the personal attention of the king, was the popular orator, Story, who had endeavoured to excite the indignation of the people against his majesty, by repeating, in very inflammatory language, all the libellous accusations that had been set forth in Monmouth's proclamation. The incident being recorded by a violent nonconformist, Edmund Calamy, is not liable to suspicion of *over*-partiality to the unfortunate sovereign:—"When Story, taken and imprisoned for assisting Monmouth, was ordered before the king and privy council, of a sudden the keeper declared his orders were to bring him immediately, which he did in a coach, without giving him any time to prepare himself in any manner, only cautioning him to give a plain and direct answer to the questions king James might put to him. When brought before the privy council, Story made so sad and sorrowful a figure, that all present were surprised and frighted at his haggard and squalid appearance. When king James first cast his eyes upon him, he cried out, 'Is that a man, or what is it?' His majesty was told it was the rebel Story. 'Oh! Story,' said the king. 'I remember him: that is a rare fellow indeed!' Then turning towards him, 'Pray, Story,' says he, 'you were in Monmouth's army in the west, were you not?' He, according to the advice given him, made answer presently, 'Yes, an't

Feversham, and afterwards visited the sick and wounded prisoners, and relieved their bodily and spiritual wants at the same time. More than a thousand of these unfortunate persons received succour in their distress from him. "Yet," said he, "though all this was well known to king James, he never once blamed me for it."—Ken's examinations before the privy council; *tempo* William III. Life of Ken.

[1] Burnet. See also James's own remarks in his Journal. The odious charge brought against Mary Beatrice by Mr. Macaulay, in his eloquent and popular book, "History of England from the Accession of James II.," having been very fully answered in my recently published work, "Historic Scenes," pp. 178 to 184, I must refer the reader to that volume for her vindication, as my limits will not allow of so long a quotation here.

please your majesty.'—'Pray,' said the king to him, 'you were a commissary there, were you not?' Again, Story replied, 'Yes, an't please your majesty.'—'And you,' said king James, 'made a speech before great crowds of people, did you not?' He again very readily answered, 'Yes, an't please your majesty.'—'Pray,' said king James, 'if you have not forgot what you said, let us have some taste of your fine speech; let us have some specimen of some of the flowers of your rhetoric.' Whereupon," resumes Edmund Calamy, "Story told us that he readily made answer, 'I told them, an't *please* your majesty, that it was you that fired the city of London.'[1]—'A rare rogue, upon my word,' said the king; 'and pray, what else did you tell them?'—'I told them,' said he, 'an't please your majesty, that you poisoned your brother.' 'Impudence in the utmost height of it,' said king James. 'Pray, let us have something further, if your memory serves you.'—'I further told them,' said Mr. Story, 'that your majesty appeared to be fully determined to make the nation both papists and slaves.' By this time the king seemed to have heard enough of the prisoner's speech, and therefore crying out, 'A rogue with a witness!' and, cutting off short, the king rejoined, 'to all this I doubt not but a thousand other villanous things were added. But what would you say, Story, if, after all this, I were to grant you your life?' To which he, without any demur, made answer, 'That he would pray for his majesty as long as he lived.'—'Why, then,' said the king, 'I freely pardon all that is past, and hope that you will not, for the future, represent your king as inexorable.'"[2] One well-authenticated good deed ought to counterbalance a great deal of reviling, and is certainly of more weight than fifty pages of unsupported praise. Other instances of James's clemency towards those who had personally injured him are recorded. Ferguson, who had drawn up Monmouth's libellous proclamation, he freely pardoned; also Hook, who

[1] James and a large body of his sailors were the first that succeeded in stopping the progress of the flames; and he worked very hard personally in so doing. See Pepys' Diary.

[2] Calamy's Diary. Extract cited by W. A. Mackinnon, esq., M.P., in his able and elegant work, History of Civilization, vol. i. pp. 201, 202.

had been confederate with some others to assassinate him, by shooting him in the back coming from Somerset-house.

The cruel treatment of the Protestants in France after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, had a prejudicial effect on the affairs of James II., by exciting a popular feeling of resentment against all members of the church of Rome whatsoever; "yet James greatly condemned the measure, as both unchristian and impolitic. He did more; he was very kind to the refugees,—he was liberal to many of them. He ordered a brief for a charitable collection for them all over the nation. The king also ordered them to be denizened without paying fees, and gave them great immunities; so that in all there came over, first and last, between forty and fifty thousand of them."[1]

In the latter end of June, the queen's maternal grandmother, madame de Martinozzi, died at Rome of the personal injuries she received by falling down stairs. Her property was inherited by her daughter, the duchess of Modena. This event, together with her own delicate state of health, might be the reason why Mary Beatrice appeared very little in public this summer. On the 18th of July, she went with the king to see the regiments that had lately returned from Holland exercised on Blackheath. She spent the rest of the summer and autumn at Windsor. In September the king made a progress to Winchester, Portsmouth, and Southampton, and took great pleasure in inspecting his shipping and naval fortifications. While at Winchester, the Roman-catholic sovereign and the Protestant bishop had very amicable conversations on the subject of modern miracles, and the bishop bestowed a fervent benediction on the king, for enacting that all the poor negro slaves in the British colonies should receive Christian baptism, in spite of the disgraceful opposition of the planters to this pious edict, which they feared would have the effect of emancipating their unfortunate victims.[2] Evelyn, who at-

[1] Such is the testimony of even Burnet, who, strange to say, does not attempt to attach any disqualifying motives to James's conduct. It is pleasant to be able to record some instances of liberal feeling and genuine benevolence in a prince, who is conventionally held up to reprobation.

[2] Evelyn's Diary.

tended the king on his progress, was certainly very favourably impressed by what he saw of him. He says, "I observed in this journey that infinite industry, *sedulity*, gravity, and great understanding and experience of affairs in his majesty, that I cannot but predict much happiness to the nation as to its political government; and if he so persist, there could be nothing more desired to accomplish our prosperity but that he was of the national religion."

The parliament met in November, and was alarmed by the royal proposition of a standing army, with dispensation from the test to the officers, instead of a militia. Liberal supplies of money the commons were willing to give to a sovereign who had shown himself deserving of full confidence in pecuniary matters, but as they would not encourage his project, he, with a haughty disregard to the financial benefit which he might have obtained by a more judicious policy, prorogued the parliament in anger after a session of only eleven days, and took the fatal resolution of acting independently of the representatives of his people. The return of Catharine Sedley about the same time gave the queen much uneasiness, and unable as she was to control her feelings, the pain she suffered was apparent to the whole court. The demons of party on either side watched the event with eager interest, and according to their own selfish views or bitter prejudices, attached themselves to the cause of the popish queen or the protestant mistress. Lord Rochester encouraged his wife to form an ostentatious alliance with Sedley, under the pretence that it was for the good of the church.[1] Sunderland and Petre as ostentatiously espoused the cause of the queen, though both were well aware that she loved them not. When James thought proper to create Sedley countess of Dorchester, the queen took it very grievously, so that when she dined in public, Evelyn, who stood near her on two successive days, says, "I observed she hardly ate one morsel, nor spoke one word to the king or to any about her, though, at other times, she used to be extremely pleasant, full of discourse and good humour."

[1] Lingard. Mackintosh. Evelyn. Clarendon Correspondence.

At last, unable to bear her mortification, Mary Beatrice fell sick, and took to her chamber; but remembering that, while she had youth, beauty, a good cause, the king's conscience, and all his priests on her side, she had no reason to despair, she determined, instead of abandoning herself to tears and sullen resentment, to make a vigorous effort to rid herself of her rival. Accordingly she summoned a special committee to her aid, and then sent for the king. When James entered his queen's chamber, he found assembled there her confessor and his own, with several other priests of high repute for sanctity, the members of his council who were of her party, and all the Catholic peers. The queen told him, "that she was determined to witness her own degradation and his disregard of the most sacred obligations no longer; either he must give up his mistress, or she would withdraw to a convent." When sobs choked her voice, his majesty was instantly assailed, like the tyrant in a Greek tragedy, by the united remonstrances of the chorus, whom his injured consort had provided to second her appeal. They represented her youth, her beauty, her conjugal devotion, her irreproachable virtue; and, falling on their knees, conjured him to put an end to a connexion injurious to such a consort, and inconsistent with his own religious profession.[1] James was taken by surprise. The remonstrances of his spiritual directors, the tears of the queen, and his fear of losing her, prevailed; he promised to dissolve the disgraceful tie. He sent his commands to the new countess to withdraw from Whitehall, and go abroad; but as she owed him neither duty nor respect, she defied him, declared "that she was a freeborn Englishwoman, and would live where she pleased," and added, "that if he wanted to remove her he must do it by force, and then she would appeal to the laws of the realm for protection:" she crowned all by calling herself "a protestant victim." James was compelled to pay the penalty of his guilt and folly by submitting to her vulgar insolence, and bribing her with the present of a large estate in Ireland to withdraw herself from his court for a time. She returned after a few months'

[1] Burnet Lingard. Mackintosh.

absence; but the queen, having succeeded in banishing her from the palace of Whitehall, bore her suspected wrongs, on all future occasions, in silence. Instead of giving way to tears and passionate upbraiding, she took the more dignified course of appearing unconscious even of her unworthy rival's existence.[1]

The profligate young duchess of Norfolk (lady Mary Mordaunt) was one of the women for whom king James had the ill taste to neglect his lovely and loving queen. He was extremely anxious to keep this disgraceful conduct from her knowledge, and for this purpose employed James Craggs, a cunning lacquey of the duchess, to manage the intrigue. Craggs secured a considerable sum of money from this affair, and, moreover, obtained preferment, which raised him from his servile degree, and in time he became an agent of the party which ruined James, and held office in William III.'s cabinet.

It was not till the beginning of the year 1686 that the royal act of grace was published for those who had been out in Monmouth's rebellion: there were many exceptions made, for Sunderland had reaped too rich a harvest in the sale of pardons to relinquish some further gleanings at the expense of his deluded sovereign's popularity. Twenty young ladies, out of the sixty pretty girls who had gone in procession to meet and welcome Monmouth at his entrance into Taunton, and presented him with colours, a Bible, and a naked sword, were excluded by name from this amnesty, being the daughters of the richest persons in the town. After a good deal of negotiation, in which the names of Sunderland, the proud duke of Somerset, and the philanthropic quaker, William Penn, are strangely mixed up with the queen's maids of honour, a fine, varying from five pounds to a hundred, was extorted from the parents of each of the girls who had figured in that procession. These unlucky damsels would have acted more consistently with their Christian profession if they had read the Bible quietly at home, instead of parading it for the purposes of sedition, with a drawn sword and the ensigns of

[1] Burnet. Barillon. Lingard. Mackintosh. Reresby.

rebellion. Alas! that woman's mission of peace and consolation should ever be so far mistaken. But what can be said of the disgraceful conduct of the maids of honour, if it be true, as we are gravely assured by Mackintosh, that the composition-money, wherewithal the exemption of the Taunton maidens from prosecution was purchased, was received by them?[1] That the maids of honour acted as intercessors with the queen to obtain her majesty's gracious mediation in behalf of the poor frightened girls is likely enough, but strong doubts may reasonably be entertained whether a pecuniary reward for such special pleading found its way into the pocket of any one but Sunderland's daughter, lady Anne Spencer, for whose benefit that avaricious and corrupt minister, in all probability, made the arrangement. The sum, about twelve hundred pounds, would not have been worth all the pains he took about it, if his daughter only got the sixth share. Be it as it may, however, there can be no reason to suppose that their majesties had any idea that the intercessions preferred to them by persons in the royal household were prompted by other feelings than those of compassion. Two of the maids of honour in the service of Mary Beatrice, and much beloved by her, were ladies of the most irreproachable virtue, members of the church of England, and alike distinguished for moral worth and literary attainments. One of those ladies, Anne Kingsmill, published a volume of elegant little poems, in which easy, graceful versification was combined with refinement and good feeling: she was celebrated by Pope under the name of Ardelia after she became countess of Winchelsea. The other, the accomplished Anne Killigrew, whom Dryden has immortalized in the well-known elegiac ode, beginning "Thou youngest virgin daughter of the skies," was also a poet, and an amateur artist of some reputation in that age. She painted the portraits of James and his queen soon after their accession to the throne, and both are said to have been good and expressive likenesses. She died of the smallpox the same year, in the flower of her age, and must have been an irre-

[1] Sir James Mackintosh's Posthumous History of the Revolution. Sunderland's letters in the State-Paper office. Lingard.

parable loss to her royal mistress, for she had been long and faithfully attached to her service, and greatly excelled in music, of which Mary Beatrice was passionately fond. Dryden, after noticing how successful the fair artist had been in her delineation of king James, thus describes her picture of Mary Beatrice:—

> "Our phœnix queen was portrayed, too, so bright,
> Beauty alone could beauty take so right;
> Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace
> Were all observed, as well as heavenly face.
> With such a peerless majesty she stands,
> As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands;
> Before a train of heroines was seen,
> In beauty foremost as in rank, the queen."

This portrait, if in existence, would be a most interesting relic, both of the queen and her maid of honour, the learned, fair, and good Anne Killigrew.

Among the chit-chat details of a contemporary, in a letter, April 6, 1686, are the following little notices connected with the court of Mary Beatrice: "I imagine your countess of Dorchester will speedily move hitherward, for her house is furnishing very fine for her in St. James's-square, and a seat taken for her in the new-consecrated St. Anne's church. . . . . New equipage, in great splendour, is everywhere to be seen, especially their majesties'. Her majesty is wonderfully glorious, in her own apparel."[1] James at this time, while pursuing with eager infatuation the dangerous and unconstitutional designs which led to his expulsion, recreated himself with hunting two or three times a-week, and appeared to take as much interest in the chase as if it were the master-passion of his soul. "His majesty to-day, God bless him!" proceeds our authority, "underwent the fatigue of a long fox-chase. I saw him and his followers return, as like drowned rats as ever appendixes to royalty did."[2] On the 3rd of May, James hunted the red deer near Chelmsford, with the duke of Albemarle, prince George of Denmark, and some of the lords of his court. After a long and obstinate chase, which lasted till evening, his majesty was in at the death, between Romford and Brentwood. He got a coach to

[1] Ellis Correspondence, edited by the hon. George Agar Ellis. [2] Ibid.

carry him on to Brentwood, where his own coach was, well pleased that he was in, and the lords thrown out. He went the same night to sup at Newhall. A table was prepared for his majesty, and others for the lords and gentlemen; but the king, acting in better taste, would have his fellow-hunters sup with him, and they sat down in good fellowship.[1] The next day he hunted another stag, which lay in Newhall-park, and a famous run they had. The gallant creature leaped the paling, swam the river, ran through Brampfield, Pleshie, and the Roothings, and was at last killed in Hatfield. No cockney hunter was James: the ditches were broad and deep, the hedges high, and the ways miry; but, like his ancestors in ballad, legend, and tale, he kept close to the dogs, outrode servants, guards, and courtiers, and was in at the death, most of the lords, and his noble host the duke of Albemarle, being thrown out, to his majesty's infinite delight. However, as his horse was spent, and his equipage and guards quite another way, and royalty in some need of a dinner, a special council was held, as soon as some of the foremost riders came up, to know what was best to be done. Lord Dartmouth advised to make for Copthall, the seat of the earl of Dorset, and sent a groom to apprize his lordship that his majesty would take family fare with him that day, it being on his direct road to London. Never did the announcement of a royal visit arrive at a more unseasonable juncture. The earl was dining out at Rockholts, with a large company of gentlemen. The countess and her mother were going to pay some visits in the neighbourhood, when the messenger met them by the way, stopped the coach, and announced the royal intent. Her ladyship being painfully cognizant of the fact that her cook and butler were gone to Waltham fair, would have excused herself from the inconvenient honour that was designed her in this climax of domestic distress, by saying that her lord and servants were out; but a second messenger following close on the heels of the first, she turned her coach and drove home, sending back the carriage to meet his majesty. Then, like a woman of spirit and good sense, instead of fretting after absent keys

[1] Auto-biography of sir John Bramston, edited by lord Braybrooke.

and servants, she, by the help of her maids, broke open locks and doors, and exerted her energies to such excellent purpose, that by the time the king arrived, had washed, and viewed the gardens and house, a very handsome collation was prepared for him. Extremely well pleased with the treat, his majesty set forth for London, and on the road met the earl of Dorset returning home from Rockholts. The earl alighted, and coming to the coach-door, bemoaned his ill fortune that he should not be in the way to receive that great honour, adding many apologies that things were not answerable to his desire. "Make no excuse, my lord," replied the king; "all was exceedingly well done, and very handsome."[1]

It is to be lamented that a prince, who had so much of the manly spirit of a true-born English king about him, should have forfeited the affections of his subjects by resigning his own better judgment into the hands of an incongruous junta of rash zealots and unprincipled traitors. The embassy to Rome gave offence, being contrary to the law of the land; the queen's name was associated with the unpopularity of the measure in a peculiar manner, as one of the objects was to solicit a cardinal's hat for her uncle Rinaldo d'Este, which was not obtained without very great difficulty, and most ungracious demurs on the part of the pope. James II. had little reason to show extra marks of respect to the head of his own church, for he had not a greater political foe than Innocent XI., who, as the creature of the emperor, had infinitely more regard for the prince of Orange than for him. To judge of the feelings of that pontiff from his secret correspondence with William, and the contempt with which he treated James's envoys and requests, one would suppose that monarch's darling scheme of liberty of conscience and universal toleration was to the full as displeasing to him, as to the English hierarchy and the presbytery of Scotland.

The arrival of the papal nuncio, Ferdinand count d'Adda, and the genuflections with which he was received by their majesties, gave infinite offence to protestant England. The pul-

[1] Auto-biography of sir John Bramston, edited by lord Braybrooke: published by the Camden Society.

pits resounded with louder notes of alarm than before. The king took umbrage at certain personalities, and enjoined preachers to confine their exhortations to themes of Christian holiness, or denunciations against sin. The church vindicated its independence, and James rashly involved himself in an open quarrel with Compton, bishop of London, his old adversary.[1]

The king and queen came to Windsor earlier than they at first intended, in consequence of the unexpected accouchement of the princess Anne, who had left London on the 12th of May in preparation for that event, which was not anticipated so early; but she was brought to bed, two hours after her arrival, of a fine girl. Six weeks afterwards, James invited the queen, the queen-dowager, and his daughter Anne to see a grand review of his troops, horse, foot, and artillery, on Hounslow-heath, and to dine in his pavilion. A gallery was made for the accommodation of the two queens and their ladies to behold the spectacle. All the cannon, twenty-eight in number, were fired. The king led the army till he passed the queens, then dismounted, and the lord Feversham marched before them. After this display, which was the grandest of the kind ever known, his majesty entertained the royal ladies and their noble attendants with a sumptuous banquet in his pavilion, and there was great feasting in every tent. James, calculating on the affection of the English for pageants, thought of putting all his subjects in good humour by spectacles of this kind, but assurances had been successfully disseminated among them, that this mighty army of fifteen thousand men, with their twenty-eight pieces of artillery, was intended for the subversion of the Protestant religion. Every military display was therefore beheld with jealousy and alarm. The queen came from Windsor to the camp on Hounslow-heath on the 27th of July, when his majesty, as a piece of gallantry, made his 4,000 horse march, at two in the morning, into Staines' meadow, and attend the queen from thence to the heath, where she dined with lord Arran.[2] The cele-

[1] Echard. Mackintosh. Lingard. Journal of King James.

[2] Ellis's Correspondence.

bration of the mass in lord Dumbarton's tent gave great offence to the public.

Mary Beatrice spent the summer at Windsor with the king, whom she also accompanied on a little progress towards the west of England. They returned to Whitehall in October, which, in that reign, was the grand court season, both their majesties' birthdays occurring in that month. Dr. Cartwright was presented to the queen in her bedchamber, on his preferment to the bishopric of Chester. When chaplain to Charles II., he had performed some good offices for her and her lord, it should seem, of which she retained a grateful recollection; for when she gave him her hand to kiss, she told him "that neither she nor the king could ever forget the services he had rendered them before they came to the throne, nor should he ever want a friend as long as she lived." On another occasion this prelate says, "I was at the king's levee, and as his majesty brought the queen in to dinner, she was graciously pleased to offer me her hand to kiss."[1] James and his queen dined early in the day, and the king went to council in the afternoon. Great improvements were made in the royal apartments at Whitehall; the queen's state chamber was rebuilt, and sumptuously furnished and decorated: the embroidery of her bed cost 3,000*l.*[2] The prudent economy of the king in the management of his private income, enabled his consort to indulge her taste without culpability in matters which afforded employment to her own sex, and encouraged ornamental artificers. The finances of the kingdom were in a flourishing state, so much so, that it was feared that the king would become independent of the nation, from having no need to apply to a parliament for supplies. This prosperity was, however, unsubstantial, for the king was at variance with the church, and there was no sympathy between him and his people. On Christmas eve, the new Roman-catholic chapel, which James had built for himself and his queen, was opened for the solemnization of the midnight mass. The royal closet was splendidly adorned with painting and gilding, and the thrones on which their majesties sat were, according to Evelyn,

[1] Bishop Cartwright's Diary; published by the Camden Society. [2] Evelyn.

"very glorious;" but all this pomp was regarded as contrary to the simplicity of the primitive Christian worship, and gave great offence.

The beautiful imitations of natural flowers in wax, which have lately afforded an attractive exercise for the taste and ingenuity of many of our youthful countrywomen, were originally introduced into England by the mother of Mary Beatrice as a present to her royal daughter, as we find by the following passage in a contemporary letter[1] from a correspondent of the lady Margaret Russell, which gives some information relative to the ornamental works then in vogue among ladies of rank in the court of Mary Beatrice:—

"In gum-flowers, Mrs. Booth tells me 'you and she *is* to doe something in that work,' which, I suppose, must be extraordinary. I hope it will be as great perfection as the fine wax-work y^e^ queen has of nuns' work of fruit and flowers, that her mother did put up for her; and now she has 'em both for her chapel and her rooms. I do not know whether they be the four Seasons of the year; but they say they are done so well, that they that see 'em can hardly think 'em other than the real."

The queen does not appear to have made any personal attempts at proselytism in her own household. She was beloved by her Protestant ladies, several of whom followed her into exile. Sunderland was one of the few persons who adopted the creed of royalty; but it was the cloak of his treachery, the serpent-like wile whereby he crept into the bosom of his unfortunate master, and obtained the power of effecting his ruin. On the New-year's day, 1687, that noble work of art, Gibbon's statue of James II., in a Roman habit, was placed in the great court of Whitehall, before the new-built chapel. It was a tribute of grateful and loyal affection from an old and faithful domestic, Tobias Rustat,[2] who had served the royal brothers, Charles and James, as page of the backstairs, and devoted a portion of the money he had acquired in their service to this purpose. Honest Toby Rustat was a man of a differently constituted mind from some of the

[1] In the collection of private family letters of the duke of Devonshire at Chiswick-lodge, inedited; copied by courteous permission of his grace.

[2] Tobias Rustat had previously had a statue of Charles II. executed by the same artist at his expense. His private and public charities were most munificent; witness the scholarships which he founded at Jesus' college, for the orphan sons of the clergy.

more celebrated characters on whom James showered his favours.

Many persons attributed the disgrace of the earl of Rochester to the displeasure the queen had conceived at his having brought lady Dorchester again on the scene, for the purpose of countermining her conjugal influence. Yet, when lady Rochester, whom her majesty had once honoured with her friendship, wrote to her in her dying illness expressing an earnest desire to see her, Mary Beatrice overlooked all the provocations she had given her by her offensive parade of intimacy with king James's paramour, and came to visit her in her sick chamber, and remained two hours with her.[1] "Lady Rochester, says Burnet, took the opportunity of insinuating the possibility of her lord becoming a convert to the court religion, and that this was the origin of the memorable controversy for his conversion, which ended in confirming his adherence to the church of England." When Rochester reluctantly resigned the treasurer's staff, Sunderland eagerly coveted that lucrative office; but the king was too careful in the management of his revenue, to trust a man with the nation's purse who never could keep a penny in his own: it would have been well for James if he had been as wary in other matters. He considered the office of lord treasurer too responsible for any one person to hold, and put it into commission. Sunderland flattered himself that he could render the queen instrumental in procuring for him the object of his ambition; he told her, "that father Petre advised him to think of being treasurer, and that her majesty could easily persuade the king to it." Mary Beatrice understood her duty as a queen-consort of Great Britain too well to give any sign of encouragement in reply; Sunderland then assured her "that it was not a plan of his suggestion, for he was very well contented as he was." Her majesty prudently freed herself from further importunity by affecting to believe this deceitful protestation, and said, "she was glad he was of that mind, for after the king's declaration in council, she could not presume to make any attempts to shake his majesty's resolu-

[1] Clarendon Correspondence.

tion."[1] Sunderland never forgave his disappointment. Great pains have been taken to impute the impolitic councils which embroiled James with the church to his consort; nothing can be more unjust. James himself testifies that they were contrary to the advice of the queen. When Sunderland had obtained the ascendancy in the cabinet, he persuaded the king to the unpopular act of making father Petre a privy councillor: but as soon as the queen heard what was designed, she earnestly begged the king not to do it, telling him "that it would give great scandal, not only to Protestants, but to thinking Catholics, as contrary to their rule."[2] Sunderland's influence prevailed, and her majesty was wont to use a homely Italian proverb, signifying that the minister overbore her, and carried the measure in her despite.[3] In her conversations with the nuns of Chaillot, Mary Beatrice said "she never liked Petre; that his violent counsels did the king much harm, and she believed he was a bad man."

The king paid more than usual personal attention to the queen in the spring of 1687. When he went to visit his camp at Hounslow, he generally brought her from Windsor, or Whitehall, to Richmond-palace, where he left her, and returned to her in the evening. She was fond of that palace and neighbourhood, and found the soft air beneficial to a hectic cough which sometimes harassed her. When she felt disposed to spend a few days quietly at Richmond, the king arranged his hunting-parties in that neighbourhood, and made that palace his head-quarters.[4] He was playing a desperate game in ecclesiastical affairs, and had engaged himself in a dispute with both the universities by his ill-judged interference in their elections. The particulars of those transactions belong to the public history of James's reign; the name of his queen has happily never been mixed up with them.

Her majesty's physicians had unanimously recommended their royal mistress to take a course of the Bath waters this year. It was settled that she should go there early in the

[1] Memoirs of James II. Lingard. Lonsdale.
[2] King James's Loose Sheets, edited by Clarke. Ditto Journal, in Macpherson
[3] Impartial View of Burnet's History. [4] Ellis Correspondence.

season, but her journey was delayed for the pompous public reception of the nuncio d'Adda, after his consecration in the king's chapel at Whitehall-palace as archbishop of Amasia. In the evening he appeared, in full *pontificalibus*, in the queen's apartment. Both king and queen arose from their thrones, and knelt at his feet to receive his pastoral benediction,—a display that was in bad taste. James observing tokens of disapprobation in the circle, reminded his court "that he and her majesty knelt, not to the pope's nuncio, but to the archbishop." When the public reception of d'Adda took place at Windsor, the duke of Somerset, who was first lord of the bedchamber, refused to introduce him, telling the king it was against the law. "Do you not know that I am above the law?" said the king. "But I am not," rejoined the duke.[1] The ceremony was performed by the duke of Grafton: Somerset lost his place, and the command of his regiment. James had little reason to violate public prejudices and create personal enemies by showing impolitic marks of respect to the papal envoy, whose real business in England was to detach him from the league with Louis XIV.; or, in case he remained obstinately fixed in that alliance, to assist the confederacy that was plotting to deprive him of his throne.[2]

This summer the queen was plunged into the deepest affliction by the loss of her mother, the duchess of Modena, who died at Rome, July 19th. No common affection had united these princesses. The duchess was the only parent whom Mary Beatrice had ever known, and the early ties of natural love had been strengthened by renewed intercourse in riper years. They had passed some time together in Brussels, and afterwards in England. A close and endearing correspondence had always been kept up between them, and the now childless queen felt the bereavement of her mother as one of the greatest sorrows that had befallen her. A court mourning for the duchess of Modena commenced on the 31st of July, and it was ordered to be for the same dura-

[1] Mackintosh. Lonsdale. Burnet, &c.

[2] Smith's History of England, vol. ii. p. 342. James himself admits that he had great cause of complaint against d'Adda's political conduct.

tion as that which had been worn in the last reign for the queen of Portugal, the mother of Catharine of Braganza. The political intrigues of Dyckvelt, the Dutch ambassador, had led to an ominous coolness between king James and his son-in-law of Orange; but the queen had wisely kept up a friendly correspondence with both William and Mary, and instead of sending a ceremonial announcement of her mother's death, she endeavoured to bespeak William's sympathy by the natural expression of her grief and confidence in the affection, that might be expected between persons so dearly connected by relative ties as they were.

QUEEN MARY BEATRICE TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.[1]

"The friendship you have showed me on all occasions, and the part that I have always flattered myself you took in my concerns, make me hope I may have a share of your compassion in the great grief I now lie under for the death of the duchess of Modena, my mother, in which nothing can comfort me but the hopes I have of her happiness in the other world. Next to this, I find it ease in my affliction to have the pity of one's friends, which makes me hope for yours at this time; assuring you that, in what condition soever I am, I shall always be, with all sincerity,

"Truly yours,

"M. R."

This frank letter had the effect, which doubtless the royal writer intended, of renewing the suspended intercourse between the courts of Whitehall and the Hague; but it was in an evil hour for the house of Stuart,[2] since an open enemy is at all times less dangerous than a pretended friend. The letters and messages of condolence from the prince of Orange on her late loss, appear to have given Mary Beatrice great satisfaction, if we may judge by the affectionate tone of her reply:—

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix.

[2] The prince of Orange sent his messages of condolence by a person who proved one of the most active instruments in the long-projected revolution. This was count Zulestein, an illegitimate brother of his father, a gay and elegant soldier, who combined, with a person and manners universally popular with the ladies, a degree of long-sighted sagacity and political acumen scarcely inferior to his celebrated ancestors, those men of mighty intellect, William the Liberator, William the Silent, and Maurice the Subtle. The letters of that period show that the clever but perfidious Zulestein plunged daringly into all the plots for the deposition of the royal family, with whom he had come to condole. Strange it was that William of Orange left evidences, not only of the cruel and disgusting treachery he and his agents used in this case, but in his box of letters, found after his death at Kensington, the irrefragable proofs of the kindly intercourse of his betrayed relatives with him and his wife, and at the same time of the intrigues of his agents with the English nobility, are extant in undoubted autographs.

"Bath, August 21, 1687.

"I have so many thanks to return to you for the part which M. Zulestein has assured me you take in my just grief for the loss of my mother, and for sending him to assure me of it, that I know not where to begin, nor how to express to you the sense I have of it. I hope you are so just to me as to believe it much greater than I can make it appear on this paper. I have desired this bearer to help me persuade you of this, and to assure you that I do desire above all things the continuance of your friendship, which I cannot but think I do deserve a little, by being, with all the sincerity and affection imaginable, "Truly yours,

"M. R."[1]

The king, who had accompanied his consort to Bath on the 16th of August, left her there the same day she penned the above letter, and proceeded on his Welsh progress. While at Bath, the queen was under the care of the celebrated Robert Chapman, an eminent medical practitioner, and alderman of that city. His eldest daughter, Mrs. Mary Chapman, had the honour of attending on her majesty during her course of bathing, it being then the custom for the daughters of respectable citizens to wait on ladies of high rank when they used the waters.[2] Robert Chapman was one of the wealthiest and most learned men in Bath, and was distinguished by king James by many favours, as a reward for the care he took of the queen. He was also eminent for his loyalty and literary attainments, and it is much to be regretted that his manuscript history of his own times, entitled Bath Memoirs, has mysteriously disappeared,[3] since his records of his royal patient might have been of great value to her biographer. But every memorial of that much-calumniated princess of a favourable nature was, of course, sedulously destroyed after the Revolution. The agreeable impression made by the consort of James the Second during her residence in Bath, rendered that town for nearly a century one of the head-quarters of Jacobitism. The bath used by this queen goes by the name of 'the Cross bath,' in consequence of having been ornamented by the earl of Melfort with a cross of pure white marble, with the sculptured device of the Angel agitating the waters of Bethesda, intended

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix.

[2] Warner's History of Bath. Ward's History of Bath.

[3] Robert Chapman's Bath Memoirs were in existence when Ward compiled his work.

as a memorial of the beneficial effects on her majesty's constitution which resulted from her course of bathing.[1] On the 6th of September, James rejoined his consort at Bath. He found her in greatly improved health; she had taken the waters, and used the hot mineral bath with great success as regarded her bodily health. The royal pair received an invitation from the magistrates of Bristol to visit that city, where they were received with the accustomed honours, and had a splendid entertainment provided for them and their retinue at Mr. Lane's great house. They returned to Bath the same evening.[2]

It was at this period that James received a solemn warning of the project of his son-in-law, the prince of Orange, to deprive him of his crown, and of his treacherous practices with many of his servants. Louis XIV. having sent an especial envoy, Bonrepaux, to give him intelligence of what was going on, Bonrepaux found James with his queen at Bath, and endeavoured to prevail on him to enter into a secret treaty with Louis for his own defence; but nothing could persuade him to believe that William was capable of the conduct alleged, and he declared his intention of keeping the treaty of Nimeguen inviolate.[3] After passing a few days with Mary Beatrice, James left her at Bath, and proceeded to London for the dispatch of business. From thence he went to Windsor, where the queen joined him on the 6th of October, and they returned to Whitehall together on the 11th. The king's birthday was kept with great splendour. As James led his consort into the supper-room, he made her give her hand to be kissed by his favourite prelate, Cartwright bishop of Chester. Their majesties were both invited by the city of London to dine at the lord mayor's feast at Guildhall: the invitation was also extended to the papal nuncio, who not only went, but was well received.

[1] The cross and inscription commemorative of the birth of the unfortunate prince whom Mary Beatrice bore nine months after her visit to Bath, were removed after the Revolution; but 'the Cross bath' retained the name and celebrity it had acquired from that circumstance, and was much used by ladies desirous of becoming mothers. [2] Town-council Records of Bristol.

[3] MS. Bibliothèque du Roi, on Bonrepaux's mission, 1687.

By the end of November, it began to be whispered about the court, that there was a prospect of the queen becoming a mother once more. Excessive excitement was caused by the rumour, the truth of which was angrily impugned by one party, and hailed by the other with extravagant joy. The circumstance was too important to be permitted to remain long in doubt. James mentions the situation of his consort in a friendly letter to his daughter Mary, dated November the 29th, and notices that the queen had informed her of it previously.[1] The fact was announced by royal proclamation, and in the Gazette of the 23rd of December, with an order for a day of general thanksgiving. James appears to have been determined to obtain the benefit of the prayers of the church of England for the fruition of his hopes, at as early a period as was consistent with propriety. He commanded the bishops to prepare a suitable form of prayer and thanskgiving for the occasion, to be read in all the churches in and for ten miles round the metropolis on Sunday, January the 15th, and in every church throughout England on the 29th of that month. Nothing was said implying hopes of *male* issue, as was afterwards pretended, but simply "that the queen might become a joyful mother of children; that God would command his holy angels to watch over her, and defend her from all dangers and evil accidents; that the king might behold his children's children, and peace upon Israel; and that his gracious consort, queen Mary, might be as a fruitful vine upon the walls of his house, and his children like the olive branches round about his table." A petition was added, "that the whole of the royal family might be increased and multiplied,"—a prayer intended for the benefit of the three childless heirs-presumptive of the realm, Mary, Anne, and William. Mary had never borne a child, and Anne had been as unfortunate as her royal stepmother in the loss of all her infants. The next persons in the succession were the two daughters of the king's youngest sister, Henrietta duchess of Orleans, both Catholics, and it was by no means a desirable contingency that the crown

[1] Inedited letters of James II.; Brit. Mus.

should devolve on either of these foreign princesses, the eldest of whom was married to the king of Spain, the youngest to the duke of Savoy. Under these circumstances, the prospect of the queen bringing a male heir to the crown might have been regarded as a most auspicious event, had there been any hope of his being educated in the national faith. To the daughters of James II. and their consorts, such a contingency was a matter of painful consideration. They regarded the crown as their natural inheritance, and they determined not to relinquish the influence they already held in the realm as the heirs presumptive and reversionary. The exultation of the king, and the confident predictions of the Catholic party that the royal infant would be a prince, were retorted by a series of the coarsest and most revolting lampoons, tending to throw injurious doubts on the alleged situation of the queen.[1]

It is stated by one of the contemporary Bath physicians, that the queen had been persuaded to her late visit to Bath by one of the married ladies of her household, who, after several years of unfruitful wedlock, had recently presented her lord with a son and heir, which she attributed to the use of those waters. It would have been well for Mary Beatrice if, when the like result followed her pursuing a similar course, she had allowed it to be assigned to the same cause; but, unluckily, the duchess of Modena had before her death visited the shrine of Loretto with vows and offerings to the Virgin Mary, praying that through her intercession her majesty of England might have a son. King James, not to be behindhand, had also made a pilgrimage, in the course of his Welsh progress, to the holy well of the British virgin-martyr St. Winifred, and swallowed a draught of the miracle-working water, with a prayer for the same object. All the zealous persons of his own religion in the realm had long united in the like petition, but there could be no reason to regard the accomplishment of this desire as any thing marvellous, for the queen was still in the prime of life, and had borne several children, one of whom, the princess Isabella, had lived to be

[1] Journal of James II. Dalrymple. Mackintosh. Ellis Correspondence. Reresby.

five years old. Yet, when there was cause to believe that her majesty was likely to become the mother of a fifth child, a most absurd stress was laid on the coincidence of that circumstance with the Loretto and Winifred-well pilgrimages. It might be imagined, that the want of judgment on the part of their majesties, in attributing the present prospect of an heir to the miraculous intercessions of their favourite saints, had provoked the incredulous to a suspicion that some imposition was meditated, if the stories that were now circulated by their enemies had not been a mere revival of the malicious libels that were invented some years before, for the purpose of stigmatizing the birth of the last child of Mary Beatrice in the event of its proving a son. Though a son was eagerly anticipated and desired, attempts were made by the Catholic party to provide for the contingency of a girl, by insinuations that the daughter of a king and queen,—that is to say, a princess born after James's accession to the throne,—would have a better claim to the succession than his daughters by Anne Hyde.[1] The announcement of the queen's situation was greeted with a burst of national joy in Scotland, where it was fondly hoped that the line of their ancient monarchs might be continued by the birth of a prince. The day appointed for the thanksgiving was kept as a general holiday, attended with ringing of bells and bonfires. The ever-loyal episcopalian party expressed peculiar pleasure; and Dr. Paterson, archbishop of Glasgow, in his sermon on the occasion, went so far as to say, "that her majesty had obtained this blessing from Heaven for her piety, being ofttimes six hours on her knees at prayers."—"A great lie," observes sir John Lauder of Fountainhall, by whom this foolish assertion is indignantly recorded in his diary, "she being too much taken up with court affairs to have so long time for private devotions."[2]

The situation of the queen encouraged James to pursue his plans with redoubled energy for the abrogation of the penal laws. Of the cruelty and injustice of those statutes, no one who reads the civil and ecclesiastical annals of the

[1] Echard. [2] Historic Observes.

three kingdoms can pretend to doubt. James, who, to use his own words, "had learned the great lesson of religious toleration in the school of persecution," was ambitious of being the first British monarch who should proclaim to his people the precious boon of liberty of conscience,—a boon more glorious than all the boasted privileges which were wrung from the tyrant John by the steel-clad champions of freedom at Runnymede. In the preceding spring, James had declared in council "that four of his predecessors having attempted in vain to establish a general conformity of worship, the penal laws against dissenters having only led to rebellions and bloodshed, he was convinced that nothing could conduce more to the peace and quiet of the kingdom and the increase of trade than an entire liberty of conscience; it having," he said, "always been his opinion, as most suitable to the principles of Christianity, that no man should be persecuted for conscience' sake, which he thought was not to be forced, and that it never could be to the interest of a king of England to do it."[1] He then directed his attorney and solicitor-general not to suffer any process in his name to be issued against any dissenter whatsoever. In this proffered charter of religious freedom, the last of the Stuart kings anticipated the enlightened policy which has gradually, but very cautiously, actuated British sovereigns and statesmen of the nineteenth century. Unfortunately for James II., the course of Christian civilization was not sufficiently advanced in that day to admit of a legislative act of Christian charity. The king forgot that he was a mere feather on the stream working against the strong tide of popular opinion, and in a fatal hour attempted to carry a noble object by unconstitutional means. The declaration of liberty of conscience was not so gratefully accepted in Scotland as the sufferings of the presbyterian party had led the king to imagine it would be. They were offended with being included in the same act which proclaimed freedom of worship to papists, to anabaptists, and to quakers.

The confidential intimacy that subsisted between the king

[1] James II.'s speech in council; Life, vol. ii.

and William Penn, the philanthropic quaker, was regarded with scarcely less hostility than the influence of father Petre and the Jesuits. It was, after all, James's greatest glory that his name should have been associated with that of the benignant founder of the Utopia of the new world, Pennsylvania. That the royal admiral, with his passion for naval glory, stately ideas of "the divinity that hedges in a king," and all the hot zeal of a convert to Romanism about him, could enter with sympathy and delight into the enlightened views of that pure-minded Christian philosopher, William Penn, is an interesting fact, and not less strange than true. James once condescended to use a playful reproof to the peculiarity of the quaker, who, the first time he entered his presence after he became king, did so with his hat on. James immediately took off his own. "Friend James," said Penn, "why dost thou uncover thy head?"—"Because," replied his majesty, with a smile, "it is the fashion here for only one man to wear his hat." Penn was sent by James on a private mission to the Hague, for the purpose of persuading the prince of Orange to consent to the abolition of the penal laws. The eloquence of the man of peace and Christian philanthropy, who anticipated the fulfilment of the prophecy relating to the millenary reign of Christ in the establishment of perfect fellowship and brotherly love among all who confessed His name on earth, sounded less pleasantly to the military stadtholder than the inflammatory language of Burnet and other priestly agitators, who taught him how to make a political creed the master-key to the kingdoms of this world. William refused to concur in the removal of any statute that was not formally repealed by parliament. James further committed himself by an indirect application, through Stuart, a Scotch refugee at the Hague, to William's minister, Fagel, for the purpose of winning his daughter Mary to second his wishes. He not only got a dry refusal from the princess, but the mortification of seeing their correspondence published by William.[1]

Mary Beatrice, who rarely took any part in politics, had vainly represented to her consort the folly of his proceeding,

[1] Eehard. Lingard. Mackintosh. Dalrymple.

which arose from a miscalculation of his paternal influence.[1] "The queen," says father Petre, "as well as myself, was of opinion against the sending any such letter to the Hague upon this subject, but rather some person able to discourse and to persuade should have been sent thither; for all such letters, when they are not grateful, produce bad effects. That which is spoken face to face is not so easily divulged, nor any thing discovered to the vulgar but what we have a mind the people should know."[2] After some allusions to the queen's situation and the ribald lampoons that were in circulation, one of which had been found affixed to a pillar of a church, the jesuit statesman adds, "you will agree with me, most reverend father, that we have done a great thing by introducing Mrs. Collier to the queen. This woman is wholly devoted to our society, and zealous for the Catholic religion." This Mrs. Collier, from whom such great things were expected, is rather a mysterious personage; her name has never been mentioned in connexion with any of the complicated intrigues of the period, neither does it occur in the list of the queen's attendants, or the nursery establishment of the prince. Probably her majesty had sufficient penetration to discover that Mrs. Collier was a dangerous *intriguante*, and got rid of her. The situation of her majesty is mentioned in a friendly manner by the widow of lord William Russell, in one of her confidential letters, dated February 10th, with this remark: "The queen goes on prosperously."[3]

Mary Beatrice was now so happy in the undivided possession of the king's affections, that she was willing to forgive those who had endeavoured to injure her by encouraging him in his guilty attentions to her rival, and raising a party in favour of that bad woman. Convinced that she had no longer cause to dread either her or her friends, her majesty took the first opportunity of showing the earl of Clarendon that she was not only willing to overlook all past causes of displeasure, but ready to render him any service in her

[1] Inedited letter of father Petre to père la Chaise, purchased at the sale of the Strawberry-hill collection by the lady Petre, by whom the document was kindly communicated to me.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Letters of lady Russell, from the Woburn collection.

power. "In the afternoon, March 8th," he says, "I waited on the queen, upon an intimation given that she wondered she had not seen me a great while, for I had not been with her for some months. Her majesty was very gracious to me, and asked me, 'Why I did not come more to court?' I told her, 'I did some time wait on the king at his levee; but having nothing to do at court, I thought it not needful to be as often there as I had been formerly.' She said, 'I was to blame; that she knew the king would be kind to me, and that she would often put him in mind of me; and said that she expected to see me often.' She then asked me 'if my pension were well paid?' I told her 'yes.' The king came into the room from hunting, and so I came away."[1] Clarendon was at that time involved in a sea of trouble, in consequence of the queen-dowager's suit against him for arrears in his accounts.[2] The amiable behaviour of the reigning queen was therefore of some comfort to him. The secret correspondence of James's treacherous favourites, his discarded ministers and disaffected nobles, with the court of Orange, unveils to the dispassionate documentary historian an extensive confederacy, with the princess Anne at the head of it,[3] for the purpose of branding the child, whose birth was so eagerly anticipated by the king and queen, as spurious in case it should prove a boy. It was from this confederacy that all the disgusting lampoons and incendiary pamphlets on that subject emanated. As early as the spring of 1686 the princess Anne had betrayed to the acute observation of the French envoy, Bonrepaux, that ambition and hatred to the queen were the master-passions of her soul.[4] In what manner had Mary Beatrice provoked her ill-will? the reader naturally inquires. But Anne has never brought a specific charge against her royal step-mother, with whom she had lived in perfect amity from her tenth year up to the period of king James's accession to the throne.

[1] Diary of Henry, Earl of Clarendon. Clarendon Correspondence, vol. iii.; edited by Singer.

[2] See vol. v.: Life of Catharine of Braganza.

[3] See the proofs in Dalrymple's Appendix, vol. ii., and in the British Museum MSS.

[4] Letter from Bonrepaux to Seignelai.

The following passage from one of Anne's private confidential letters to her sister Mary, is rather indicative of the evil passions of the writer, than the bad qualities of the object of her vituperation: "The queen, you must know, is of a very proud and haughty temper, and though she pretends to hate all form and ceremony, yet one sees that those who make their court that way are very well thought of. She declares always that she loves sincerity and hates flattery; but when the grossest flattery in the world is said to her face, she seems extremely well pleased with it. It really is enough to turn one's stomach to hear what things are said to her of that kind, and to see how mightily she is satisfied with it."[1] Some women there are whose minds are unfortunately so constituted, that they cannot endure to see attention offered to another. The adulation and homage paid to her beautiful step-mother, who was about five years older than herself, appears to have been the exciting cause of Anne's ill-will against her,—so true is the observation of the wisest of men, "Anger is fierce, and jealousy is cruel; but who can stand against envy?" That no want of courtesy, or even of affection, had been manifested by the consort of James II. towards his daughter, may be perceived by Anne's concluding remark: "She [the queen] pretends to have a deal of kindness for me; but I doubt it is not real, for I never see any proofs of it, but rather the contrary."[2] Surely, if the queen had ever committed herself by word or deed, so as to furnish any tenable charge of complaint, Anne would have instanced it in support of her last assertion. The hatred of the princess Anne towards Mary Beatrice was of too deadly a nature to evaporate in useless invectives. She took infinite pains to persuade her sister, the princess of Orange, that a plot was in progress to deprive them of their rights in the succession, by the imposition of a spurious prince of Wales on the nation. She complained, in the coarsest language, to her sister and the earl of Clarendon, "that the queen would not permit her to touch her, and that her majesty always went into another room to change her dress."[3] Anne, all this while, kept up a

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix. [2] Ibid. [3] See her letters in Dalrymple's Appendix.

show of duty to her father and kindness to the queen; she was frequently at her majesty's toilet, and performed the service as usual, which the etiquette of those times prescribed, of assisting to put on her majesty's chemise.[1] The queen was taken alarmingly ill at the end of seven months, while the king was gone to Chatham, and her apprehensions of death were so great, that she wrote to the king to come immediately to her, and also sent for her confessor. "Every body flocking about her, the princess failed not to be there too, and appeared so easy and kind, that nothing could equal it; talked of the queen's condition with mighty concern, and was wanting in no manner of respect and care."[2] The indisposition of his consort, who had now become an object of the tenderest regard and most watchful solicitude to the king, is thus mentioned by that monarch, in the following friendly letter to his son-in-law of Orange:—

"Whitehall, May 11, 1688.

"My going to Chatham on Tuesday last hindered me from writing to you by that day's post, to let you know I had received yours of the 11th. I found my ships and stores in very good condition, and chose one of my new three [third] rates to be fitted out, to carry the queen-dowager when she goes to Portugal. I came back hither yesterday morning, and found that my queen had not been well, and was in some fears of coming before her time; but, God be thanked, she was very well all day yesterday, and continues so now, so that I hope she will go out her full time. The weather is now very seasonable, and there is like to be a great store of fruit this year. I have no more to say, *but that you shall find me as kind to you as you can expect.*

"JAMES, R."

"For my son, the Prince of Orange."

A week later, the queen herself wrote this little billet to William, in the same easy familiar style which marks her occasional correspondence with him:—

"May 19, 1688.

"I am so ashamed to have been so long without answering your obliging letter, that I know not what to say for myself. I well believe you know me too well to suspect it want of kindness, and therefore I hope you will think it, as it was, want of time, or at the worst a little laziness, which being confessed, will, I hope, be excused; for else I did long to return you a thousand thanks, as I do now, for your kind wishes, which I hope you will continue, and believe that I am, with all sincerity,

"Truly yours,

"M. R."

During the whole of the month of May, the queen's health was in a precarious state; she was bled, in consequence of

[1] Life of James, compiled from his own private papers, by the rev. S. Clark, historiographer to George IV.

[2] Ibid.

feverish symptoms, as late as the 29th. Some anxiety must have been on her spirit, in consequence of the cruel reports that were poisoning the public mind against her at that period, when she was looking forward with trembling hope and natural dread to the hour of woman's peril. Mary Beatrice has been accused of unbecoming haughtiness, in treating the injurious rumours that were in circulation with silent contempt. As a delicate woman she could do no otherwise; as a queen, she appears to have acted with great prudence, and to have done every thing necessary to convince the great ladies of the court and the princess Anne of the reality of her alleged situation. It was her original intention to lie-in at Windsor, but she made a very proper concession to public opinion when she gave up that arrangement, and determined to await her accouchement in the metropolis, where the witnesses requisite for the verification of the birth of the royal infant might be got together at a hasty summons, which could scarcely be the case at Windsor, or even Hampton-Court. Her enemies have, with a strange obliquity of reasoning, construed this convincing proof of her willingness to afford full satisfaction to every one interested, into a presumption of her guilt. Her change of purpose was not so sudden as those who tried to make out a story against Mary Beatrice pretend. In a letter, dated as early as April 6th, lady Russell, the widow of lord William Russell, says, "They speak as if the queen's going to Windsor began to be doubtful."[1]—"The great bustle," says the princess Anne, "that was made about her lying-in at Windsor, and then resolving all of a sudden to go to St. James's, which is much the properest place to act such a cheat in."[2] Can any one believe, that if Anne did suspect a cheat she would have shown so little regard to her own interest as to have invented a pretext for going to Bath, instead of remaining on the spot to expose it? But the queen had given her indubitable proofs that she was about to become a mother, and Anne purposely went out of the way that she might not be a witness of the birth of a brother,

[1] Letters of lady Russell, from the Woburn collection, p. 177. Ibid., p. 147.

[2] See Anne's letters in Dalrymple's Appendix, and the originals in Brit. Mus.

whose rights she intended to dispute; whilst in case the expected infant proved a girl, she would escape a disagreeable duty by her absence. Anne came to take leave of the queen before she went to Bath, and they conversed together in a friendly and confidential manner.

The queen always expressed herself as doubtful, whether her confinement would take place in June or July. The princess Anne said to her, "Madam, I think you will be brought to bed before I return,"[1] giving, at the same time, a reason for her opinion, of which she was afterwards pointedly reminded by Mrs. Margaret Dawson, when she expressed a doubt whether the young prince were actually her brother. On the 2nd of June, the queen said "she would go to St. James's, and await the good hour."[2] It was there that all her other children had been born, and it was also the birthplace of the king her husband. The consorts of the Stuart kings had been accustomed to lie-in at that palace; and there was no precedent of any queen having been confined at Whitehall, which was obviously unfit for such a purpose, being very noisy, and open from morning till night to crowds of well-dressed people, who chose to make it a lounge. It was, besides, a great public office, where all the business of the nation was transacted, and the queen's apartments fronted the river. Mary Beatrice never liked Whitehall. She said of it, "Whitehall was one of the largest and most uncomfortable houses in the world." Her heart always clung to her first English home, which had been endeared to her by those tender recollections that regal pomp had never been able to efface. King James, in a letter to his daughter Mary, thus announces the intended removal of himself and his queen to St. James's-palace:—

"Whitehall, June 8, 1688.

"The Q. and I intend to lie at St. James's to-morrow night, she intending to lie-in there."[3]

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[1] King James's Journal. [2] Burnet.

[3] Extracts from James II.'s letters.—Additional MSS., Brit. Mus.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Preparations for the confinement of the queen—Birth of a prince—Illness of the child—Reports of his death—Queen's rapid recovery—Gives audience to Zulestein in her chamber—Medal of the queen—Her letter to the pope—Attempts to bring the prince up by hand—His dangerous illness—Distress of the queen—Colonel Sands and lady Strickland—Malicious reports raised by Sands—The infant prince's nurse—Her simplicity—Prince recovers—His likeness to his parents—Queen's letter to the princess of Orange—Hostile preparations of William—Queen's birthday—Dark aspect of the times—Christening of the prince—Pope godfather—Queen's offering to the shrine of Loretto—Prince of Orange lands—King leaves London with the prince of Wales—Queen left alone at Whitehall—Perilous state of the king—Treachery and desertion of his officers—Princess Anne absconds—King returns to London—His apprehensions for his son—Preparations for the queen's departure—Her sorrowful parting from the king—Escapes from Whitehall with the prince—Crosses the Thames on a stormy night—Embarks at Gravesend—Stormy voyage—Lands at Calais—Sympathy of the governor—Her letter to Louis XIV.—Her anxiety touching the fate of her husband—Alarming rumours on that subject.

The birth of the second son of Mary Beatrice was destined to take place at the inauspicious period, when James had given irreparable offence to the nation by committing the archbishop of Canterbury and six bishops to the Tower.[1] This unprecedented act of folly was perpetrated on the 8th of June; the indignation it excited pervaded all ranks of the people, and extended even within the guarded region of the court. The queen was restless and anxious all the next day, and expressed an impatient desire for the completion of the

[1] The offence of the bishops was, having framed a petition to the king, praying to be excused from reading the declaration of liberty of conscience. This petition they presented to his majesty at ten o'clock on the evening of May 18th. James received them graciously at first, but took fire, very unreasonably, at the language in which the petition was couched, lost his temper, called it "a standard of

arrangements that were making for her accommodation in St. James's-palace. She sent several times, in the course of that day, to hurry the workmen there, and, on being told that it would be impossible for them to finish in time to put her bed up that night, she gave way to petulance, and said, "I mean to lie at St. James's to-night, if I lie on the boards."

Kings and queens are, of course, liable to the same infirmities of temper as their subjects, but it behoves them to impose a stricter restraint on their natural emotions, surrounded as they are, at all times, by watchful observers, if not, as was the case with James II. and his consort, by invidious spies and traitors. It was by no means wonderful, however, that Mary Beatrice, under these circumstances, should be desirous of escaping from the political excitement and publicity of Whitehall to her old familiar palace, where she had formerly tasted some of the comforts and repose of domestic life. It was not till a late hour on the Saturday night that the arrangements there were completed. When this was announced to her majesty, she was engaged at cards. The solemn etiquettes, which in that age pervaded the most frivolous amusements of the court, forbade her to break up the table till the game was decided, which was not till eleven

rebellion," and dismissed the prelates in displeasure. In less than two hours after the petition had been put into the king's hands it was printed, and cried about the streets, with great vociferations, for sale. James regarded this proceeding as an outrage. The prelates denied having supplied any one with a copy. James did not believe them, and insisted that their intention was to raise a tumult. They were summoned to appear before the privy council, and, after some angry discussion, ordered to find bail for their appearance in Westminster-hall, July 3rd, to answer to an indictment from the crown for writing and publishing a seditious libel. They refused to find bail, and were committed to the Tower. The warrant for their committal was signed by four-and-twenty privy councillors, all Protestants. Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury, and Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells, were the most conscientious and loyal of men. They, with White, Turner, and Lake, submitted to the loss of their sees, and all their rich revenues, rather than take the oaths to any other sovereign than James II., to whom their allegiance had been sworn. The other two, Lloyd of St. Asaph, and Trelawney of Bristol, were deeply confederate with William. Lloyd was the author of some of the base libels tending to discredit the pregnancy of the queen. The copy of the petition was probably furnished by him, on purpose to create an open quarrel with the king. It was afterwards wittily said, with regard to the character and subsequent conduct of these reverend prelates, "that king James sent seven bishops to the Tower to be tested; five of them proved to be true gold, and two only *prince's* metal."

o'clock. After this, she was carried in her sedan chair, attended by her servants and preceded by her ladies, through the park to St. James's-palace, her chamberlain, lord Godolphin, walking by the side of her chair. The king accompanied his consort, and passed the night in her apartment. The next morning he rose between seven and eight, and went to his own side of the palace.[1] About a quarter of an hour after, the queen sent for him in great haste, and requested to have every one summoned whom he wished to be witnesses of the birth of their child. It was Trinity-Sunday, June 10th. "The Protestant ladies that belonged to the court," says Burnet, "were all gone to church before the news was let go abroad," which was certainly true; but this unfaithful chronicler suppresses the fact, that they were all speedily sent for out of church by her majesty's command.[2] The first person who obeyed the summons was Mrs. Margaret Dawson, one of her bedchamber women, formerly in the household of Anne Hyde, duchess of York; she had been present at the birth of all the king's children, including the princess Anne of Denmark. She found the queen all alone, sitting on a tabouret at her bed's head, trembling, and in some depression of spirits.[3] The queen requested that the pallet in the next room might be made ready, but the quilts not being aired, Mrs. Dawson persuaded her not to use it, but to go into her own bed again, from which she and the king had just risen. That bed was then made ready for her majesty, who was very chilly, and wished it to be warmed. Accordingly, a warming-pan full of hot coals was brought into the chamber, with which the bed was warmed previously to the queen's entering it.[4] From this circumstance, simple as it was, but unusual, the absurd tale was fabricated that a spurious child was introduced into the queen's bed. Mrs. Dawson afterwards deposed, on oath, that she saw the fire in the warming-pan when it was brought into her majesty's chamber, the time being then

[1] Kennet. Echard. Impartial Reflections on Burnet's History.
[2] Examinations before the Privy Council, 22 Oct., 1688. [3] Ibid.
[4] Letter of the princess Anne to her sister the princess of Orange; Dalrymple's Appendix, vol. ii. p 308.

about eight o'clock,"[1] and the birth of the prince did not take place until ten.

Anne countess of Sunderland, the wife of James's treacherous minister, therefore no very favourable witness, stated, in her evidence before the privy council, that "She went to St. James's chapel at eight o'clock in the morning on the Trinity-Sunday, with the intention of taking the sacrament; but in the beginning of the communion service, the man who had the care of the chapel came to her, and told her 'she must come to the queen.' The countess said 'she would, as soon as the prayers were over;' but very soon after, another messenger came up to the rails of the altar, and informed her what was the case, and enjoined her to come to her majesty without delay;' on which she went directly to the chamber of her royal mistress. As soon as the queen saw her, she told her that 'she believed her hour was come.' By this time," continues lady Sunderland, "the bed was warmed, and the queen went into bed."[2] Here, then, is a most important testimony in confirmation as to the time when the said warming-pan was used, which was before the queen entered the bed at all. After her majesty was in bed, the king came in, and she asked him "if he had sent for the queen-dowager?" He replied, "I have sent for every body," and so, indeed, it seemed; for besides the queen-dowager and her ladies, and the ladies of the queen's household, the state officers of the palace, several of the royal physicians, and the usual professional attendants, there were eighteen members of the privy council, who stood at the foot of the bed.[3] Even the princess Anne, in her coarse, cruel letters to her sister on this subject, acknowledges that the queen was much distressed by the presence of so many men, especially by that of the lord chancellor Jeffreys. The queen, at the birth of her last child, had entreated that no one should proclaim whether it were boy or girl, "lest the pleasure on the one hand, or the disappointment on the other, should overpower her, and this command

[1] Depositions before the Privy Council. [2] Ibid.

[3] There were, in all, 67 persons present. Lord Melfort's Reflections on the state of England, in Macpherson.

was repeated now. About ten o'clock her majesty gave birth to a son, and forgetting every other feeling in the tender instinct of maternity, exclaimed apprehensively, "I don't hear the child cry." The next moment the prince certified his existence, by making his voice heard in good earnest.

Lady Sunderland had previously engaged the midwife to give her intimation if it were a boy, by pulling her dress; and she signified the same to the king by touching her forehead, which they had both agreed should be the token. Not satisfied with this telegraphic intelligence, the king eagerly cried out, "What is it?"—"What your majesty desires," replied the nurse. She was about to carry the infant into the inner room, when the king stopped her, and said to the gentlemen of the privy council, "You are witnesses that a child is born," and bade them follow, and see what it was. So crowded was the queen's bed-room, that the earl of Feversham had some trouble in forcing a passage through the noble mob of witnesses, as he preceded Mrs. de Labadie and her infant charge, crying, "Room for the prince!" The royal infant was seen by three of the Protestant ladies near her majesty's bed before he was carried into the inner chamber. One of these was Susanna lady Bellasys, who might herself have been queen of England, if she had not preferred her religion to the prospect of sharing a crown, and at the same time loved James too sincerely to consent to injure his interests, when duke of York, by becoming his wife.[1]

After king James had spoken a few tender words to his consort, he said, "Pray, my lords, come and see the child." The witnesses then followed the king into the inner room,

[1] The evidence of lady Bellasys on the birth of James's son by the queen, was most important and conclusive, and such as must have substantiated it in any court of justice. Lady Isabella Wentworth, also a noble Protestant lady in the queen's household, verified the birth of the prince, not only before the privy council on oath, but long after the Revolution, to Dr. Hickes, dean of Worcester, in the presence of Mrs. Margaret Dawson, and even to Burnet himself, whom she told "that she was as sure the prince of Wales was the queen's son, as that any of her own children were hers. Out of zeal for the truth and honour of my mistress," said she, "I spake in such terms as modesty would scarce let me speak at another time."—Depositions before the Privy Council, Oct. 22, 1688. Notes to the new Burnet, vol. iii., quoted by the editor from the original document signed by lady Isabella and Dr. Hickes, in Magdalen college, Oxford.

where the royal infant was shown, and all present saw it was a prince, and newly born. Lady Bellasys said "she thought it looked black in the face." A convulsion fit, such as had proved fatal to the other children of Mary Beatrice, was at first apprehended; but after the prince was dressed, he looked very fresh and well, and the king said "nothing was the matter with the child."[1] In the overflowing transport of his joy for the birth of a living son, and the safety of his queen, James bestowed the acolade of knighthood on her physician, doctor Walgrave, by her bed-side,[2] as a token of his grateful sense of the care and skill manifested by him during the preceding months of anxious attendance upon her majesty, whose symptoms had occasionally been of an alarming character. The birth of a prince of Wales was announced to the metropolis, with signal marks of triumph, by the king's command. The Tower guns fired an extraordinary number of salutes, the bells rang peals of deceitful joy, the poor were feasted and received alms, and all loyal lieges throughout the realm were enjoined to unite in thanksgivings and festivity. By the imprisonment of the archbishop of Canterbury, the virtuous, conscientious Sancroft, the king had deprived himself of a witness of the birth of the prince, whose testimony no member of the church of England could have resisted.

Barillon, the French ambassador, announced the birth of the royal infant to Louis XIV. in these words: "The queen of England has given birth, an hour since, to a prince, who is doing very well: he is very well formed, and of the full size."[3] According to this minister, the joy of the king was unbounded. James's brother-in-law, the earl of Clarendon, gives the following lively little account of this event, in his diary of June 10: "In the morning I was at St. James's church, where I observed great whispering, but could not learn what the matter was. As I was going home, my page told me the queen was brought to bed of a son. I went presently to St. James's, whither the court removed but the last night, and word was brought me it was true her majesty

[1] Depositions before the Privy Council. [2] Echard.
[3] Despatches of Barillon.

was delivered about ten this morning. As soon as I had dined, I went to court, and found the king shaving. I kissed his hand, and wished him joy. He said the queen was so quick in her labour, and he had had so much company, that he had not time to dress himself till now. He bade me go and see the prince. I went into the room, which had been formerly the duchess's private bedchamber, and there my lady Powis (who was made governess) showed me the prince. He was asleep in his cradle, and a very fine child to look upon."[1] On the same day the marchioness of Powis was sworn as state governess, and lady Strickland, wife of sir Thomas Strickland of Sizergh, as sub-governess, to the new-born heir of England. There were also two nurses, madame de Labadie and Mrs. Royere, four rockers, a laundress and sempstress, and two pages of the backstairs, who were all sworn into their offices.

The same night the numerous nursery establishment, and indeed the whole palace, were thrown into a state of dismay by the alarming illness of the precious babe. The royal physicians were summoned in great haste to his assistance, and the king was called out of his bed at three o'clock in the morning. Mary Beatrice has herself related the following particulars connected with the indisposition of the little prince, and the strange negligence of her own personal attendants at that time:—"A few hours after the birth of my son," said she, "the physicians prescribed something for him, which they say is good for babies.[2] I don't remember now what it was; but this I know, that, by mistake or carelessness, they repeated the dose, which made him so ill, that every one thought he was dying. As I was in child-bed, the king would not have me awakened with these tidings; but while every one was in a state of distraction, he retired into his oratory to offer that child, who was so precious to him, to God. I awoke in the mean time, and asked for some broth, but saw no one near me, neither nurse nor attendant. I

[1] Clarendon's Diary.

[2] Inedited Memorials of Mary of Modena, by a sister of Chaillot, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

then called. The only person who remained to take care of me was a chambermaid, not more than one-and-twenty years old, and thus I learned that which they wished to conceal from me. The countess of Sunderland was lady of the bed that night, and it was her duty to have watched beside me."[1]

Though the indisposition of the royal infant had only been caused by his being over-dosed with drugs which he would have been much better without, the doctors inflicted the additional suffering upon him of making an issue in his tender little shoulder,[2] and giving him more physic, while they withheld from him the natural aliment for which he pined. One of the household, when communicating to his friend in Ireland the news of the birth of a prince of Wales, says, "It is a brave lusty boy, and like to live;"[3] and live he did, in spite of all the blunders of his nurses, the barbarities of his doctors, and the malice of those who pretended that he died at the time this great nocturnal disturbance was raised in St. James's-palace on his account, and that another child had been substituted to personate the veritable son of the king and queen.[4] On this new story, those persons chose to rest who were ashamed of repeating the clumsy romance of the warming-pan, and pretending to believe that an imposition could be practised in the presence of six medical gentlemen, three-and-twenty Protestant ladies and gentlemen of high rank, besides menial attendants, or that the queen-dowager and all the Catholic nobility would become accomplices in such a cheat. Dr. Hugh Chamberlayne, the celebrated whig practitioner, whom Burnet daringly quotes in support of his own inventions, when he heard that his name had been mentioned, as connected with those fictions, by the Lutheran minister at the Hague in a conversation with the electress Sophia of Hanover, wrote a manly, honest letter to that princess, assuring her "that the minister must have been misled by pamphlets current in England, pretending," says he, "an

[1] Inedited Memorials of Mary of Modena, by a sister of Chaillot.

[2] Auto-biography of sir John Bramston, edited by lord Braybrooke; published by the Camden Society.

[3] Ellis Correspondence, edited by the hon. Agar Ellis.

[4] Burnet's History of his Own Times.

account how far I had been therein engaged, to which several falsehoods were added. One of those papers was written by Mr. Burnet, son to the bishop of Salisbury." Burnet himself wrote and printed at the Hague some of the coarse, indelicate libels that were so industriously circulated against the poor queen on this occasion.[1] He subsequently embodied the substance of those lampoons in his history,—a remarkably easy method of obtaining a mass of fictitious evidence. Dr. Chamberlayne expressly states that he was sent for early on the Sunday morning by the queen, but, being out of town, did not arrive till after the birth of the babe. He declares that the duchess of Monmouth had given him positive testimony of the reality of her majesty's alleged situation a few days before, she having been present at her toilette:[2]—

"This relation," says he, "being wholly occasioned by chance, and mentioned by one at that time disobliged by the court, I take to be genuine, without artifice or disguise, so that I never questioned it. Another circumstance in this case is, that my being a noted whig, and signally oppressed by king James, they would never have hazarded such a secret as a supposititious child, which, had I been at home to follow the summons, I must have come time enough to have discovered."

He says, "king James told him the queen came a fortnight sooner than she expected;" and this, it will be remembered, was the case when her last child, the princess Charlotte, was born. It was, moreover, scarcely two years since the princess Anne herself had made a similar miscalculation, and was brought to bed of a fine girl only two hours after her arrival at Windsor, having travelled from London the same day. "During my attendance on the child by his majesty's directions," continues Dr. Chamberlayne, "I had frequent discourse with the necessary-woman, who, being in mighty dread of popery, and confiding in my reputed whiggism, would often complain of the busy pragmaticalness of the Jesuits, who placed and displaced whom they pleased; 'and for her part, she expected a speedy remove, for the Jesuits could endure none but their own party.' Such was our common entertainment; but, about a fortnight after the child was born, a rumour having spread through the city that the child was

[1] See Burnet's Six Stories, commented upon by Smollett in his History of England: James II. [2] Dalrymple's Appendix, vol. ii. pp. 311–13.

spurious, she cried, 'Alas! will they not let the poor infant alone? I am certain no such thing as the bringing a strange child in a warming-pan could be practised without my seeing it, attending constantly in and about the avenues of the chamber.' Other remoter incidents might be alleged, which, being of smaller moment, are forborne."[1]

Mary Beatrice, regardless of all the injurious libels that emanated from the Dutch press, had continued to keep up a friendly correspondence with the prince and princess of Orange,[2] in which she frankly confided to the princess, from time to time, all particulars relating to her situation, up to the period of her confinement. King James communicated the important event of the birth of the prince, by whom his eldest daughter was apparently superseded in the succession, to her consort, in the following business-like note :—

KING JAMES TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

"June 12, 1688.

"The queen was, God be thanked, safely delivered of a son on Sunday morning a little before ten. She has been very well ever since, but the child was somewhat ill, this last night, of the wind; but is now, blessed be God, very well again, and like to have no returns of it, and is a very strong boy.

"Last night I received yours of the 18th. I expect every day to hear what the French fleet has done at Algiers. 'Tis late, and I have not time to say more, but that you shall find me to be as kind to you as you can expect."

"For my son, the Prince of Orange."[3]

Four days after, James wrote to his daughter Mary, the following brief bulletin of the health of the queen and prince of Wales :—

"St. James's, June 16, 1688.

"The queen was somewhat feverish this afternoon. My son is, God be thanked, very well, and feeds heartily and thrives very well."[4]

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[1] The illustrious lady to whom the honest doctor addressed this letter was an interested party, it is true, the British parliament having settled the royal succession on her and her posterity; but, unlike the daughters of James II., she was of too noble a nature to wish to strengthen the title which a free nation had given her, by stooping to avail herself of the base fictions of a party against the deposed sovereign, his queen, and son. So far was Sophia, electress of Hanover, from impugning the birth of the rejected heir of the crown, that she was accustomed to say, "that the unfortunate young prince was as much the child of James II. as her son George was her own offspring."—Historical Recollections, by lady Mary Wortley Montague.

[2] See Royal Letters in Ellis's Appendix. [3] Dalrymple's Appendix.

[4] Additional MSS. British Museum, No. 4163, fol. 1.

In Edinburgh the news of the queen's happy delivery, and the birth of "the prince Stuart of Scotland," as they proudly styled

"The young blooming flower of the auld royal tree,"

was received with unfeigned joy. The civic council-records testify of the bonfires that blazed from the Canongate to Arthur's-seat, to make known the joyful tidings that a male heir was born to "the ancient realm." Claret was quaffed at the expense of the crown, and glasses broken by the loyal lieges *ad libitum*, in drinking the health of their majesties and "the prince Stuart" at the town cross, amidst ringing of bells and roaring salutes of the castle artillery. And the lord provost received commission to go up to the court with two addresses from the good town, one to the king, the other to the queen, to congratulate their majesties.[1] Even the malcontent city of York drank deep potations to the health of the king, queen, and prince of Wales, and sent up a deceitful address of congratulation by the lord mayor and sheriffs.[2] In short, this event was celebrated with so many public demonstrations of rejoicing in all parts of the realm, that the king and queen flattered themselves with the belief that the nation shared in their rapture. Oxford, ever loyal, notwithstanding her present dispute with his majesty, poured forth a centenary of odes and heroic verses to celebrate the birth of a prince of Wales. The lofty numbers of Dryden's *Britannia Rediviva*, which appeared a few days after this event, vindicated the honour of his office as poet-laureate, by throwing the efforts of all contemporary bards into the shade. The following lines are selected as a specimen :—

"Last solemn Sabbath saw the church attend,
The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend;
But when his wond'rous octave rolled again,
He brought a royal infant in his train."

Here Dryden alludes to the festivals of Pentecost and Trinity-Sunday, and proceeds to recall to the remembrance of his countrymen that Edward the Black Prince was also born on Trinity-Sunday, which was considered a very auspicious cir-

[1] Council Records of Edinburgh, vol. xxxii. p. 115.
[2] Drake's History of York.

cumstance. He forgets not to compliment the royal parents on the mingled likeness which the infant was said to bear to both :—

"'Tis paradise to look
On the fair frontispiece of Nature's book;
If the first opening page so charms the sight,
Think how the unfolding volume will delight.
See, how the venerable[1] infant lies
In early pomp; how, through the mother's eyes,
The father's soul with an undaunted view
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due."

The injurious reports that had been circulated by a faction, insinuating the introduction of a spurious child, are nobly repelled in these four lines :—

"Born in broad daylight, that the ungrateful rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt;
Truth, which is light itself, doth darkness shun,
And the true eaglet safely dares the sun."

Our laureate's concluding apostrophe to the royal mother, Mary of Modena, must not be forgotten, though somewhat too adulatory for modern taste :—

"But you, propitious queen, translated here
From your mild skies to rule our rugged sphere;
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left,—
Whom piety and beauty make their boast,
Though beautiful is well in pious lost;
So lost as daylight is dissolved away,
And melts into the brightness of the day."

It is not to be supposed that all the poets of the age imitated the chivalry of "glorious John" and the bards of Oxford, in flinging votive garlands at the feet of Mary Beatrice, to compliment her on having given a male heir to England: many were the coarse, sarcastic squibs that were written and circulated.

A few days after the birth of his son, the following instance of clemency is recorded of king James: "Nathaniel Hook, the late duke of Monmouth's chaplain, who hath been skulking up and down without being able to obtain his pardon, threw himself lately at his majesty's feet, desiring his majesty's pardon, or to be speedily tried and executed, since now life

[1] This word, in its ancient sense, did not mean 'old,' but 'august,' something worthy of veneration.

itself, as well as the sense of his guilt, was wearisome to him; whereupon his majesty thought fit to extend his gracious pardon to him."[1]

The news of the birth of a prince of Wales was received with great pleasure at the court of France; Skelton, the British ambassador, thus describes the feelings of some of the ladies:

"Madame la Dauphine is indisposed and in bed, yet sent for me and said, 'though she saw no man, yet she could not forbear rejoicing with me upon account of the great news,' and expressed great joy; and the little duke of Burgundy, whilst I was talking to madame la maréschale de la Motte, of his own accord told me 'that he would, for joy, order threescore fusees to be fired.' Madame la maréschale intends, in October next, to give me something to be hung about the prince's neck, which prevents the inconveniences which commonly attend the breeding teeth. The same has been used to these three young princes with good success. . . . . Monsieur made all the ladies at St. Cloud drink the prince of Wales's health on Thursday last."[2]

On the 17th of June, thanksgivings were offered up in all the churches for the happy delivery of the queen and the birth of a prince of Wales. As early as the 29th the unconscious babe, who was born to inherit his father's misfortunes, not his crown, was introduced, in all the pomp of purple pall and ermine, to receive in person, as he lay in lady Powis's lap, addresses of congratulation from the lord mayor and corporation of London on the appearance of his royal highness in a troublesome world, wherein he was destined to create further commotions. The lord mayor and his civic brethren, having presented an offering of their good-will and affection in the shape of a purse of gold, were admitted to the honour of kissing his tiny hand.[3] "The prince is in very good health," writes one of the household, "and hath given audience to several foreign ministers." Among these were the envoys of his affectionate brother-in-law of Orange and the king of

[1] Ellis Correspondence, vol. i. p. 371. James unfortunately in this, as in several other cases where he had exercised the royal attribute of mercy, calculated on the gratitude of the object of his grace. He forgot that the Christian law, which enjoins forgiveness of our enemies, does not recommend us to trust them, and in a fatal hour he took Nathaniel Hook into his service, who became one of the secret tools of William. He followed his confiding master into exile as the hired pensioner of his foe. He was in constant correspondence with the British ambassador at the court of France, and, growing grey in his iniquities, continued even after the death of James II., to sell the councils of his widowed queen and his son. See the despatches of the earl of Manchester and the earl of Stair.

[2] Macpherson's State-Papers, vol. i. p. 262. [3] Ellis Correspondence.

Denmark.[1] "The lord mayor of York," pursues our authority, "is come to town to kiss the prince's hand, and to present him a purse of gold, as the lord mayor of London did. The queen is in public again, and is to name a day for the fireworks on the river."[2]

Mary Beatrice was now a proud and joyful mother, and her recovery was unusually rapid. She received visits from ladies at the end of a fortnight, and as early as the 28th gave audience in her chamber to mynheer Zulestein, the Dutch envoy-extraordinary, who was charged with the formal compliments of the prince and princess of Orange on the birth of her son.[3] A few days afterwards, her majesty wrote to her royal step-daughter Mary a letter, beginning with these words: "The first time that I have taken pen in hand since I was brought to bed is this, to write to my dear *lemon*."[4] The playful familiarity of addressing her highness of Orange by her pet name on this occasion, sufficiently indicates the affectionate terms on which the consort of James II. had been accustomed to live with his eldest daughter. It is much to be regretted that one sentence only should have been preserved of a letter, commencing in a tone so different from the epistolary style of royal ladies.

At the end of four weeks, Mary Beatrice left her retirement at St. James's-palace, and returned to Whitehall. Lord Clarendon came to pay his duty to her, Monday, July 9th: he says, "In the afternoon I waited on the queen, the first time I had seen her since she lay in. She was very gracious to me, and asked me 'why I had not been there before? and why I did not come oftener?'"[5] The next day the intended exhibition of the fireworks was postponed, and the following intimation of the cause was hinted by a person behind the scenes. "The young prince is ill, but it is a secret. I think he will not hold. The foreign ministers, Zulestein and Grammont, stay to see the issue."[6] The illness was so dangerous, that the princess Anne condescended to call her brother "the

[1] Ellis Correspondence. [2] Ibid. [3] Gazette.
[4] Dated July 6th, 1688. From Dr. Birch's Extracts; printed by sir Henry Ellis, in his Royal Letters, first Series, vol. iii. p. 348.
[5] Clarendon's Diary [6] Ellis Correspondence.

prince of Wales," when communicating to Mary the happy probability of his "soon becoming an angel in heaven."[1] He was destined to a few more trials on earth.

The premature state audiences of the prince of Wales had drawn so much ill-natured mockery on the innocent babe, in the form of vulgar, and sometimes indelicate, lampoons, that his offended mother went into a contrary extreme, equally injudicious; she would not allow him to be seen by any one but the nuncio, and forbad his attendants even to bring him to her before company.[2] The reason alleged was, the prevalence of the smallpox.[3] In the course of a week the prince was so much amended, that the promised pageant of the fireworks on the Thames was shown off, to celebrate his birth and the queen's recovery. The exhibition was very splendid, consisting of several thousand fire-balloons, that were shot up in the air, and then, scattering into various figures, fell into the river; there were several stately pyramids, and many statues and devices, among which were two large figures, representing Loyalty and Fecundity.[4] The emblem of the latter, a hen and chickens, was scarcely applicable to Mary Beatrice and her one feeble babe,—the only survivor of five ephemeral hopes. The frequent reports of his death rendered it necessary to show the prince again in public, and he was taken into the parks every day. "The lady marquess of Powis, gouvernante to the prince," writes the Ellis correspondent, "hath taught his royal highness a way to ask already, for, a few days ago, his royal highness was brought to the king with a petition in his hand, desiring that 200 hackney-coaches may be added to the 400 now licensed; but that the revenue for the said 200 might be applied towards the feeding and breeding of foundling children." Thus, we see that the first idea of establishing a foundling hospital in England emanated from the nursery of the consort of James II.: she fondly thought, no doubt, to endear her infant to the people, by connecting his name with a benevolent institution.

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix.

[2] Letter of princess Anne. [3] Ellis Correspondence. [4] Ibid. Evelyn.

Two silver medals were struck in commemoration of the birth of the son of James II. and Mary Beatrice d'Este. The largest has the profile bust of the king on one side, and the queen on the reverse. It is a most noble work of art: nothing can be more classical and graceful than the head and bust of the queen. Her hair is wreathed back, in a Grecian fillet, from the brow, and confined with strings of pearls; a few rich tresses fall, in long loose ringlets, from the low braided knot behind. It might serve for the head of a Juno, or a Roman empress. The inscription is MARIA D. G. MAG. BRI. FRAN. ET HIB. REGINA. The date, 168⁸, has been, by some carelessness, reversed, and stands thus, 8891. King James is represented in a Roman dress, with long flowing hair and a wreath of laurel. The other medal, which is in honour of the royal infant, represents him as a naval prince, seated on a cushion on the sea-shore, with ships in the distance. Two angels suspend the coronet of a prince of Wales over his head, and appear sounding notes of triumph with their trumpets. On the reverse, a shield with a label of three points, charged with the arms of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, is supported between four angels; one bears the three-plumed crest, the other the arms of a prince of Wales.

Although the royal infant had been prayed for in his sister Mary's chapel at the Hague by the title of prince of Wales,[1] and every mark of ceremonial respect had been paid on the occasion of his birth by William of Orange, James could not be deceived as to the inimical feelings with which his son was regarded in that court. It was from the Dutch press that all the coarse, revolting libels branding his birth as an imposition, and throwing the most odious imputations on the queen, had emanated.[2] One of William's agents, a Dutch burgomaster named Ouir, had been detected at Rome by the French ambassador, cardinal d'Etrées, in a secret correspondence with the pope's secretary, count Cassoni, with whom he communicated in the disguise of a vender of artificial fruits. One day he was, by the cardinal's contrivance, knocked down

[1] Letter of Mary princess of Orange, in Dalrymple's Appendix. Burnet.
[2] Pamphlets of the times.

and robbed of his basket of wares. The cardinal, at first deceived by the exquisite beauty of the fruit, thought his informers had been deceived, and that Cassoni patronised him as an artist only. However, the person by whom they had been captured cut them open, and showed that they were filled with the seeds of the league of Augsburg and the projected revolution of England, on slips of paper written in cypher, and twisted round the wires which, covered with green silk, supported the fabric of lemons, grapes, figs, &c. The most important of these was the pope's promise to supply the emperor with large sums of money, to be placed at the disposal of the prince of Orange. D'Etrées' agent succeeded in picking the lock of Cassoni's cabinet, and found there a paper which had not yet been submitted to the pope, implying that the prince of Orange taking the command of the imperial forces was but a pretext to cover his designs on England; and that he had entered into a conspiracy with the English to put to death the king, and the child of which the queen was pregnant, if a son, in order to place himself and his princess on the throne. The cardinal lost no time in communicating this discovery to lord Thomas Howard, who despatched two couriers to his master with the news.[1] James, at the time, regarded it as a diplomatic trick of France, being well aware that it was part and parcel of the policy of his good cousin Louis to embroil him with his son-in-law and natural ally, William. It was not till the truth of the first part of the intelligence was fatally confirmed, that he allowed the latter to make any impression on his mind. His reply to William's deceitful congratulations on the birth of the prince of Wales appears, nevertheless, indicative, by its coldness and stern brevity, of distrust, especially the significant concluding line:—

KING JAMES TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

"July 22, 1688.

"I have had yours by M. Zulestein, who has, as well as your letter, assured me of the part you take on the birth of my son. I would not have him return without writing to you by him, to assure you I shall always be as kind to you as you can with reason expect."[2]

[1] See the letters of cardinal d'Etrées, in Dalrymple's Appendix.
[2] Dalrymple's Appendix.

The queen, it will be seen, writes in a more friendly tone, as if willing to give William credit for feeling all that his silvery-tongued envoy had expressed of sympathy in her maternal joy :—

MARY OF MODENA TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

"St. James's, July 24, 1688.

"The compliments Mr. Zulestein made me from you, and the letter he brought, are so obliging, that I know not which way to begin to give you thanks for it. I hope he will help me to assure you that I am very sensible of it, and that I desire nothing more than the continuance of your friendship, which I am sure mine shall always one way deserve, by being, with all the sincerity imaginable,

"Truly yours,[1] "M. R."

From the princess of Orange, Mary Beatrice expected letters in accordance with the friendship that had subsisted between them in their early days, when they lived together like two fond sisters, rather than step-mother and daughter. The affections of the Italian princess were of an ardent character; she had loved the princess Mary with all her heart, and she was piqued that Mary did not express any tenderness towards her infant boy, who, with the egotism of doting maternity, she thought ought to be an object of interest to all the world. If the queen had possessed that knowledge of the human heart which is one of the most important lessons royalty can learn, she would not have wished to inquire too closely into the feelings of the wife of so ambitious a prince as William towards a brother, who appeared born for the especial purpose of depriving her of the reversion of a threefold diadem. Perhaps Mary, in the first glow of natural affection, had been accustomed to pet and caress the three infants that had been born to her youthful step-mother while they lived together in St. James's-palace, and had regarded them, not as rivals, but as beloved play-things; and the queen could not perceive that the case was widely different as regarded the long-delayed birth of an heir-apparent to the crown. Mary Beatrice was not only so simple as to impute the coldness of the princess of Orange to a diminution of affection towards herself, but to address some tender expostulations to her on the subject, in a letter dated Windsor, July 31st, telling her, she suspected that she had

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix.

not so much kindness for her as she used to have. "And the reason I have to think so," pursues the royal mother, "is (for since I have begun I must tell you all the truth) that since I have been brought to bed you have never once in your letters to me taken the least notice of my son, no more than if he had never been born, only in that which M. Zulestein brought, which I look upon as a compliment that you could not avoid, though I should not have taken it so if ever you had named him afterwards."[1] If any real doubts had been felt by the princess of Orange as to the claims of the infant to her sisterly affection, surely the queen afforded her a decided opportunity for mentioning the suspicions that the princess Anne had endeavoured to insinuate.

Mary Beatrice was highly gratified with the papal brief or letter addressed to her by the head of her church on the birth of her son, assuring her that that great blessing had been obtained from heaven by his fervent prayers and supplications in her behalf. Her majesty was so polite as to take this for fact, and forgetting all the personal affronts and political ill offices which that pontiff had put, both on herself, as a daughter of the house of Este, and on the king her husband as the friend of Louis XIV., responded in the following dutiful epistle:—

MARY BEATRICE TO THE POPE.

"As great as my joy has been for the much-sighed for birth of a son, it is signally increased by the benign part which your holiness has taken in it, shown to me with such tender marks of affection in your much prized brief, [apostolic letter,] which has rejoiced me more than aught beside, seeing that he [the prince] is the fruit of those pious vows and prayers which have obtained from Heaven this unexpected blessing; whence there springs within me a well-founded hope, that the same fervent prayers of your holiness that have procured me this precious gift, will be still powerful to preserve him, to the glory of God and for the exaltation of his holy church. For this purpose, relying on the benignity of your holiness to grant the same to me, I prostrate myself, with my royal babe, at your holy feet, entreating that your holiness's apostolical benediction may be bestowed on both of us.

"Your most obedient daughter,

"At London, the 3rd of August, 1688."[2] "MARIA, R."

[1] Extracts from Dr. Birch's MSS.: published by sir Henry Ellis in Royal Letters, first Series, vol. iii.

[2] From the original Italian, printed in the notes of Mackintosh's History of the Revolution of 1688.

For the first two months, the existence of this "dearest boon of Heaven," as the royal parents called their son, appeared to hang on a tenure to the full as precarious as the lives of the other infants, whose births had tantalized Mary Beatrice with maternal hopes and fears. Those children having been nourished at the breast, it was conjectured that, for some constitutional reason, the natural aliment was prejudicial to her majesty's offspring, and they determined to bring the prince of Wales up by hand. "This morning," says the nuncio,[1] "I have had the honour of seeing him whilst they gave him his food, which he took with a good appetite: he appears to me very well complexioned, and well made. The said aliment is called *watter gruell;* it is composed of barley-flour, water, and sugar, to which a few currants are sometimes added,"—a very unsuitable condiment for a tender infant, as the result proved. Violent fits of indigestion produced inflammation and other dangerous symptoms, and he was sent to Richmond for change of air; but as they continued to feed him on currant gruel, he grew from bad to worse. "The young prince lives on," writes the Ellis correspondent, "but is a weakly infant, at Richmond." The queen, who was going to Bath, deferred her journey, and came frequently to see him. She attributed his illness to the want of a nurse, and the improper food with which they were poisoning rather than nourishing him. "The state to which I saw my son reduced by this fine experiment," says her majesty,[2] "would deter me from ever allowing it to be tried on the children of others. When he had been fed in this way till he was about six weeks old, he became so dangerously ill, that they thought every sigh would be his last. We had sent him to Richmond, a country house, to be brought up under the care of lady Powis, his governess, and he got so much worse, that she expected his death every moment. I got into my coach, with the determination of going to him at all events. Lady Powis had sent word to us that, if the infant died, she would despatch a courier to spare us from the shock of coming to the house where he was. Every man we

[1] Count d'Adda's letter, June 28th, in Mackintosh's Appendix.

[2] In a conversation with the nuns of Chaillot: MS. in the archives of France.

met by the way I dreaded was that courier." King James accompanied his anxious consort on this journey, and participated in all her solicitude and fears. When the royal parents reached the river side, they feared to cross, and sent a messenger forward to inquire whether their son were alive, that they might not have the additional affliction of seeing him if he were dead. After a brief but agonizing pause of suspense, word was brought to them "the prince is yet alive," and they ventured over.[1] "When we arrived," continues the queen, "we found my son still living. I asked the physicians 'if they had yet hopes of doing any thing for him?' They all told us 'they reckoned him as dead.' I sent into the village in quest of a wet-nurse, (she who suckled him). I gave him that nurse: he took her milk; it revived him, and she has happily reared him. But this peril was not the least of those which have befallen him in the course of his history, which, like ours, will appear to those who shall read it hereafter like romance."[2]

The same morning came colonel Sands, the equerry of the princess Anne, from Tunbridge Wells, charged with a complimentary inquiry after the health of the prince of Wales, her brother. His real mission was that of a creeping spy. He arrived immediately after their majesties, and encountered the queen coming from her sick infant's apartments, with her eyes swollen with excessive weeping, having altogether the appearance of the most passionate grief. She passed on without speaking or noticing him, and went to her own chamber. This was evidently when the prince had been given up by the physicians, and before the arrival of his village nurse. Sands, concluding from what he had seen that the little prince was in the agonies of death, stole unobserved into the nursery, where, he affirmed, "he saw Mrs. de Labadie, the nurse, kneeling beside the cradle, with her hood drawn round

[1] Life of King James.

[2] This account was recorded from the lips of the royal mother by one of the sisters of Chaillot, in the year 1712, and was introduced by the conversation having turned on the proposed foundation of a hospital at Paris for bringing up infants on goats' and asses' milk.—MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, archives of the kingdom of France.

her face, weeping and lamenting over a pale, livid, and apparently dying infant, whose features were spotted and convulsed; but before he got more than a transient glimpse, lady Strickland came flying out of the inner room, in a great passion, asked him angrily 'what he did in her prince's nursery?' and, without waiting for a reply, unceremoniously pushed him out."[1] Lady Strickland has, in consequence, been described as a notable virago,—a character by no means in accordance with the sweet and feminine expression of her face in Lely's beautiful portrait of her at Sizergh-castle; but, even if it be true that she expelled the prowling spy with lively demonstrations of contempt, when she found him hovering, like a vulture on the scent of death, so near her royal charge, she only treated him according to his deserts. Sands pretended "that, as he was retiring, he met the king, who asked him with a troubled countenance 'if he had seen the prince?'" According to his own account Sands told his sovereign an untruth, by replying that "he had not," although aware that he must stand convicted of the falsehood as soon as lady Strickland should make her report of his intrusion into the royal nursery. He has avowed himself, at any rate, a shameless and unscrupulous violator of the truth, and in the same spirit goes on to say, "that the king's countenance cleared up; that he invited him to dinner, and after dinner bade him 'go and see the prince, who was better.' But, on being conducted into the nursery, he saw in the royal cradle a fine lovely babe, very different from that which he had seen in the morning; so that he verily believed it was not the same child, but one that had been substituted in the place of it, for it was very lively, and playing with the fringe of the cradle-quilt."[2] If there be any truth in the story at all, it is probable that he saw the royal infant in the agonies of a convulsion-fit in the morning; and that when he saw it again in the afternoon, it was after it had received the nourishment for which it had pined, and a favourable change had taken place; the distortion of the features had relaxed, and the blackness disappeared, which, allowing for the exagge-

[1] Oldmixon. [2] Ibid.

ration of an untruthful person, is quite sufficient to account for the change in its aspect. The animation of the lately-suffering babe, and its alleged employment of playing with the fringe of the counterpane, is not so easy to reconcile with natural causes, as no infant of that tender age is wont to display that sort of intelligence. Be this as it may, colonel Sands pretended that the real prince of Wales died in the morning, and that the lively boy he saw in the afternoon was substituted in his place.[1] Lloyd, bishop of St. Asaph, added to this story the grave context that the royal infant, who according to his account and Burnet's, had almost as many lives as a cat, was buried very privately at Chiswick. The princess Anne, though she greatly patronised the romance of the warming-pan, was exceedingly pleased with colonel Sands' nursery-tale, till, in her latter years, she began to discourage those about her from repeating it, by saying "she thought colonel Sands must have been mistaken." Burnet has represented this prince of Wales as the fruit of six different impostures.[2]

The nurse whom the queen, prompted by the powerful instincts of maternity, had introduced to her suffering infant to supply those wants which the cruel restraints of royalty had deprived herself of the sweet office of relieving, was the wife of a tile-maker at Richmond. She came to the palace at the first summons, in her cloth petticoat and waistcoat, with old shoes and no stockings;[3] but being a healthy honest person, she was approved by the doctors, and still more so by the little patient, to whom she proved of more service than all the physicians in his august father's realm. She immediately became an object of the royal gratitude and bounty; gold, of which she was too unsophisticated a child of nature to comprehend the value, was showered upon her, and her coarse weeds were exchanged for garments more meet to come in contact with the precious nursling who was so daintily lapped in purple and fine linen; but these changes were gradually

[1] Oldmixon.

[2] See Smollett's Comments in his History of England: reign of James II

[3] Ellis Correspondence.

and cautiously made. "She is new rigged out by degrees," writes one of the courtiers, "that the surprise may not alter her in her duty and care; a 100*l.* per annum is already settled upon her, and two or three hundred guineas already given, which she saith she knows not what to do with."[1]

The queen remained with her boy at Richmond till the 9th of August, when he was considered sufficiently recovered to accompany her to Windsor, and she determined never again to allow him to be separated from her. "On Saturday last," writes the Ellis correspondent, "his royal highness the prince of Wales was removed from Richmond to Windsor, where he is lodged in the princess of Denmark's house, which was Mrs. Ellen Gwynne's, and is well recovered of his late indisposition, to the joy of the whole court. His highness's nurse is also in good health and good plight, being kept to her old diet and exercise. She hath also a governess allowed her, an ancient gentlewoman, who is with her night and day, at home and abroad."[2] Many pretty stories of the simplicity and innocency of this nurse were circulated in the court.[3] Other tales, of a less innocent character, connected with the prince and his foster-mother, were spread by the restless malignity of the faction that had conspired, long before his birth, to deprive him of his regal inheritance. It was said that the tile-maker's wife was the real mother of the infant who was cradled in state at Windsor, for whom, like the mother of Moses, she had been cunningly called to perform the office of a nurse.[4] The likeness of the young prince to both his parents was so remarkable, that it seemed as if "the good goddess Nature" had resolved that he should carry in his face a satisfactory vindication of his lineage. Sir Godfrey Kneller, long after the revolution had fixed William and Mary on the throne, having gone down to Oxford to paint the portrait of Dr. Wallis, while that gentleman was sitting to him, on hearing him repeat one of the absurd inventions of Lloyd touching the birth of the disinherited prince of

[1] Ellis Correspondence. [2] Ibid., vol. ii.
[3] Sir John Bramston's Auto-biography.
[4] Political pamphlets and squibs of the time.

Wales, stating "that he was the son of a bricklayer's wife," burst into the following indignant oration in contradiction to this assertion; "*Vat* de devil! de prince of Wales *de* son of *de* brickbat *ouman?* It is *von* lie. I am not of his party, nor shall not be for him. I am satisfied with what *de* parliament has done, but I must tell you what I am sure of, and in what I cannot be mistaken. His *fader* and *moder* have sat to me about thirty-six time a-piece, and I know every line and bit in their faces. I could paint king James just now by memory. I say the child is so like both, that there is not a feature in his face but what belongs either to father or mother; this I am sure of, and," continued he, with an oath, "I cannot be mistaken; nay, the nails of his fingers are his *moder's*, de queen that was. Doctor, you may be out in your letters, but," and here he repeated his strong asseveration, "I can't be out in my lines."[1] Kneller had painted the portrait of the infant prince, after he became a lovely thriving babe, with no other covering than a purple velvet mantle, lined with ermine. A fine engraving from this painting is preserved in Crole's illustrated copy of Pennant's London, Print-room, British Museum.

The queen, deeply piqued by the coolness of the princess of Orange when reluctantly compelled to mention the prince of Wales, was prompted by the fond weakness of maternity to expostulate with her on her want of affection for her unwelcome brother. In answer to the princess's letter by the last post, she writes,—

"Windsor, August 17.

"Even in this last letter, by the way you speak of my son, and the formal name you call him by, I am confirmed in the thoughts I had before, that you have for him the last indifference. The king has often told me, with a great deal of trouble, that as often as he has mentioned his son in his letters to you, you never once answered any thing concerning him."[2]

[1] Thorne corroborates this account in his Diary, and adds that sir Godfrey Kneller said, in the presence of several persons whose names he quotes, that on the sight of the picture of the prince of Wales that was sent from Paris to London, he was fully satisfied of that which others seemed to doubt, having perfect knowledge of the lines and features of the faces of both king James and queen Mary.—Rawlinson's MSS. in the Bodleian library, Oxford. See, also, Carter's letter in Aubrey, vol. ii. pp. 136, 7, and Thorne's Diary.

[2] Birch's Extracts, in Ellis's Royal Letters; first Series, vol. iii. p. 349.

The princess of Orange has endorsed this tender but reproachful letter with this cautious sentence: Answered, "that all the king's children shall ever find as much affection and kindness from me as can be expected from children of the same father."

The parental cares and anxieties of the king and queen for the health of their son appear to have been so engrossing, as to have distracted their attention from every other subject. They entered his nursery and shut out the world and its turmoils, while every day brought the gathering of the storm-clouds nearer. The king of France sent Bonrepaux once more to warn king James that the Dutch armament was to be directed against his coasts; and that not only the emperor, but the pope, and many of his own subjects, were confederate with his son-in-law against him, repeating, at the same time, his offer of French ships and forces for his defence. James haughtily declined the proffered succours,[1] and obstinately refused to give credence to the agonizing truth, that ambition had rent asunder the close ties by which Heaven had united him with those who were compassing his destruction. The unfortunate duke of Norfolk, when betrayed by his servants, had said, "I die, because I have not known how to suspect;" James fell, because he could not believe that his own children were capable of incurring the guilt of parricide. That he imputed different feelings to Mary, may be gathered from his frequent and tender appeals to her filial duty and affection, from the time when the veil was at last forcibly removed from his eyes as regarded the purpose of William's hostile preparations. With the fond weakness of parental love, he fancied her into the passive tool or reluctant victim of a selfish and arbitrary consort, and wrote to her in sorrow, not in anger. Anne he never doubted. William Penn, always a faithful, and generally a wise counsellor, advised his majesty to summon a parliament. James declared his intention to do so, in spite of the opposition of father Petre, and issued the writ, August 24th, for it to meet on the 17th of November: he had delayed it too long. Sir Roger Strickland, the vice-

[1] Letters of Bonrepaux, in Bibliothèque du Roi.

admiral of England, sent an express from the Downs, September 18th, that the Dutch fleet was in sight. Up to that moment James had remained unconvinced that the naval armament of his son-in-law was preparing for his destruction. He had written on the preceding day to William,—

"I am sorry there is so much likelihood of war on the Rhine, nobody wishing more the peace of Europe than myself. I intend to go to-morrow to London, and next day to Chatham, to see the condition of the new batteries I have made on the Medway, and my ships there. The queen and my son are to be at London on Thursday, which is all I shall say, but that you shall find me as kind to you as you can expect."

Superscribed—"For my sonne the Prince of Orange."

James had relied on his daughter's assurance that the hostile preparations of the prince were to be employed against France. As soon as he had read Strickland's despatch, he hurried from Windsor to London and Chatham to take measures for the defence of the coast, leaving the queen to follow with her boy.[1] They met at Whitehall on the 20th, with boding hearts. The queen held her court on the Sunday evening: she was anxious to conciliate the nobility. "That evening," lord Clarendon says, "I waited on the queen. She asked me, 'where I had been, that she had not seen me a great while?' I said, 'her majesty had been but three days in town.' She answered, 'she loved to see her friends, and bade me come often to her.'" The next day James told his brother-in-law, Clarendon, "that the Dutch were now coming to invade England in good earnest."—"I presumed to ask him," says the earl, "if he really believed it? To which the king replied with warmth, 'Do I see you, my lord?' And then, after speaking of the numbers already shipped, he added, with some degree of bitterness, 'and now, my lord, I shall see what your church-of-England men will do.'—'And your majesty will see that they will behave themselves like honest men,' rejoined Clarendon, 'though they have been somewhat severely used of late.'" The same day, the lord mayor and aldermen came to make a dutiful compliment to the king and queen on their return from Windsor. James received them graciously, and noticed the report of the

[1] Ellis Correspondence. [2] Ibid.

expected Dutch invasion, bidding them not be concerned, for he would stand for them, as he trusted they would by him.

It was generally reported at this time, that there was a prospect of her majesty being again likely to increase the royal family.[1] Mary Beatrice continued to correspond with the princess of Orange at this agitating period. On the 21st she apologizes for not having written on the last post-day, because the princess Anne came to see her after an absence of two months.[2] The last birthday commemoration of Mary Beatrice ever celebrated in the British court, was on the 25th of September this year, instead of the 5th of October, o. s., as on previous occasions. It was observed with all the usual tokens of rejoicing,—ringing of bells, bonfires, festivities, and a splendid court-ball.[3] Hollow and joyless gaiety! The Dutch fleet was hovering on the coast, and every one awaited the event in breathless suspense,—no one with a more anxious heart than the queen. She wrote a touching and very temperate letter to her royal step-daughter and once-loving companion, the princess of Orange, telling her "that it was reported, and had been for a long time, that the prince of Orange was coming over with an army, but that till lately she had not believed it possible; and that it was also said that her royal highness was coming over with him." This her majesty protested "she never would believe, knowing her to be too good to perform such a thing against the worst of fathers, much less against the best, who, she believed, had loved her better than the rest of his children."[4] Every appeal to the natural affections and filial duty of the princess was, as might have been expected, unavailing. Mary Beatrice wrote again in the anguish of her heart to her apathetic correspondent, though she acknowledged that she dared not trust herself to speak on that which occupied her whole thoughts. "I don't well know what to say," observes the agitated consort of James II.; "dissemble I cannot; and if I enter upon the subject that fills every body's mind, I am afraid of saying

[1] Ellis Correspondence. [2] Birch's Extracts from the letters of Mary d'Este. [3] Ellis. [4] Birch.

too much, and therefore I think the best way is to say nothing."[1] This letter, apparently the last the queen ever wrote to Mary of Orange, is dated October 5th, the day on which her majesty completed her thirty-first year, an anniversary on which letters of a far different character had been heretofore exchanged by these two royal Marys, between whom the rival title of Mary queen of Great Britain was so soon to be disputed. King James was, meanwhile, vainly endeavouring to retrace his former rash steps,—an ill-timed proceeding in the hour of danger, as it was certain to be construed into signs of fear, and it was only by preserving a bold demeanour that he could hope to daunt his foes, or to inspire his friends with confidence. The period when he could with grace and dignity have restored charters, published pardons, and promised to redress all grievances, was immediately after the birth of his son; but he had allowed the golden opportunity to pass of endearing that object of paternal hope and promise to his people, by making him the dove of a renewed covenant with them,—a pledge of his intention to deserve their affections, and to preserve them for his sake.

The bishops framed a loyal form of prayer, to be read in all the churches, "That it might please Almighty God to defend their most gracious king in this time of danger, and to give his holy angels charge over him." This was quite as much as James had any right to expect of his Protestant hierarchy, and considering the state of public opinion at that time, it was an important service. Every day the aspect of affairs became more portentous, and still the king of France persevered in pressing the offer of his fleet and army on James, James said, "That he did not wish to be assisted by any one but his own subjects."[2] Kennet ascribes the continued refusal of that prince to avail himself of the proffered succour, to the operation of God's especial providence. Doubtless it was so, but the paternal affection of James for his country was the means whereby that protective principle worked. The

[1] Birch's Extracts, in sir Henry Ellis's Royal Letters, vol. iii.

Reports of Barillon, Bonrepaux, and Life of James II. Auto-biography of the duke of Berwick.

last of our Stuart kings was a scurvy politician, a defective theologian, an infatuated father, and a despotic prince; but, with all these faults, he had an English heart, and he deemed it less disgraceful to submit to the humiliation of courting his offended prelates, giving up the contest with Oxford, and doing every thing to conciliate his subjects, than to be the means of bringing in a foreign army to assist him in working out his will. Having by his concessions, and the proclamation that the elections for the parliament which he had summoned to meet in November were to be free and unbiassed, deprived, as he imagined, his subjects of an excuse for calling in foreign aid in vindication of their rights, and his son-in-law of a plausible pretext for interference, he fancied the storm might pass over without involving his realm in a civil war; but he was bought and sold by his cabinet, and his enemies were those that ate of his household bread. Treachery pervaded his council-chamber, and from thence diffused itself through every department of his government; it was in his garrisons, his army, his fleet, and the first seeds had been sown by those who derived their being from himself, his daughters. All this was known by almost every one in the realm but himself. Evelyn sums up the array of gloomy portents by which the birthday of James II. was marked at this crisis in the very spirit of a Roman soothsayer, save that he leaves the reader to draw the inference to which he points. "14th of October. The king's birthday. No guns from the Tower, as usual. The sun eclipsed at its rising. This day signal for the victory of William the Conqueror over Harold, near Battle, in Sussex. The wind, which had been hitherto west, was east all this day. Wonderful expectation of the Dutch fleet. Public prayers ordered to be read in the churches against invasion."[1] In the midst of these alarms the king, with his usual want of tact, caused the prince of Wales to be christened in the Catholic chapel at St. James's; the pope, represented by his nuncio count d'Adda, being godfather, the queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza, godmother.[2] This ceremonial is noticed by one of the court in these words: "The prince of

[1] Diary, vol. ii. p. 656. [2] Gazette. Rapin.

Wales was christened yesterday, and called James Francis Edward, — pope's nuncio and queen-dowager gossips. The Catholic court was fine, and the show great.[1]" The last name, which ought to have been the first, was dear to the historic memories of the people, as connected with the glories of the warlike Plantagenet sovereigns, Edward the Black Prince, and the early promise of Edward VI.; but James, instead of allowing those associations to operate in favour of his son, thought proper to specify that it was in honour of Edward the Confessor, a monarch who stood just then almost as much at discount in popular opinion as himself. All James's notions, except that of universal toleration, were six centuries behind the age in which he lived, and in that he was a century and a half too early. In wanting judgment to understand the temper of the times, he made all other regal sciences useless. What could be more unwise than inflicting on the heir of a Protestant realm a godfather, who was regarded by vulgar bigotry as Satan's especial vicegerent upon earth, who was conventionally anathematized and defied by three-fourths of the people, and whose scaramouch proxy was annually committed to the flames, in company with that of Guy Fawkes, at the national *auto-da-fé* of the 5th of November? The name of Francis had ostensibly been given to the prince in compliment to his uncle of Modena; but Mary Beatrice had also a spiritual godfather for her son, St. Francis Xavier, whose intercessions she considered had been very efficacious in obtaining for her the blessing of his birth. In acknowledgment of the supposed patronage of the Virgin Mary on this occasion, her majesty sent a rich offering to the shrine of Loretto. The Italian education of this princess had rendered her unconscious of the fact, that such practices are regarded by the Protestant world as acts of idolatry, by the musing antiquarian as vestiges of the superstitions of remote antiquity, lingering in a land where votive gifts were presented at the altars of Venus and Juno, and other pagan deities. The earl of Perth, when speaking of the offerings to the shrine of the

[1] Ellis Correspondence.

Lady of Loretto, says, "By-the-by, our queen's is the richest there as yet, and will be so a great while, as I believe."[1]

The following paragraph appeared in several papers on the 29th of September: "They say the seven bishops are to be sent to the Dutch fleet, to conclude a peace with them. The yeomen of the guard are to attend the king on horseback, if he goes against the Dutch; and the queen is to go to the Tower for security, with a guard of 1000 Irish to keep the citizens in order and obedience to his majesty." This was succeeded by a diary of inflammatory falsehoods, of which the following may serve as specimens:[2]—

"Oct. 1, 1688.—'Tis reported the king had a letter sent him by the five bishops, and that his majesty, being out of the way, the queen received and read it, and then tore it to pieces. The king, upon his return, demanded the letter, which not being to be had, the king gave her a kick,—as true," observes the sly editor of the collection, "as that Jupiter kicked Vulcan out of heaven; and she, to revenge it, flew upon him, and beat him handsomely, and had strangled him but that his guards came in to his assistance. Whereupon he resolved to commit the queen to the usher of the black rod, but the ladies of honour interposing, he forgave her.

"3rd.—'Tis reported that 10,000 Irish are coming into this nation to establish popery, and that the Protestants will all be massacred before a fortnight's at an end, or forced to truckle to the church of Rome.

"4th.—'Tis reported that the prince of Wales is dead of the smallpox, and that his majesty has taken away the commissions from all the officers of a whole regiment of foot.

"5th.—'Tis reported that the queen would not rest till he had caused the crowns to be taken off from the queen-dowager's coaches.

"9th.—This day they report that one hundred thousand Irish being landed so alarmed the citizens, that they rose in arms, and declared that, since the Irish were landed, they would not leave a papist in the nation. Her majesty is promised a troop of guards consisting of none but gentlemen, who will bear their own charges to serve her majesty.

"It is reported that the queen took the crown-jewels into her custody, and had enticed the king to let her go to Portsmouth for her security; but the matter was discovered, and the council would not let her go.

"12th.—'Tis affirmed, on all hands, that the intended massacre will take place either on Sunday or Monday next.

"16th.—That 4000 Irish landed at Chester, and did in a most tyrannical manner oppress the inhabitants; and that there has been a dismal fight between them, and a great many slain on both sides."

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[1] Perth Correspondence, edited by W. Jerdan, esq. Recently printed by the Camden Society.

[2] A collection was printed in 1711, and sold by John Morphew, near Stationers'-hall, at the low price of one shilling, of a few of the absurd and malicious tales that were invented for the purpose of exciting popular prejudice against the king and queen, and their infant son. Many of these stories appeared, under the head of current events, in the daily and weekly papers.

Confident reports that the Dutch fleet had been shattered and dispersed in one of the rough autumnal gales, crowded the drawing-room at Whitehall with deceitful faces once more. The courtiers, like persons in the ague, intermitted in their homage according to the way of the wind. They had a hot fit of loyalty on the 16th of October; but the rumours of the Dutch disasters were speedily contradicted, and the royal circle visibly thinned in consequence. The Dutch prince, the expected liberator, had put forth his memorials explaining the causes of his coming, at the end of which lurked the main-spring which impelled him to that resolution, "a determination to inquire into the birth of the pretended prince of Wales;"[1] in other words, to endeavour to deprive his infant brother-in-law of his birthright, under the shallow pretext that he was not born of the queen. A pamphlet, supposed to be written by Dr. Burnet, was distributed in England as a pendant to the declaration of the prince of Orange, entitled, A Memorial of the English Protestants to the Prince and Princess of Orange; wherein, after a long statement of the grievances king James had put on the realm, it was set forth, "that the king and queen had imposed a spurious prince of Wales on the nation; and that this was evident, because his majesty would never suffer the witnesses who were present at the queen's delivery to be examined." Other papers were disseminated, asserting "that the mother of the pretended prince of Wales was coming over in the Dutch fleet."—"The charge respecting a spurious heir," says sir James Mackintosh, "was one of the most flagrant wrongs ever done to a sovereign or a father. The son of James II. was perhaps the only prince in Europe of whose blood there could be no rational doubt, considering the verification of his birth, and the unimpeachable life of his mother." James has called his consort "the chastest and most virtuous princess in the world." To vindicate his claims to the paternity of their beloved son,—the last male scion of the royal line of Stuart, and to clear the queen of the odious imputation that was now publicly cast upon her by the self-interested husband of his eldest daughter, appeared to

[1] Echard, Kennet, and all histories of the times.

James II. matters of greater moment than the defence of the crown he wore. He determined to have the birth of the royal infant legally attested before he left London to take the command of his forces.

The feminine delicacy of Mary Beatrice revolted at the first proposition of a proceeding so painful to the womanly feelings of herself and the ladies who must be called upon to make depositions before a large assembly of gentlemen, for she was aware, that unless those depositions were minutely circumstantial, they would be turned against her and her son. She considered the plan suggested by the king derogatory to their mutual dignity and her own innocence, and that the unprecedented number of honourable persons who had witnessed the birth of her son rendered circumstantial evidence needless. One day, however, at a visit she made the princess Anne, she introduced the subject, and said, "she wondered how such ridiculous reports could get into circulation." Anne answered, very coldly, "that it was not so much to be wondered at, since such persons were not present as ought to have been there."[1] The queen was much surprised at this rejoinder, which seems to have been the first thing that opened her eyes to the true source whence these injurious calumnies had proceeded.

It was obviously as much Anne's policy to provoke a quarrel now, as to imply doubts of the verity of her brother's birth. But quarrels are for the vulgar; Mary Beatrice resolved to answer the inuendo by the testimony of the numerous witnesses who were present at her accouchement. For this purpose, an extraordinary council was convened, on the 22nd of October, in the great council-chamber at Whitehall, where, in the presence of Prince George of Denmark and the archbishop of Canterbury, most of the peers spiritual and temporal, the judges, the great officers of the crown, the lord mayor and aldermen of the city of London, and the members of the privy council, the queen-dowager, and all the persons who were present at the birth of the prince of Wales being assembled, the king addressed them with mournful solemnity in

[1] Life of James II., vol. ii. p. 197.

these words: "My lords, I have called you together upon a very extraordinary occasion, but extraordinary diseases must have extraordinary remedies. The malicious endeavours of my enemies have so poisoned the minds of some of my subjects, that, by the reports I have from all hands, I have reason to believe that very many do not think this son with which God hath blessed me to be mine, but a supposed child; but I may say that, by particular Providence, scarce any prince was ever born where there were so many persons present. I have taken this time to have the matter heard and examined here, expecting that the prince of Orange with the first easterly wind will invade this kingdom. And as I have often ventured my life for the nation before I came to the crown, so I think myself more obliged to do the same now I am king, and do intend to go in person against him, whereby I may be exposed to accidents; and therefore I thought it necessary to have this now done, in order to satisfy the minds of my subjects, and to prevent this kingdom being engaged in blood and confusion after my death. I have desired the queen-dowager to give herself the trouble of coming hither, to declare what she knows of the birth of my son; and most of the ladies, lords, and other persons who were present, are ready here to depose upon oath their knowledge of this matter." The queen-dowager, and forty ladies and gentlemen of high rank, whereof seventeen were Catholics and three-and-twenty Protestants, besides the queen's midwife, nurses, and four physicians, verified the birth of the young prince on oath. The evidence of the following Protestant ladies, Isabella countess of Roscommon, Anne countess of Arran, Anne countess of Sunderland, lady Isabella Wentworth, lady Bellasys, and Mrs. Margaret Dawson, was so positive, minute, and consistent with that of the Catholic ladies, that, if any real doubts had existed, it must have set them at rest for ever.[1]

The princess Anne had been requested to attend, and had

[1] The Minute of Council of Monday, October 22, 1688: printed by Bill, Hill, and Newcombe, printers to the king. On the 1st of November following, it was ordered by the king in council, that the declarations of himself and the queen-dowager, with the depositions of the other witnesses present at the birth of the prince of Wales, should be printed and published.

excused herself to her king and father, under a false pretence that she was in that situation which she had accused the queen of feigning. It was the sequel of her artful departure to Bath, that she might not be a witness of what she was determined to dispute,—the claims of a male heir to the crown. "And now, my lords," said the king, "although I did not question but that every person here present was satisfied before in this matter, yet by what you have heard you will be able to satisfy others. Besides, if I and the queen could be thought so wicked as to endeavour to impose a child upon the nation, you see how impossible it would have been; and there is none of you but will easily believe me, who have suffered for conscience' sake, incapable of so great a villany to the prejudice of my own children. And I thank God that those who know me, know well that it is my principle to do as I would be done by, for that is the law and the prophets; and I would rather die a thousand deaths than do the least wrong to any of my children." His majesty further said, "If any of my lords think it necessary the queen should be sent for, it shall be done." But their lordships not thinking it necessary, her majesty was not sent for.

As the injurious doubts that had been cast on the birth of the young prince originated in malicious falsehood,[1] its verification had no other effect than to draw the coarsest ribaldry on the king and queen, and their innocent babe. The ladies, who had had sufficient moral courage to attest the facts which exonerated their royal mistress from the calumnies of an unprincipled faction were especially marked out for vengeance. The base lampooners of the faction dipped their pens in more abhorrent mud than usual, to bespatter witnesses whose testimony was irrefragable. A quaint picture of the excitement which pervaded the public mind at that epoch, is given in a curious contemporary letter, dated October the 23rd, 1688, written from the court by one of the daughters of lord Newport to her cousin lady Cavendish, which also contains a gos-

[1] "Burnet," as the continuator of Mackintosh justly observes, "has treated this investigation, and all the circumstances connected with the birth of the son of James II. and his queen, with a flagrant disregard of decency and truth."

siping version of the verification of the birth of the prince of Wales. One or two brief extracts will amuse the reader.

"Since we came hither," she says, "we have been in a perpetual hurry. Every body here is in great *confushins* [confusion] and troubles about so many Irish that lands every day, that are extremely rude to every body *thay* meets with. . . . . Yesterday the king summoned all the lords that were in town to the council; and all the ladies that were at the queen's labour were put to *thare othe*, to declare what they saw and what they did, that all the world *mouth* [might] be *sattisfide* that itt was *y^e* prince of *Walls*, [Wales]. There was such a long discourse of *badery* held up, that put all y^e ladys to the blush. The king made a long speech to *um*, and told *um* [them] 'he believed nobody was ignorant of the troubles that *ware* coming on England, and that *God* knows what would become of him. And that when he was dead, he should be glad to leave every thing in *pease* and quietness; and that the prince of *Walls* [Wales] mouth [might] enjoy the crown *peaseable* after him.'"

The fair writer of this quaint parody on the painful scene which has just been related, after entreating her noble kinswoman not to show it to any body but two of their particular friends and her "*Ant Marget*," as she calls lady Margaret Russell, sums up the rest of her court-news in these words,—

"The Dutch is expected every hour, but some believe thay will not come at all; but the king hardly sleeps a nights for making *preparashons* for *um*."[2]

The next event that engaged public attention was the fall of Sunderland. That perfidious minister was denounced in full council to the king, of betraying his secrets to his enemies. James had before been warned of him by the envoy of Louis XIV. Lady Sunderland flew to the queen, and besought her protection for her husband, protesting that he was falsely accused.[2] The queen never interfered in cases which she considered out of her province. Sunderland tried to shake her resolution, by throwing himself at her feet and pleading the merits of his conversion to the church of Rome; but Mary Beatrice had sufficient reason to suspect a fact afterwards urged by his friends as an excuse for his popery, "that he had turned Catholic the better to deceive the king, and to serve the Protestant cause." While he was yet closeted with her majesty, he was apprized by a message from the king that he was superseded in his office by the earl of

[1] Inedited Cavendish MSS., copied by courteous permission from his grace the duke of Devonshire's rich collection of private family correspondence at Chiswick-lodge.

[2] Evelyn's Diary. Mackintosh's History of the Revolution of 1688.

Middleton. A partial change in other departments followed, but James's new cabinet was feeble and inefficient.

On the 27th, an express brought the news that the Dutch armada had been scattered, and all but annihilated, in a mighty storm. James and the Catholic party suffered themselves to hope, and, deceived by William's purposed exaggeration of the mischief, to pause. Seven days served to repair all damage, and to get the fleet in order again. William sailed a second time from Helvoetsluys, November 1st. On the 2nd the fortunate "protestant east wind," as it was called, swelled his sails. His descent was expected to be on the coast of Yorkshire, but, led by the traitor Herbert,—for traitor every man is who, under any pretext, pilots a foreign armament to the shores of his own country,—after steering north about twelve hours, he changed his course, and passing the royal fleet of England in the Downs, entered Torbay, and landed on the 5th. The conduct of lord Dartmouth, by whom the fleet was commanded, in permitting the Dutchmen to pass without firing one shot for the honour of the British flag, is still matter of debate.

The first intelligence of the landing of the prince of Orange was brought to James by an officer, who had ridden with such speed, that before he could conclude his narrative, he fell exhausted at the feet of the king,—a startling omen, according to the temper of the times.[1] William was received at first but coldly in the west. The mayor of Exeter, though unsupported by a single soldier, boldly arrested the *avant courrier* of the Dutch stadtholder, and shut the gates of the town against his troops at their approach, and the bishop fled. It was nine days before any person of consequence joined the Dutch prince. The episcopalian party in Scotland became more fervent in their loyalty as the crisis darkened; their bishops presented an address on the 3rd of November to king James, assuring him, in language that must have been very cheering to the drooping spirits of himself and his consort, "that they and their clergy prayed that his son the prince of Wales might inherit the virtues of his

[1] Letters in Dalrymple's Appendix. James's Journal.

august and serene parents; and that God in his mercy might still preserve and deliver his majesty, by giving him the hearts of his subjects and the necks of his enemies."[1]

A little of the energy and promptitude that had distinguished the early days of James duke of York, would probably have enabled king James to maintain his throne; but the season of knightly enterprise was over with him. He had begun life too early; and, like most persons who have been compelled by circumstances to exert the courage and self-possession of men in the tender years of childhood, James appears to have suffered a premature decay of those faculties that had been precociously forced into action. At seventeen James Stuart would have met the crisis triumphantly; at fifty-seven, it overpowered him. James had appointed Salisbury Plain for the rendezvous of his forces, and thither he ought to have proceeded instantly, instead of bestowing his attention on the defences of his metropolis. The deep-laid treachery of his favourite Churchill, in the mean time, began to work in the desertion of lord Cornbury, who attempted to carry off three regiments to the prince of Orange. Only sixty troopers followed him, it is true; but, in consequence of this movement, lord Feversham, fancying the prince of Orange was upon his outposts, ordered the troops to fall back, and a general panic communicated itself to the army. An express brought this ill news to Whitehall, just as the king was going to sit down to dinner, but calling only for a piece of bread and a glass of wine, he immediately summoned his council to meet. He had better have ordered his horses, and set out to encourage his soldiers. His timorous or treacherous advisers persuaded him not to hazard his person till he should be better assured of the temper of his troops, and thus three more precious days were lost.

James having been informed, that though lord Cornbury was the first deserter he was not the only traitor in his service, nor yet in his household, determined to make one of those frank appeals to the honour of his officers, which often elicits a generous burst of feeling. He called all the generals and

[1] Mackintosh.

colonels of his reserved force together, and told them, "that if there were any among them unwilling to serve him, he gave them free leave to surrender their commissions, and depart wheresoever they pleased; for he was willing to spare them the dishonour of deserting, as lord Cornbury had done." They all appeared deeply moved, and replied unanimously, "that they would serve him to the last drop of their blood." [1] "The duke of Grafton and my lord Churchill," says James, "were the first that made this attestation, and the first who broke it." If religious scruples had been the true cause, as Churchill afterwards pretended, of his deserting his royal benefactor, why did he not candidly say so on this occasion, and resign his commission, instead of deceiving him by professing devotion to his service? He was not contented with deserting his unfortunate king in the hour of need: he designed to have the merit of betraying him.[2] It was not till the 17th of November that James set out for the army. Fears for the safety of his son so completely haunted his mind, that he would not venture to leave him in London, even under the care of his fond mother the queen. He therefore determined to send the infant prince to Portsmouth, and from thence to France, and that he should travel under his own escort the first day's journey. "This was a melancholy parting, especially to the queen, who never feared danger when the king was with her, and had, all her life, chosen rather to share his hazards and his hardships than to be in the greatest ease and security without him. This being now denied her, and he obliged to part from her on a dangerous expedition, and the prince her son, at the same time, sent from her into a foreign country, while she was left in a mutinous and discontented city, it is not to be wondered if she begged the king to be cautious what steps he made in such suspected company, not knowing but the ground on which he thought to stand with most security might sink from under his feet." [3] The king recommended the care of the city to the lord mayor, and left the management of affairs of state in the hands of a council, consisting of the lord chancellor, and

[1] King James's Journal. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

the lords Preston, Arundel, Bellasys, and Godolphin. No power was left in the hands of the queen. Father Petre had fled the country.[1] "This day [November 17] at two," writes the Ellis correspondent, "his majesty marched for Windsor with the prince of Wales. They will be to-morrow at Basingstoke or Andover. The queen is still here. This is a melancholy time with us all." James and his infant boy slept at Windsor for the last time that night. The next morning he sent the babe to Portsmouth with his nurse, under the care of the marquess and marchioness of Powis, and an escort of Scotch and Irish dragoons. His majesty arrived at Salisbury on the evening of the 19th.[2]

As soon as James had left the metropolis, the hireling agitators of the press endeavoured to inflame the minds of the people against Mary Beatrice, by the promulgation of paragraphs in the seditious news-letters and journals of the day, under the head of 'flying rumours,' beginning,[3]—

"'Tis reported that peace had been concluded between the king and the prince, but the queen, with Peters and the rest, prevented it. . . . . That the queen beat the king again, just before he went out against the prince of Orange. . . . . That the queen went to the princess of Denmark in a rage, and served her as she had the king, for saying the prince of Orange would not hurt a hair of his father's head.

"25th.—'Tis reported that the queen, like a true virago, beat the lord Craven, whereupon he laid down his commission."

There were persevering attempts on the part of the incendiaries of the Revolution, to stir up enmity between the queen and this incorruptible commander of the household troops by the promulgation of provoking speeches asserted to have been made by the one of the other. Thus, in one of the revolutionary journals of the 18th of October, the following paragraph had previously appeared:—

"'Tis reported that the queen called the king coward; and told him if he had not been so, the work might have been done before now. That my lord Craven told the king 'He would never be at peace till he had lopped the queen off shorter by the head.'"

This murderous insinuation was penned with the twofold aim of exciting hatred and animosity between her majesty and lord Craven, and provoking the vengeance of a blind mob, who had

[1] King James's Journal. [2] Dalrymple, &c.

[3] Collection of Old Stories, which were the precursors of the Revolution. London: printed for and sold by John Morphew, near Stationers'-hall, 1711.

already been persuaded that the Protestant church was in danger, through the machinations of a popish queen.

The records of the queen's proceedings when left alone at Whitehall, bereft of both her husband and her child during nine days of terror and suspense, are singularly barren. If the letters which she wrote to the king at that anxious period should ever be forthcoming, they would form most valuable and deeply interesting links in the history of that momentous time, for she writes with the truthful simplicity of a child.

"In the afternoon," (November the 22nd) says lord Clarendon, "I waited on the queen, she having appointed me this time by Mrs. Dawson. I expressed myself as well as I could on my son's [lord Cornbury's] desertion. She was pleased to make me very gracious answers. Her majesty discoursed very freely of public affairs, saying, 'How much the king was misunderstood by his people; that he intended nothing but a general liberty of conscience, which she wondered could be opposed; that he always intended to support the religion established, being well satisfied of the loyalty of the church of England.' I took the liberty to tell her majesty, that liberty of conscience could never be granted but by act of parliament. The queen did not like what I said, and so interrupted me with saying, 'She was very sorry my brother and I had joined in the late petition, and said the king was angry at it.' I justified myself, by giving my reasons for so doing; but finding her uneasy, I ended my discourse with begging her majesty to use her interest in doing good offices, and to be a means of begetting confidence between the king and his people, towards which she might be a happy instrument."[1]

The news came that day that the king had bled much at the nose; and again, by express on the 24th, that the bleeding continued.[2] The alarm and distress of the queen may easily be imagined, for the king was not subject to such attacks, and he was precisely the same age at which the late king, his brother, died of apoplexy. The hæmorrhage commenced immediately after he had held a council of war on

[1] Clarendon's Diary. [2] Ibid.

the night of his arrival at Salisbury, and could not be stopped till a vein was breathed in his arm. The next day, when he was on horseback viewing the plains to choose a place for his camp, it returned upon him with greater violence, and continued to do so at intervals for the next three days. He was let blood four times that week.[1] James calls this "a providential bleeding,"[2] because it incapacitated him from fufilling his intention of going to visit his advanced-guard at Warminster with lord Churchill and a party of officers, who had entered into a confederacy to betray him into the hands of the prince of Orange, by taking him to the outposts of the foe instead of his own; and if any attempt were made for his rescue, to shoot or stab him as he sat in the chariot.[3] "Although," says the duke of Berwick,[4] "I would wish to hide the faults that were committed by my uncle lord Churchill, I cannot pass over in silence a very remarkable circumstance. The king meant to go from Salisbury in my coach, to visit the quarter that was commanded by major-general Kirke, but a prodigious bleeding at the nose, which came all at once on his majesty, prevented him. If he had gone, it seems, measures were taken by Churchill and Kirke to deliver him to the prince of Orange, but this accident averted the blow." A far greater peril impended over the unfortunate prince from physical causes within, than the most subtle design which treason could devise against him. Distress of mind, combined with bodily fatigue, had thrown his blood into such a state of fermentation, that the operation of the heart was affected, and he was in imminent danger of suffusion of the brain at the moment when nature made good her powerful struggle in his favour, and the torrents of blood which burst from his nostrils, like the opening of a

[1] Diary of Sir Patrick Hume. Reresby. Burnet. [2] Journal of James II.

[3] See the full particulars of this atrocious design in Macpherson's Documents, vol. i. pp. 279–81, and Carte's Memorandum-book, vol. xii. The treacherous intention of Marlborough, in having confederated to deliver his royal master into the hands of William of Orange, is mentioned by sir John Reresby as if no doubt were at that time entertained on the subject, and it appears as well authenticated as any historical fact which is not verified by documents. Carte and Macpherson produce strong evidence even of the intention of assassinating the king.

[4] Auto-biography of the duke of Berwick; French ed., vol. i. p. 23.

safety-valve in a steam-engine labouring under too high a pressure, averted a sudden and fatal result.[1] The excessive loss of blood left king James in a state of death-like exhaustion, while the recurrence of the hæmorrhage every time he attempted to rouse himself for either bodily or mental exertion, bore witness of his unfitness for either, and produced despondency,[2] which physiologists would not have attributed to want of courage in a man who had formerly given great proofs of personal intrepidity, but to the prostration of the animal system. It was at this melancholy crisis that Churchill, the creature of his bounty and the confidant of his most secret councils, deserted to the prince of Orange, with the duke of Grafton and other officers of his army.[3] This example was quickly followed by others. James was bewildered, paralysed. The warning cry, "There is treachery, O Ahaziah!" seemed for ever ringing in the ear of the unfortunate king, and he knew not whom to trust. The defection of lord Churchill is said to have surprised and disheartened the king more than all that had happened. At reading the letter the fugitive had left for him, the king could not forbear heaving a deep sigh. He turned to lord Feversham, who stood near him, and said, "Feversham, I little expected this severe stroke; but you, my lord, formed a right judgment of this person and his intentions, when you entreated me yesterday to secure him and the rest of the fugitives. I now can have no dependence on my troops, who, without doubt, are corrupted by the evil instructions of their disloyal officers."[4] There the king wronged his soldiers; for what hindered deserters from taking away with them their men, but the fidelity of the privates and non-commissioned officers? Per-

[1] It is to be remembered that the death of James II. was caused by a similar attack, which produced fits of sanguineous apoplexy, and that he was almost drowned in his own blood from the repeated rupture of the overcharged vessels under the pressure of mental agitation, as will be related in the due course of events. [2] Burnet.

[3] "They say lord Feversham was upon his knees two hours, begging the king to secure lord Churchill, but he would believe nothing [no ill] of him."—Private news-letter addressed to lady Margaret Russell, in the collection of his grace the duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick-lodge.

[4] Lediard's Life of the Duke of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 77.

haps the history of the world never produced such an instance of affectionate loyalty in the lower classes of an army remaining together when most of its officers had deserted. In an evil hour James fell back with his infantry to Andover. There he was deserted by his son-in-law, prince George of Denmark, and the duke of Ormonde, both of whom had supped with him, and maintained a flattering semblance up to the last moment.[1]

Mary Beatrice, meantime, had continued to hold her lonely court at Whitehall, surrounded by timid priests and terrified women, and to do her best to appear cheerful, and to conciliate cold friends and treacherous foes. A slight skirmish that took place between the advanced-guards of the royal army and those of the prince of Orange, in which the victory has been claimed by both, was magnified into a report of an engagement in which the king had been defeated, and that he was retreating on the metropolis. The excitement and terror caused by these rumours were extreme. All the people of condition who were in town flocked to the palace to learn news, filling every gallery and antechamber. In vain did those about court endeavour to assume an air of cheerfulness. The queen never had the faculty of concealing her emotions, and when her heart was torn with conflicting apprehensions for the safety of her husband and her child, her pale cheeks and tearful eyes were referred to as indications of fresh misfortunes by those who, halting between two opinions, were willing to choose the side which played a winning game. One of the lively court gossips of the period writes to her friend, lady Margaret Russell, that "the great lady," by which her majesty is evidently signified, had been heard to say, "that she hated all the Russells."[2] This passionate sally was probably elicited by the tidings of Mr. Francis Russell's defection, which had drawn many tears from his loyal aunt, lady Bristol, who, according to the same authority, was greatly afflicted that so many of her family should be traitors to the crown.

[1] Life of King James. Mackintosh. Lingard. Macpherson. Dalrymple.

[2] Inedited Cavendish Papers, in the collection of his grace the duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick.

There is some reason to believe that the queen made a fruitless appeal to the feelings of the princess Anne, on the evening of the 25th. That a discussion took place on this agitating subject rests on the following circumstance, recorded in one of lord Dartmouth's marginal notes on Burnet: "The princess pretended that she was out of order, on some expostulations that had passed between her and the queen in a visit she received from her that night; therefore she said she would not be disturbed till she rang her bell." This was clearly a feint to gain time, and forms no specific accusation against the queen, only implying that there had been a scene, in which Anne's temper had been ruffled. Next morning her servants, after waiting two hours longer than usual for her rising, and finding the bed open and her highness gone, ran screaming to lady Dartmouth's lodgings, which were next to Anne's, and told her that the priests had murdered the princess. From thence they went to the queen, and old Mrs. Buss asked her, in a very rude manner, what she had done with their mistress? The queen answered, very gravely, "She supposed their mistress was where she liked to be, but did assure them she knew nothing of her, and did not doubt they would hear of her again very soon."[1] This did not prevent them from spreading a report all over Whitehall that the princess had been murdered. The nurse and lady Clarendon kept up the excitement, by running about like persons out of their senses, exclaiming, "The papists have murdered the princess!" and when they met any of the queen's servants, asked them "what they had done with her royal highness?"—"which," observes king James, "considering the ferment people were in, and how susceptible they were of an ill impression against the queen, might have caused her to be torn in pieces by the rabble; but God preserved her from their malice,[2] which was not able to make this contrivance more than one day's wonder, for the next morning it was known whither the princess had gone." A day or two after, a letter,[3] which had been left by the princess on her toilet, addressed to the queen, appeared in

[1] Note of lord Dartmouth on Burnet.
[2] Journal of King James II.
[3] Life of James.

print. The delay in its delivery might have been of fatal consequences to Mary Beatrice, at a time when so much pains were taken to inflame the minds of the people against her. This is one of the paragraphs which appeared in the journals of November :—

"27th. 'Tis reported that the princess of Denmark was taken out of her bed last night, and that nobody knows what is become of her; that all her wearing clothes are left behind, and that she is therefore murdered by the papists. That great lamentation is made for the loss of her, and some charge the queen with making her away. That all the Protestant officers in general declare that it is time for them to look to themselves, since she who was the only prop of the Protestant religion is gone. That a great lady boldly accused the queen with her death, and told her majesty she should be dealt with according to law for it. That the queen was desired to send the lady Churchill to the Tower; but being Sunday, was persuaded to defer it till Monday. The lady Churchill being advertised of the queen's design, thought it her best way to make her escape from court. Accordingly she sent to those ladies whose husbands were gone to the prince of Orange, to meet her at such an hour of the night and to secure themselves by flight, which they accomplished."

Such were the truth-like but untruthful versions of the startling facts of the departure of the princess Anne and her favourite, lady Churchill. Yet, that the queen had received advice, if not positive orders, to arrest lady Churchill and lady Berkeley, there can be no doubt; her amiable disposition and dislike to personal interference with the friends of her step-daughter induced her to temporize instead of striking a bold stroke till it was too late to prevent the apprehended evil, which may be considered as one of the causes of the ruin of king James's cause. The reins of government, at that perilous crisis, should have been confided to more resolute and less scrupulous hands than those of his feminine-hearted consort. The journals of the day add the following rumours :—

"That the king is very ill, and is to be brought to town in a horse-litter. That the princess of Denmark's women are sent to the Tower, upon pretence of having murdered her. That the princess is only gone aside for security, and has carried all her jewels away with her. That the citizens, upon the news of the princess's departure, shut up the gates, and would not let coaches or carts, or men on horseback pass through them."

When king James returned dispirited to his metropolis, the first news that greeted him there was, the desertion of his daughter Anne. The blow was fatal to his cause as a king, but it was as a father that he felt it. "God help me!" ex-

claimed he, bursting into tears; "my own children have forsaken me in my distress."[1] He entered his palace, with those bitter drops of agony still overflowing his cheeks, crying, "Oh! if mine enemies only had cursed me, I could have borne it."[2] Like Byron's wounded eagle, the arrow that transfixed his heart had been fledged from his own wing. Lady Oglethorpe, who held an office in the royal household, told sir John Reresby, in confidence, "that the king was so deeply affected when the princess Anne went away, that it disordered his understanding;"[3] — a melancholy elucidation of his subsequent conduct, which cannot be explained on any rational principle.[4]

King James had all along been haunted with the idea that the life of the infant prince was in constant jeopardy: this fear returned upon him now with redoubled force. "'Tis my son they aim at," wrote the agitated monarch to the earl of Dartmouth, "and 'tis my son I must endeavour to preserve, whatsoever becomes of me. Therefore I conjure you to assist lord Dover in getting him sent away in the yachts, as soon as wind and weather will permit, for the first port they can get to in France, and that with as much secrecy as may be; and see that trusty men may be put in the yachts, that he may be exposed to no other danger but that of the sea; and know I shall look upon this as one of the greatest pieces of service you can do me." James wrote four times with agonizing pertinacity to lord Dartmouth, reiterating, not only his commands, but his prayers, for him to facilitate the departure of the prince from England. This feverish state of anxiety about his boy rendered James regardless of the fatal

[1] Dalrymple. Macpherson. Echard. Rapin. [2] Life of King James. [3] Sir John Reresby's Memoirs.

[4] One of James's most attached servants, Colin earl of Balcarres, told his daughter, lady Anne Lindsay, "that the agitations and sorrows of his unfortunate sovereign caused the bursting of a blood-vessel in his head, and that he never from that period thought him possessed of firmness of mind or nerve to carry through any purpose, or even to feel with much sensibility." I am indebted for this fact to the new and enlarged edition of the Lives of the Lindsays, by lord Lindsay, vol. ii. p. 160; a work calculated to illustrate both the public and domestic history of Great Britain, in the most important as well as pleasing manner, by a succession of lively chronological biographies, each of which presents a faithful picture of the statistics, customs, and leading events of the era, from the thirteenth century to our own times.

progress of the prince of Orange, who continued to advance, unopposed, but cautiously. Neither he, nor any one else who had known the James Stuart of former years, could believe that he would abandon his realm without a blow. What strange change had come over the spirit of the chivalrous *élève* of Turenne, the gallant sailor-prince who had connected his name so proudly with the naval glories of Great Britain? What says the most accomplished statesman and moralist of modern times? he who, made wise by the philosophy of history and the study of mankind, guided the destinies of a mighty empire by holding the balance with a faithful hand amidst conflicting parties: "When we consider the life of a man, we none know what he may become till we see the end of his career."[1] Mental anguish had unhinged the mind of the unfortunate king, his bodily strength having been previously prostrated by excessive loss of blood, and other circumstances, that sufficiently indicate the disarranged state of the brain at that momentous crisis. He summoned his council, his peers spiritual and temporal; he appealed to their loyalty, he asked for advice and succour, and they answered in the spirit of Job's comforters, "that he had no one to blame but himself." They told him of his faults, but gave him no pledges of assistance. Some of the current events, mixed with the floating rumours of the day, are thus related by the lively correspondent of lady Margaret Russell, in the previously quoted letter of November 29th, 1688:—

"They say the queen is told lady Cornbury lines all her gowns with orange colour, and wears nothing but orange ribbons. They say our young prince is to be brought back from Porchmothe, [Portsmouth,] and put in the archbishop of Canterbury's hands to be bred up. You may believe it if you please. The guns came by us yesterday into town again, but the ammunition, I think, is lost. The king goes to Windsor to-morrow, and there, 'tis said, will encamp all his army that's left, but the good queen stays to govern us here."[2]

The populace had been infuriated by reports, artfully circulated, that the Irish regiments were to be employed in a general massacre of the Protestants, and they began to attack the houses of the Roman-catholics in the city. Terrors for the safety of his queen next possessed the tottering mind of

[1] Course of Civilization, by M. Guizot.
[2] Cavendish MSS., by favour of the duke of Devonshire.

James, and he determined that she should go to Portsmouth, and cross over to France with their child. When he first mentioned this project to Mary Beatrice, she declared "that nothing should induce her to leave him in his present distress;" she told him "that she was willing that the prince her son should be sent to France, or anywhere else that was judged proper for his security. She could bear to be separated from her child with patience, but not from himself; she was determined to share his fortunes, whatever they might be. Hardships, hazards, and imprisonments, if borne with him, she would prefer to the greatest ease and security in the world without him." When the king continued to urge her, she asked him "if he purposed to come away himself? for if he did, and wished to send her before to facilitate their mutual escape, she would no longer dispute his orders."[1] James assured her that such was his intention, and she made no further opposition.

The interest excited in France by the progress of this strange historic drama, inspired the celebrated count de Lauzun and his friend, St. Victor, with the romantic determination of crossing the Channel, to offer their services to the distressed king and queen of England at this dark epoch of their fortunes, when they appeared abandoned by all the world. Lauzun was the husband of James's maternal cousin, mademoiselle de Montpensier, and had paid the penalty of ten years' imprisonment in the Bastille, for marrying a princess of the blood-royal without the consent of Louis XIV. St. Victor was a gentleman of Avignon, perhaps the son of that brave lieutenant St. Victor, whose life king James had saved, when duke of York, by his personal valour at the battle of Dunkirk, thirty years before,—an idea calculated to add no slight interest to the following pages. The services of these knights-errant were accepted by James as frankly as they were offered. He determined to confide to them the perilous office of conveying his queen and infant son to France, and they engaged in the enterprise in a spirit worthy of the age of chivalry. A contemporary narrative, in the archives of

[1] Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers.

France, evidently written by St. Victor, supplies many additional particulars connected with that eventful page of the personal history of Mary Beatrice and her son.[1]

"On the 2nd of December," says this gentleman, "a *valet-de-chambre* of the king, named De Labadie, husband to the queen's nurse, called me by his majesty's order, and made me a sign that the king was in the cabinet of the queen's chamber. On entering, I found him alone, and he did me the honour to say he had a secret to communicate to me. I asked, 'If any other persons had knowledge of it?' He replied, 'Yes; but I should be satisfied when I knew who they were.' He then named the queen, and monsieur the count of Lauzun. I bowed my head, in token of my entire submission to his orders. Then he said to me, 'I design to make the queen pass the sea next Tuesday; that day Turinie[2] will be on guard. The prince of Wales will pass with her from Portsmouth. You must come here this evening with count de Lauzun, to arrange the plan.' I obeyed implicitly, and at eleven o'clock returned with count Lauzun. I found the king alone. He proposed several expedients and different modes of executing this design, but the plan I suggested alone coincided with the ideas of his majesty." This plan was pretty nearly the same that was ultimately adopted. The king then told the queen that every thing was prepared, and she must hold herself in readiness. This important secret was communicated by Mary Beatrice to her confessor and lady Strickland, and they only waited to receive an answer from lord Dartmouth to the king's repeated letters touching the prince.

It does not appear that king James meant to trust his admiral with the knowledge that the queen was to take shipping at the same time in the Mary yacht, which lay at Portsmouth in readiness to receive the royal fugitives. The captain

[1] This curious document belongs to the Chaillot collection, and is stated to be written by an Italian gentleman of the household of the consort of king James, who was engaged in the adventure; but the moral and internal evidence of every person who collates it with other accounts of the transaction is, that the author could be no other than St. Victor.

[2] The husband of the queen's lady, Pelegrina Turinie.

of the yacht was willing to undertake the service required; but when lord Dover came to confer with lord Dartmouth on the subject, they both agreed that it was a most improper, as well as impolitic step, to send the heir-apparent of the realm out of the kingdom without the consent of parliament; and lord Dartmouth had the honesty to write an earnest remonstrance to the king, telling him how bad an effect it would have on his affairs.

"I most humbly hope," says he, "you will not exact it from me, nor longer entertain so much as a thought of doing that which will give your enemies an advantage, though never so falsely grounded, to distrust your son's just right, which you have asserted and manifested to the world in the matter of his being your real son, and born of the queen, by the testimonies of so many apparent witnesses. Pardon, therefore, sir, if on my bended knees I beg of you to apply yourself to other counsels, for the doing this looks like nothing less than despair, to the degree of not only giving your enemies encouragement, but distrust of your friends and people, who I do not despair will yet stand by you in the defence and right of your lawful successor."[1]

Dartmouth goes on, after using other weighty reasons to dissuade the king from this ill-judged step, to assure him that nothing less than the loss of his crown, and the hazard of his majesty's personal safety and that of the queen, could result from it; and begs him to give orders for the prince's immediate return, lest the troops of the prince of Orange should be interposed between London and Portsmouth.[2] This was touching the right chord; James, though unconvinced by the sound sense of lord Dartmouth's reasoning, became tremblingly anxious for the safety of his boy. He despatched couriers to Portsmouth on the Wednesday, with orders for lord and lady Powis to bring the little prince back to Whitehall. They started with their precious charge at five o'clock on a dark wintry morning, missed the two regiments under the command of colonel Clifford, that were appointed to meet and escort his royal highness on the road, and narrowly escaped an ambush of 100 horse, sent by the prince of Orange to intercept them as they passed through a part of the New Forest, by taking another road, and reached Guildford safely on the Friday night.[3]

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, pp. 328, 329. [2] Ibid.
[3] Life of James II.

The historian of the queen's escape was sent by the king, with three coaches and a detachment of the guards and dragoons, to meet the prince at Guildford; he brought him to London by Kingston, and arrived at Whitehall at three o'clock on the Saturday morning.[1] "It was St. Victor," says madame de Sévigné, "who held the little prince in his cloak, when it was said he was at Portsmouth." He had previously completed all the arrangements for the queen's passage to France, and hired two yachts at Gravesend,—one in the name of an Italian lady who was about to return to her own country, the other in that of count Lauzun. The following day, December 9th, was appointed for the departure of the queen and prince; it was a Sunday, but no Sabbath stillness hallowed it in the turbulent metropolis. The morning was ushered in with tumults and conflagrations: tidings of evil import arrived from all parts of the kingdom. When the evening approached, the queen implored her husband to permit her to remain and share his perils: he replied, 'that it was his intention to follow her in four-and-twenty hours, and that it was necessary, for the sake of their child, that she should precede him.'

To avoid suspicion, their majesties retired to bed, as usual, at ten o'clock. About an hour after, they rose, and the queen commenced her preparations for her sorrowful journey. Soon after midnight St. Victor, dressed in the coarse habit of a seaman, and armed, ascended by a secret staircase to the apartment of the king, bringing with him some part of the disguise which he had caused to be prepared for the queen, and told the king all was ready for her majesty's departure. "I then," pursues he, "retired into another room, where the count de Lauzun and I waited till the queen was ready. Her majesty had confided her secret to lady Strickland, the lady of the bedchamber who was in waiting that night. As soon as the queen was attired, we entered the chamber. The count de Lauzun and I had secured some of the jewels

[1] When the prince's first-appointed escort re-entered London, they were received with hooting and pelting, and other rough usage by the rabble, which compelled them to disband, and every man to shift for himself. It was well for the royal infant that he came under other auspices.

on our persons, in case of accidents, although their majesties were at first opposed to it; but their generous hearts were only occupied in cares for the safety and comfort of their royal infant.

"At two o'clock we descended by another stair, answering to that from the king's cabinet, leading to the apartment of madame de Labadie, where the prince had been carried secretly some time before. There all the persons assembled who were to attend on the queen and the prince; namely, the count de Lauzun, the two nurses, and myself."[1] The king, turning to Lauzun, said, with deep emotion, "I confide my queen and son to your care. All must be hazarded to convey them with the utmost speed to France." Lauzun expressed his high sense of the honour that was conferred on him, and presented his hand to the queen to lead her away. She turned a parting look on the king,—an eloquent but mute farewell, and, followed by the two nurses with her sleeping infant, crossed the great gallery in silence,[2] stole down the backstairs preceded by St. Victor, who had the keys, and passing through a postern door into privy-gardens, quitted Whitehall for ever. A coach was waiting at the gate, which St. Victor had borrowed of his friend signor Ferichi, the Florentine resident, as if it had been for his own use.[3] "On our way," pursues he, "we had to pass six sentinels, who all, according to custom, cried out, 'Who goes there?' I replied, without hesitation, 'A friend;' and when they saw that I had the master-key of the gates, they allowed me to pass without opposition. The queen, with the prince, his two nurses, and the count de Lauzun, got into the coach; but to make all sure, I placed myself by the coachman on the box to direct him. We drove to Westminster, and arrived safely at the place called the Horse-ferry,[4] where I had engaged a boat to wait for me. To prevent suspicion, I had accustomed the

[1] Narrative of the Queen's Escape; Chaillot MS.

[2] Madame de Sévigné, and MS. Narrative of the Escape of the Queen and son of James II., king of England, authenticated by the queen; Chaillot collection.

[3] MS. Narrative of the Queen's Escape.

[4] At that time, there was only London-bridge which crossed the Thames; Westminster-bridge was not then built. Ferry-boats were the means of communication between Westminster and Lambeth.

boatmen to row me across the river of a night under pretence of a sporting expedition, taking cold provisions and a rifle with me to give it a better colour." That pretext, however, could scarcely be expected to pass current on the inclement night when he ventured the passage of those wintry waters with the fugitive queen and her babe. It was then evidently a case of life and death, and the boatmen must have been paid accordingly, for they incurred some danger themselves. The night was wet and stormy, and "so dark," continues St. Victor, "that when we got into the boat we could not see each other, though we were closely seated, for the boat was very small." Thus, with literally "only one frail plank between her and eternity," did the queen of Great Britain cross the swollen waters of the Thames, her tender infant of six months old in her arms, with no better attendance than his nurses, no other escort than the count de Lauzun and the writer of this narrative, who confesses, "that he felt an extreme terror at the peril to which he saw personages of their importance exposed, and that his only reliance was in the mercy of God, by whose especial providence," he says, "we were preserved, and arrived at our destination."[1]

A curious print of the times represents the boat in danger, and the two gentlemen assisting the rowers, who are labouring against wind and tide. The queen is seated by the steersman enveloped in a large cloak, with a hood drawn over her head; her attitude is expressive of melancholy, and she appears anxious to conceal the little prince, who is asleep on her bosom, partially shrouded among the ample folds of her draperies. The other two females betray alarm. The engraving is rudely executed, and printed on coarse paper; but the design is not without merit, being bold and original in conception, and full of passion. It was probably intended as an appeal to the sympathies of the humbler classes in behalf of the royal fugitive.

"Our passage," says the conductor of the enterprise, "was rendered very difficult and dangerous by the violence of the wind, and the heavy and incessant rain. When we reached the

[1] Narrative of the Escape of the Queen of England: Chaillot MS.

opposite bank of the Thames, I called aloud by name on monsieur Dusions, the page of the backstairs, who ought to have been there waiting with a coach and six, which had been engaged by count de Lauzun. The page answered promptly, but told them that the coach was still at the inn. Thither St. Victor ran to hasten it, leaving Lauzun to protect the queen. Her majesty, meantime, withdrew herself and her little company under the walls of the old church at Lambeth, without any other shelter from the wind and bitter cold, or any other consolation than that the rain had ceased."[1] On that spot, which has been rendered a site of historic interest by this affecting incident, the beautiful and unfortunate consort of the last of our Stuart kings remained standing, with her infant son fondly clasped to her bosom, during the agonizing interval of suspense caused by the delay of the coach, dreading every moment that he would awake and betray them by his cries. Her apprehension was unfounded. He had slept sweetly while they carried him in the dead of night from his palace nursery to the water side: neither wind nor rain had disturbed him; he had felt none of the perils or difficulties of the stormy passage, and he continued wrapt in the same profound repose during this anxious pause, alike unconscious of his own reverse of fortune and his mother's woe.

Mary Beatrice looked back with streaming eyes towards the royal home where her beloved consort remained, lonely and surrounded with perils, and vainly endeavoured to trace out the lights of Whitehall among those that were reflected from the opposite shore, along the dark rolling river.[2] The historians of that period declare, that she remained an hour under the walls of the old church with her babe, waiting for the coach, which through some mistake never came, and that a hackney-coach was, at last, procured with difficulty. This was not the case, for St. Victor found the coach and six all ready at the inn, which was within sight of the river; the delay, therefore, must have been comparatively brief, but when time is measured by the exigency of circumstances, minutes are lengthened into hours.

[1] Orleans. King James. Dalrymple. Macpherson. [2] Dalrymple.

The haste and agitation in which St. Victor came to inquire after the carriage, combined with his foreign accent and idiom, excited observation in the inn-yard, where a man with a lantern was on the watch; and when he saw the coach and six ready to start, ran out to reconnoitre, and made directly towards the spot where the queen was standing. "I went," says St. Victor, "with all speed on the other side the way, fearing that he would recognise the party on the bank. When I saw that he was actually approaching them, I made as if I wished to pass him, and put myself full in his path, so that we came in contact with each other, fell, and rolled in the mud together. We made mutual apologies for the accident. He went back without his light, which was extinguished by the fall, to dry himself, and I hastened to the carriage which was now near, and joined her majesty, who got into the coach. The page was to have returned, not having been intrusted with the secret; but having recognised the queen, his mistress, he wished to follow her. As we left the town, we encountered various of the guards. One of them said, 'Come and see; there is certainly a coach full of papists!' But God willed it so that they changed their purpose, for no one came near us. We had scarcely gone three miles, when we were overtaken by the sieur Leyburn, one of the queen's equerries, on horseback; he had brought another horse and boots for me, which the king had, with inexpressible goodness, sent to enable me to perform my journey, I descended from the carriage, put on my boots, and mounted my horse in evil plight, what with my fall, my wet clothes, and the wind, which never ceased.[1]

"We took the way to Gravesend, distant from London twenty miles. There we found three Irish captains, whom the king had sent the same day we departed to serve in the yacht. These officers, finding the queen and prince slower than they expected, advanced, as they had been ordered, to meet them,

[1] This circumstance, added to various little remarks in madame de Sévigné, identifies St. Victor as the author of the narrative. Dangeau says St. Victor rode on horseback after the coach to Gravesend. Lauzun had expressly requested that St. Victor should be his assistant in this enterprise, and there was no other gentleman engaged in it.

having provided themselves with a little boat which was close by the shore. Her majesty, followed by her attendants, left the coach, and stepping on a small point of land, entered the boat, and was soon rowed to the yacht, which lay at Gravesend waiting for her." The master, whose name was Gray, had not the slightest suspicion of the rank of his royal passenger, who found a group of her faithful servants on the deck, looking anxiously out for her and the prince.[1] Mary Beatrice was certainly more fortunate in her choice of friends than her lord, for there were no instances of treachery or ingratitude in her household. All her ladies loved her, and were ready to share her adversity, and many, from whom she required not such proofs of attachment, followed her into exile. Her high standard of moral rectitude had probably deterred her from lavishing her favours and confidence on worthless flatterers, like the vipers king James had fostered. The true-hearted little company in the yacht, who had prepared themselves to attend their royal mistress and her babe to France, were a chosen few, to whom the secret of her departure had been confided; namely, the lord and lady Powis, the countess of Almonde,[2] signora Pelegrina Turinie, bedchamber woman, and lady Strickland of Sizergh, sub-governess of the prince of Wales. There were also père Givelui, her majesty's confessor, sir William Walgrave, her physician, lord and lady O'Brien Clare, the marquess Montecuculi, and a page named François, besides the page Dusions, who had insisted on following her from Lambeth. Lady Strickland and signora Turinie had started from Whitehall after the departure of their royal mistress, and performed their journey with so much speed, that they reached Gravesend before her. Most probably they went down the Thames.

Pleasant as it was for the fugitive queen to recognise so many familiar faces, and happy as they were to see her majesty and the prince safe and well, after the perils of the preceding

[1] Narrative of the Escape.

[2] Anna Vittoria Montecuculi, the companion of her childhood, and the friend of her maturer years. She was one of the ladies of the bedchamber, and had been created countess of Almonde by king James, as a reward for her long and faithful services to Mary Beatrice. She remained with her till her death.

night, no greetings passed beyond the silent interchange of glances, and even in those due caution was observed. The queen was dressed to personate an Italian washerwoman, a character not quite in keeping with her graceful and dignified figure and regal style of beauty. She carried the little prince under her arm, curiously packed up to represent a bundle of linen;[1] fortunately the bundle did not betray the deception by crying. "It was remarkable," observes St. Victor, "that this tender infant of six months old, who was so delicate and lively, never opened his mouth to cry or utter the slightest complaint." The royal parents both insinuate that there was something very like a miracle in the discreet behaviour of their boy on this occasion, but, doubtless, he had been well dosed with anodynes.

The wind being fair for France, the sails were hoisted as soon as her majesty and her little company came on board, and the yacht got out to sea; but the wind increasing to a violent gale, the captain was compelled to come to anchor off the Downs, to avoid the danger of being driven on the coast of France, with which the bark was threatened. The queen was always ill at sea, and, in consequence of the roughness of the passage, and the unwonted inconveniences to which she was exposed on this occasion, she was worse than usual. Hitherto she had performed her voyages in one or other of the royal yachts, which were properly appointed with every luxury that the gallantry and nautical experience of the sailor-prince, her husband, could devise for her comfort, and he had always been at her side to encourage and support her. The case was far different now; the yacht in which the fugitive queen and her royal infant had embarked, bore no resemblance, in any respect, to the gilded toys which James had built and named in the pride of his heart after his three beloved daughters, Mary, Anne, and Isabella,—names now connected with the most painful associations. Ten days before, the king wrote his last autograph command to Pepys,—

"Order the Anne and Isabella yachts to fall down to Erith to-morrow.
"J. R."

[1] Dangeau. Sévigné.

evidently with the intention of sending the queen and prince properly attended to France, in one or other of those vessels. The Channel, however, being full of Dutch ships of war, he considered it more likely for a small sailing bark to pass unquestioned than one of his royal yachts.

Mary Beatrice, directly she came on board captain Gray's yacht, had, the better to escape observation, descended into the hold with her babe, his wet-nurse, and madame de Labadie, the other, happening to know the captain, kept him in talk till her majesty was safely below: she was followed by her two faithful countrywomen, lady Almonde and Pelegrina Turinie. The place was close and stifling, and when the gale rose, and the little ship began to pitch and toss, the queen, the nurse, and lady Almonde were attacked with violent seasickness in a manner that appears to have banished all ceremony. They were in such a confined space, that the indisposition of her fellow-sufferers was attended with very disagreeable consequences to her majesty. The bark was by no means suited for the accommodation of delicate court ladies. As her majesty had taken upon herself to personate a foreign washerwoman, no attention was bestowed on her comforts by the functionaries, such as they were, who superintended the arrangements for the female passengers. It was with great difficulty that Pelegrina Turinie succeeded, at last, in obtaining a coarse earthenware bason for her majesty's use; she then made the others withdraw to a respectful distance, and throwing herself at the feet of her royal mistress, supported her in her arms during her sufferings.[1]

Mary Beatrice told the nuns of Chaillot that she had made nine sea voyages, and that this was the worst of all. "It was," she said, a very doleful voyage, and I wonder still that I lived through it. I had been compelled to leave the king, my husband, without knowing what would become of him, and I feared to fall into the hands of our foes."[2] King James had charged the count de Lauzun to shoot the captain dead, if he betrayed any intention of putting the queen and the prince

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Este; Chaillot collection.

[2] Ibid.

into the hands of the Dutch. Lauzun, in consequence, stationed himself by the master of the vessel, with the full determination to throw him overboard in case of treachery; but as the master suspected not the quality of his passengers, he conducted himself the same as if they had been ordinary persons, and steered his course safely through a fleet of fifty Dutch ships of war, not one of which questioned this little bark; and thus protected, as it were by Heaven, notwithstanding the roughness of the passage and the perils of the voyage, the fugitive queen and her infant son landed safely at Calais, on Tuesday, December 11th, at nine in the morning. The little prince was quite well, and merry of cheer. He was almost the only passenger on board who had not suffered from sea-sickness, and he had not cried once from the moment he was taken out of his cradle at Whitehall till after his arrival at Calais.[1] Sixteen years before, Mary of Modena had embarked in almost legal pomp at Calais, in the Royal Catharine yacht, a virgin bride, with her mother and a splendid retinue of Italian, French, and English nobles, all emulous to do her honour; now she landed at the same port a forlorn fugitive, wearing a peasant's humble dress, with her royal infant in her arms, to seek a refuge from the storm that had driven her from a throne. But was she more pitiable as the wife of the man she loved, and clasping the babe whom they both called "the dearest gift of Heaven" to her fond bosom, than when she sailed for an unknown land, like a victim adorned for a sacrifice from which her soul revolted? Then all was gloom and despair in her young heart, and she wept as one for whom life had no charms; now her tears flowed chiefly because she was separated from that husband, whose name had filled the reluctant bride of fifteen with dismay. The reverse in her fortunes as a princess was not more remarkable, than the mutations which had taken place in her feelings as a woman.

Monsieur Charot, the governor of Calais, was desirous of receiving Mary Beatrice with the honours due to a queen of

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Este; Archives of the kingdom of France. Life of James. Dangeau.

Great Britain, but she expressed her determination of preserving a strict *incognita*, and withdrew to a private house, where she wished to remain perfectly quiet till the arrival of her beloved husband, whom she expected to follow her in a few hours. She had sent St. Victor back from Gravesend to apprize king James of her embarkation, and now wrote the following pathetic appeal for sympathy and protection to her old friend, Louis XIV.:—

"SIRE,

"A poor fugitive queen, bathed in tears, has exposed herself to the utmost perils of the sea in her distress, to seek for consolation and an asylum from the greatest monarch in the world. Her evil fortune procures her a happiness, of which the greatest nations in the world are ambitious. Her need of it diminishes not that feeling, since she makes it her choice, and it is as a mark of the greatness of her esteem that she wishes to confide to him that which is the most precious to her, the person of the prince of Wales, her son. He is as yet too young to unite with her in the grateful acknowledgments that fill my heart. I feel, with peculiar pleasure, in the midst of my griefs, that I am now under your protection. In great affliction, I am, sir,

"Your very affectionate servant and sister,

"THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND."[1]

The agitation in which Mary Beatrice wrote this letter may be traced in the sudden transition from the simple and touching description of her own desolate condition, to laboured attempts at compliments, which her Italian idiom renders obscure and hyperbolical; and the reader will perceive that she begins in the third person, and ends unconsciously in the first.

The count de Lauzun, who had been for many years under the cloud of the royal displeasure, had previously written by an express to Louis XIV. the particulars of his chivalrous achievement, stating "that king James had enjoined him to place his queen and son in his majesty's own hands, but that he could not have that honour, not being permitted to enter his presence." Louis wrote a letter to him with his own hand, inviting him to return to court. "I was informed yesterday morning," writes Louis to Barillon, December 14th,

[1] Manuscripts of George IV., Brit. Museum, F 56. Recueil de Pièces, MS., 140 (copy) 272 A; lettre de la reine d'Angleterre, princesse de Modena, au roi de France, Louis XIV. There is a trifling variation in the conclusion of this letter from that cited in Dr. Lingard's Appendix. This appears to be a more authentic copy: both are in bad French.

"by a letter from the count de Lauzun, that the queen of England had happily arrived at Calais, after escaping great dangers, and I immediately ordered M. de Beringhen, my first equerry, to set off with my carriages and the officers of my household to attend that princess and the prince of Wales on their journey, and to render them due honours in all places on their route. You will inform the king of England of what I have written to you."[1] Before this cheering intimation reached king James, he had addressed the following letter, in behalf of his fugitive queen and son, to his royal cousin of France :—

"SIR, AND MY BROTHER,

"As I hope that the queen, my wife, and my son have last week landed in one of your ports, I hope you will do me the favour of protecting them. Unless I had been unfortunately stopped by the way, I should have been with you to ask the same for myself, as well as for them. Your ambassador will give you an account of the bad state of my affairs, and assure you, also, that I have done nothing contrary to the friendship that subsists between us. I am, very sincerely, sir, my brother,

"Your good brother,

"JAMES, R.

"At Whitehall, this $\frac{27}{17}$ Dec., 1688."[2]

Long, however, before this letter was penned in England, much less received in France, Mary Beatrice had endured agonies of suspense and apprehension from her uncertainty as to the fate of her royal husband. By one courier it was reported that he had landed at Brest, by another at Boulogne, then that he had been arrested in England; but the most alarming rumour of all was, that the vessel in which he had embarked to follow her, according to his promise, had foundered in a terrible storm at sea, and his majesty, with all on board, had perished.[3]

[1] Lingard's Appendix, from Barillon's Despatches.
[2] Lingard's Appendix, Hist. England.
[3] Madame de Sévigné.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

Honours paid to Mary Beatrice at Calais—She proceeds to Boulogne—Hears of the king's arrest—Wishes to return to England—Despondency and disasters of king James—He escapes to France—The queen's journey towards St. Germain's—Hears of the king's escape—Her joy—Met by Louis XIV. at Chatou—His courteous welcome—Magnificent reception at St. Germain's—Arrival of king James—Their meeting—Courtesies of Louis XIV.—First court of Mary Beatrice at St. Germain's—She visits the dauphiness—Her dress—Attentions of Louis XIV.—His admiration of her manners—Queen's popularity in the court of France—Visits to Versailles and Trianon—King James's Irish expedition—Melancholy parting with the queen—She retires to Poissy—Her visits to the convent of Chaillot—Spiritual friendships with the nuns—Her letters to the abbess—Reported passion of Louis XIV. for Mary Beatrice—She uses her influence for her husband—Sends money to assist Dundee—Her talent for business—Loss of the battle of the Boyne—King James returns to St. Germain's—Jacobite correspondence—Queen again *enceinte*—Her situation announced—The English nobles and peeresses invited to her accouchement—Favourable prospects of king James—Preparations for his landing in England—He leaves St. Germain's for La Hogue—Destruction of the French fleet—Despair and strange conduct of king James—Melancholy state of the queen—James returns to St. Germain's—Birth of their youngest child the princess Louisa—Christening of the infant princess.

The fugitive queen received the most courteous attentions during her brief sojourn at Calais from M. Charot, the governor, who sent every thing that could conduce to her comfort to the house where she and her little company lodged. After two days of intense anxiety had worn away, Mary Beatrice determined to proceed to Boulogne, having some reason to suppose that she would receive more certain intelligence there than could be expected at Calais, since Dover had declared for the prince of Orange. Notwithstanding her wish to remain *incognita*, M. Charot complimented Mary Beatrice and the prince with a royal salute at their departure.[1] They left Calais on the 13th, under a discharge of cannon from the town and

[1] Narrative of the Escape.

castle, amidst the acclamations of the people, who were now aware of the arrival of the royal guest, and manifested the most lively feelings of sympathy for her and her infant son. Half way between Calais and Boulogne her majesty was met by a company of dragoons, who escorted her carriage to Boulogne. There she was received by the governor, the duc d'Aumont, with signal marks of respect and offers of hospitality; but as he could give her no tidings of the king her husband, her distress of mind made her prefer the retirement of a nunnery.[1]

All direct intelligence from England being stopped, the rumours regarding the fate of king James were so vague and contradictory, that even Louis XIV. declared he knew not what to think. "Meantime," says madame de Sévigné, "the queen of England remains at Boulogne in a convent, weeping without intermission that she neither sees nor can hear any certain news of her husband, whom she passionately loves." The agonizing pause was at length broken. "Strickland, the vice-admiral of England," says the duc de St. Simon, "has arrived at Calais, and we understand from him that king James has been brought back to London, where, by order of the prince of Orange, he is attended by his own guards. It is thought he will escape again. Strickland has remained faithful to the king his master: finding that lord Dartmouth would not do any thing, he demanded permission to retire from the fleet at Portsmouth, and has come in a small vessel to Calais." The painful tidings which sir Roger Strickland had brought were at first carefully concealed from the queen by her friends, but on the 19th her passionate importunity for intelligence of her husband elicited the truth from a Benedictine monk, a Capuchin, and an officer who had just escaped. She implored them to tell her all they knew; and they replied, in a sorrowful tone, "Sacred majesty, the king has been arrested."[2]—"I know not," says an eye-witness, "which was the most distressing to us, the sad news of the detention of the king, or the effect it produced on the queen our mistress."[3] Her first words were to express her deter-

[1] Dangeau. Sévigné.

[2] Journal of the Queen's Escape; Chaillot MS

[3] Ibid.

mination of sending the infant prince on to Paris, while she returned to England to use what exertions she could for her lord's liberation, or else to share his fate, whatever it might be. Her faithful attendants had the greatest trouble to dissuade her from this wild project, by representing to her that she would only increase his troubles without being able to render him any service, and that she ought to be implicitly guided by the directions which he gave her at parting.

The same day arrived the principal equerry of the king of France, with letters and sympathizing messages for the queen. She was compelled to compose herself to receive these with suitable acknowledgments. Louis XIV. had sent a noble escort, with his own carriages and horses, to convey her to the castle of Vincennes, which he had in the first instance ordered to be prepared for her reception. He had commanded that, in every town through which she passed, she should be received with the same honours as if she had been a queen of France. He had, also, as the roads were almost impassable from the deep snow which covered the whole face of the country, sent a band of pioneers to precede her majesty's carriage and mark out a straight line for her progress, laying every thing smooth and plain before her, so that she might be able to travel with the least possible fatigue,—a piece of gallantry that was duly appreciated by the English ladies, and gratefully acknowledged by king James.[1] The faithful followers of Mary Beatrice were urgent for her to commence her journey towards Paris, dreading the possibility of her finding means of returning to England if she remained on the coast. At length she yielded to their persuasions, and departed on the 20th of December for Montreuil. The duc d'Aumont and a cavalcade of gentlemen escorted her majesty from Boulogne till within three leagues of Montreuil; there she and her little train were lodged in the house of the king of France. They remained there the whole of that day, "and by the grace of God," says the historian of the escape, "learned that king James was still at Whitehall."[2]

[1] Journal of James II.

[2] Original MS. verified by Mary Beatrice; Chaillot collection.

The morbid state of despondency into which James sunk after the departure of his queen, is sufficiently testified by the following letter, which he wrote to lord Dartmouth the next morning:—

KING JAMES TO LORD DARTMOUTH.[1]

"Whitehall, Dec. 10, 1688.

"Things having so bad an aspect, I could no longer defer securing the queen and my son, which I hope I have done, and that by to-morrow by noon they will be out of the reach of my enemies. I am at ease now I have sent them away. I have not heard this day, as I expected, from my commissioners with the prince of Orange, who, I believe, will hardly be prevailed on to stop his march; so that I am in no good way,—nay, in as bad a one as is possible. I am sending the duke of Berwick down to Portsmouth, by whom you will know my resolution concerning the fleet under your command, and what resolutions I have taken; till when, I would not have you stir from the place where you are, for several reasons."

That morning the king spent in a state of considerable agitation, till relieved of some portion of his anxiety regarding his wife and son by the return of St. Victor, who told him that he had seen her majesty, with the prince, safely on board the yacht, and under sail for France. Then he assumed a more cheerful aspect, ordered the guards to be in readiness to attend him to Uxbridge the next day, and talked of offering battle to his foes, though he confessed to Barillon that he had not a single corps on whose fidelity he could rely.[2] The same day James learned that Plymouth, Bristol, and other places had submitted themselves to the prince of Orange, and that a regiment of Scotch horse had deserted. "Nor was there an hour," observes sir John Reresby, emphatically, "but his majesty received, like Job, ill news of one sort or another; so that, prompted by most fatal advice, the next day being the 11th, he withdrew himself privately." Before his departure, James wrote to the earl of Feversham, informing him "that he had been compelled to send away the queen and the prince of Wales, lest their lives should be endangered by falling into the enemy's hands, and that he was about to follow them; that could he but have relied on his troops, he would at least have had one blow for it." When this letter was read to the soldiers, many of them wept.[3]

After a day of excessive mental fatigue and agitation, the

[1] Dartmouth Papers. [2] Lingard, from Barillon. [3] Kennet.

king retired to his lonely pillow. As he was stepping into bed, he told the earl of Mulgrave, "that he had good hopes of an accommodation with the prince of Orange."—"Does he advance or retreat?" asked the earl. The king owned that his adversary continued to advance. Mulgrave shook his head, with a melancholy air.[1] James had summoned his council to meet the next morning at nine o'clock, without any intention of being present it has been generally said; but his mind was in too unsettled a state to be firm to any purpose long. About midnight he rose and disguised himself in a black periwig and plain clothes, left his bedroom by the little door in the *ruelle*, and attended only by sir Edward Hales, who was waiting for him, descended the backstairs, and crossing privy-gardens, as the queen had done two nights before, got into a hackney-coach, proceeded to the Horse-ferry, and crossed the Thames in a little boat with a single pair of oars to Vauxhall.[2] James had taken the great seal with him from Whitehall, doubtless with the idea that he might have occasion to use it on his arrival in France, to give effect to royal letters, pardons, and commissions; but prompted by an impulse which appears clearly symptomatic of a disorganized brain, he threw it into the river while crossing. It was well, perhaps, for some of the leaders of the revolution,—happy, certainly, for the daughters of the unfortunate king,—that it was only one of the bauble types of regal power, and not himself, that he flung into those dark deep waters in the silence and loneliness of that melancholy voyage. Many an unsuccessful speculator in modern times has plunged himself into eternity, from causes far less exciting than those which had impelled the betrayed king and father to leave his palace in the dead of a wintry night, with only one companion, to encounter greater perils than those from which he fled.

Horses stood ready for his majesty at Vauxhall. He mounted in haste, attended by sir Edward Hales, and conducted by his guide through by-ways, crossed the Medway at

[1] Sheffield duke of Buckingham's Memoirs.

[2] Recital of king James's departure, given by himself to the nuns of Chaillot. See, also, his Life.

Ailesford-bridge. He found Sheldon, one of his equerries, waiting for him at Woolpeck with a fresh relay of horses. At ten o'clock in the morning he arrived at Emley-ferry, near Feversham, and embarked in a custom-house hoy, which had been hired for the passage by sir Edward Hales. The wind was fresh, and the vessel requiring more ballast, the master ran her ashore near Sheerness. Unfortunately sir Edward Hales, while they were waiting for the rising of the tide, sent his servant to the Feversham post-office, and as his seat was in that neighbourhood, his livery was known.[1] The man was dodged to the river side by some of the members of a gang of ruffians, who had formed a profitable association for stopping the panic-stricken Catholics in their flight to France, and stripping them of their property. These men perceiving that sir Edward Hales was in the hoy, came, to the number of fifty, in three boats, armed with swords and pistols, at eleven o'clock at night, and boarded the hoy just as she was beginning to float. They leaped into the cabin, and seized the king and his two companions, with abusive language. Sir Edward Hales perceiving that his majesty was unknown, took aside Ames, the leader of the gang, and putting fifty guineas into his hand, promised him one hundred more if he would allow them to escape. Ames took the money, and promised to go on shore to make arrangements for that purpose; but advised them to give up all their valuables into his hands, as he could not answer for the conduct of his people while he was gone. The king gave him three hundred guineas, all the money he had, and his watch; and, true to his methodical habits of business, took his receipt for those trifles. Ames went off with his prey, and then his men came rudely about the king, and insisted on searching his person for more booty. James, nevertheless, succeeded in securing his coronation ring, and three great diamond bodkins belonging to his queen.[2]

As soon as the tide rose high enough, the ruffians brought the hoy up to Feversham, and putting the king and his companions into a coach, carried them to an inn, amidst the yells

[1] King James's Journal. Ellis Correspondence.

[2] Recital of king James's departure; Chaillot MS.

and insults of the mob, by whom his majesty was mistaken for the chaplain of sir Edward Hales, or father Petre. This was the third agitating night James had passed without sleep since his sorrowful parting with his wife and child. When morning came, a seaman among the crowd, who had served under him when duke of York, recognised him, and bursting into tears, knelt and begged to kiss his hand. Overpowered by this touching proof of devotion from his humble liegeman, James wept. The instinctive act of homage performed by the true-hearted sailor betrayed the rank of the royal prisoner. The very ruffians who had plundered and insulted him, when they saw his tears were awed and melted; they fell on their knees, and offered to return their pillage. James bade them keep the money, and would only receive his sword and jewels. The seamen formed themselves into a guard round his person, and declared "that not a hair of his head should be touched."[1] James ought to have been satisfied that he had still many loyal hearts among his people. Even at Feversham something might have been done, had he been in a state of mind to take advantage of the revulsion of feeling manifested in his favour; but he was not, and began to talk in a rambling and incoherent manner. One minute he wept, and asked "what crimes he had committed to deserve such treatment?" said "that the prince of Orange sought not only his crown, but his life;" and implored those present "to get him a boat, that he might escape, or his blood would be on their heads." Then he asked for pen, ink, and paper; wrote, tore, wrote again; and at last succeeded in penning a brief summons to lord Winchelsea.[2] That nobleman hastened to his majesty, who then demanded to be conducted to the house of the mayor. The rabble, excited by the base publican, Edwards, objected to his removal, but the seamen carried the point, though with difficulty. The mayor was an honest man, and treated his sovereign with all the respect in his power James talked wildly, and of things little to the purpose,—"of the virtues of St. Winifred's well, and his loss of a piece of the

[1] Journal of James II., cited by Macpherson.

[2] Continuator of Mackintosh.

true cross, which had belonged to Edward the Confessor.'[1] He was finally seized with another fit of bleeding at the nose, which probably averted a stroke of apoplexy or frenzy, but made him very sick and weak. The earl of Winchelsea, who had been groom of the bedchamber to his majesty when duke of York, and had married the accomplished Anne Kingsmill, a favourite maid of honour of the queen, was much concerned at the state in which he found his royal master, and besought him not to persist in his rash design of leaving England, reasoned with him on the ruinous effect such a step must have on his affairs, and at last succeeded in calming him. James made him lord-lieutenant of the county of Kent, and governor of Dover-castle, on the spot. The next day sir James Oxendon came with the militia, under pretence of guarding his majesty from the rabble, but in reality to prevent him from escaping,—a piece of gratuitous baseness for which he was not thanked by William.[2]

For nearly two days no one in London knew what had become of his majesty. On the morning of the 13th of December, an honest Kentish peasant presented himself at the door of the council-chamber at Whitehall, stating that he was a messenger from king James. It was long before he could obtain attention. At last, Sheffield earl of Mulgrave being apprized of his business, insisted on bringing him in. He delivered a letter, unsealed and without superscription, containing one sentence only, written in the well-known hand of their fugitive sovereign, informing them that he was a prisoner in the hands of the rabble at Feversham. The faithful messenger, who had fulfilled his promise to his royal master by delivering this letter, described, with tears, the distress in which he had left his majesty at the inn.[3] The generous and courageous loyalty of this noble man of low degree ought to have shamed the titled traitor Halifax, who sat that day as president of the council, and would fain have adjourned the assembly to prevent any thing being done for

[1] Continuator of Mackintosh. James was probably plundered of the antique gold crucifix and rosary recently taken out of the coffin of Edward the Confessor, which contained this relic.

[2] Reresby's Memoirs.

[3] Sheffield's Memoirs.

the relief of the king; but Mulgrave boldly stood forth, and with a burst of manly eloquence represented "the baseness of leaving their king to be torn to pieces by the rabble, and insisted that measures should be taken for his personal safety, since, with all his popery, he was still their sovereign." He then proposed that lord Feversham, with two hundred of the guards, should be instantly despatched with his majesty's coaches to invite him to return.[1] Shame kept those silent who would fain have opposed this motion; and the lords Aylesbury, Lichfield, Yarmouth, and Middleton posted down to Feversham to acquaint the king "that his guards were coming to escort him to London, whither his friends desired him to return." James acceded to their request, and commenced his journey. At Sittingbourne he was met by his guards and equipage, and many of his faithful friends flocked round him.[2] He slept that night at Rochester, whence he despatched lord Feversham with a letter to the prince of Orange, inviting him to come to London for the purpose of an amicable treaty. Every one was at this time in uncertainty as to what had become of the queen and the little prince. On the 15th of December, the following paragraphs appeared in the journals of the day:—

"The current news is, that the king, queen, and all the retinue that went with the king, are taken at Feversham, in Kent. Others say that the king is dead, and has never been out of town, but lies dead, poisoned at St. James's. Others will have it that the king is at Feversham, sick; that he bleeds very much, and that several physicians are gone down to him, but that the queen and prince are arrived safe at Dunkirk. Others say that they are in England."

The next day, December 16th, James returned to his capital, and was greeted with impassioned demonstrations of affection. As he rode through the city to Whitehall, a body of gentlemen, forming a volunteer guard of honour, preceded him bareheaded. The bells rang joyously, and the air was rent with the acclamations of people of all degrees, who ran in crowds to welcome him. These manifestations of loyalty were far more flattering, spontaneous as they were, and the free-will offerings of popular sympathy in his distress, than

[1] Sheffield's Memoirs. Macpherson. Lingard. James's Journal.
[2] Journal of King James. Macpherson. Burnet.

if he had returned from a decisive victory over the forces of the Dutch prince. Yet every art had been used to alarm the metropolis with warnings and incendiary outcries of Irish and popish massacres; but in spite of every thing, the people showed that, though they hated popery, they loved the king. Whitehall was never more crowded than on that occasion, even to the royal bedchamber.[1]

Among the numerous candidates for audience was a deputation from the freebooters at Feversham, who came to beg his majesty's pardon for their late outrage, and to proffer once more a restitution of the gold of which they had rifled him. James not only bade them keep it, but gave them ten guineas to drink his health.[2] Cheered by the apparent reaction that had taken place, the king exerted himself to hold his court, and supped in state. "I stood by him during his supper," says lord Dartmouth, "and he told me all that had happened to him at Feversham with as much unconcernedness as if they had been the adventures of some other person, and directed a great deal of his discourse to me, though I was but a boy."[3] That night the metropolis was illuminated, and the streets were full of bonfires. Scarcely, however, had the king retired to his bedchamber, when Zulestein demanded an immediate audience, being charged with letters from the Dutch prince, his master, requiring that his majesty should remain at Rochester while he came to sojourn in London. James replied, "that the request came too late; and as he was now in London, a personal interview could the better take place." The only outrage that elicited an expression of anger was the arrest and imprisonment of his accredited messenger, lord Feversham; he expressed surprise and indignation, and wrote to the prince demanding his release.[4] William was now acting as king of England *de facto*, without any other authority than that bestowed upon him by foreign troops and deserters.

James was without money, and those who ought to have offered, unasked, to supply his exigencies, exhibited a churlish

[1] Journal of James. Life ditto. Burnet. Mackintosh. Kennet. Echard.
[2] Ellis Correspondence. [3] Note in New Burnet. [4] James's Journal.

spirit truly disgraceful. Lord Bellasys, a Roman-catholic peer, refused to assist him with the loan of a thousand pounds,[1] and a base regard to purse-preservation thinned his presence-chamber the next morning. It was then that two noble gentlemen, Colin earl of Balcarres, and the gallant viscount Dundee, presented themselves, charged with offers of service from his privy council in Scotland. "They were received affectionately by the king, but observed that none were with him but some of the gentlemen of his bedchamber. One of the generals of his disbanded army entered while they were there, and told the king that most of his generals and colonels of his guards had assembled that morning, upon observing the universal joy of the city on his return; that the result of their meeting was to tell his majesty, that much was still in their power to serve and defend him; that most part of the disbanded army was either in London or near it, and that if he would order them to beat their drums, they were confident twenty thousand men could be got together before the end of the day.[2] 'My lord,' said the king, 'I know you to be my friend, sincere and honourable; the men who sent you are not so, and I expect nothing from them.' He then said, 'It was a fine day, and he would take a walk.' None attended him but Colin and lord Dundee. When he was in the Mall, he stopped and looked at them, and asked 'how they came to be with him, when all the world had forsaken him and gone to the prince of Orange?' Colin said, 'their fidelity to so good a master would ever be the same; they had nothing to do with the prince of Orange.' Then said the king, 'Will you two, as gentlemen, say you have still an attachment to me?' 'Sir, we do.'—'Will you give me your hands upon it, as men of honour?' They did so. 'Well, I see you are the men I always took you to be; you shall know all my intentions. I can no longer remain here but as a cipher, or be a prisoner to the prince of Orange, and you know there is but a small distance between the prisons and the graves of kings; therefore

[1] Continuator of Mackintosh.

[2] Biographical notice of Colin earl of Balcarres, by lord Lindsay, his descendant; from the original family documents. Printed by the Bannatyne Club.

I go for France immediately. When there, you shall have my instructions. You, lord Balcarres, shall have a commission to manage my civil affairs; and you, lord Dundee, to command my troops in Scotland.'"[1]

James amused himself during some part of this day, his last of regal authority in England, by touching for 'the evil,' having succeeded in borrowing one hundred guineas of lord Godolphin to enable him to go through the ceremonial,—a piece of gold being always bound to the arm of the patient by the sovereign, and James had been robbed of his last coin by the freebooters at Feversham. That night, when the king was about to retire to bed, lord Craven came to tell him that the Dutch guards, horse and foot, were marching through the park, in order of battle, to take possession of Whitehall. The stout old earl, though in his eightieth year, professed his determination rather to be cut to pieces than resign his post at Whitehall to the Dutch; "but the king," says Sheffield, "prevented that unnecessary bloodshed with a great deal of care and kindness." He sent for count Solms, the Dutch commander, and told him there must be some mistake: "Were not his orders for St. James's?" The count produced his orders; on which the king commanded his gallant old servant to withdraw his men.[2] The English guards reluctantly gave place to the foreigners by whom they were superseded; and the king retired to bed, fancying that he had purchased one night's repose, at any rate, by this concession. Worn out by the agonizing excitement and continuous vigils of the last dreadful week, he slept, and so profoundly, that to have dismissed his o'erwearied spirit from its mortal tenement by one swift and subtle stroke would have been a *coup de grace*. A greater barbarity was committed. William sent deliberately to rouse his unfortunate uncle from that happy oblivion of his sufferings, with the insolent message "that it was thought convenient for him to leave his palace by ten o'clock the next morning:" three English peers were found capable of undertaking the commission. The plan was suggested by Halifax,

[1] Biographical notice of Colin earl of Balcarres, by lord Lindsay.
[2] Memoirs of Sheffield duke of Buckingham.

who advised William to employ the Dutch officers on this ungracious errand: "By your favour, my lords," said William, sternly, "the advice is yours, and you shall carry it yourselves," naming Halifax, Delamere, and Shrewsbury. At two o'clock in the morning this worthy trio presented themselves at the door of king James's ante-chamber, and knocking loudly, rudely demanded admittance to his presence. The earl of Middleton, who was lord in waiting, told them the king was in bed and asleep, and begged them to wait till morning. They replied, "they came from the prince of Orange with a letter, and they must deliver it that instant." Middleton approached the royal bed, and drew back the curtain, but the king was in so sound a sleep that it did not wake him. Lord Middleton was compelled to speak loudly in his ear to dispel his death-like slumber.[1] He started at first, but perceiving Middleton kneeling by him, asked what was the matter, and bade him admit the messengers.

When they entered, James recognised two open enemies, Shrewsbury and Delamere, and one false servant, Halifax, whom he had employed as one of his commissioners to negotiate a treaty with the prince of Orange, and had thus afforded an opportunity both of deceiving and betraying him,—another painful lesson for the royal Timon of British history, on his want of attention to moral worth in those on whom he bestowed his confidence. Halifax behaved with singular disrespect to his sovereign on this occasion, and when James objected to Ham-house, the place named for him to retire to by William, as "a very ill winter-house, being damp and unfurnished," he treated his majesty's objections with contempt. James said he should prefer going to Rochester if he left town, and after some discussion it was so agreed,—but that he should go by water, attended by the Dutch guards. When James wished to go through the city, Halifax rudely overruled that plan, by saying "it would breed disorder and move compassion."[2] The next morning, December 18th, was wet and stormy, but though James told the three lords who had undertaken the ungracious office of expelling him from

[1] Jame's Life. Clarendon Diary. Dalrymple. [2] King James's Journal.

his palace that the weather was unfit for the voyage, Halifax insisted upon it. The foreign ministers, and a few of his own peers and gentlemen, came to take leave of him, which they did with tears, and, as a last mark of respect, attended him to the water's edge. Notwithstanding the tempestuous wind and the heavy rain, which now fell in torrents, the banks of the river were crowded with sympathizing spectators, who came to take a parting look of their unfortunate sovereign. At twelve o'clock James entered the barge appointed for his convoy, attended by five faithful gentlemen, who volunteered to accompany him; viz., the earls of Arran, Aylesbury, Dumbarton, Lichfield, and lord Dundee. They were his only British escort: he had asked for a hundred of his own foot-guards, and was peremptorily denied. A hundred Dutch soldiers went in boats before and behind the royal barge, but they were so long in embarking that the tide was lost, and the king remained a full hour sitting in the barge waiting their convenience, exposed to the storm, before the signal was given for the rowers to move on.[1] "The English were very sorrowful at seeing him depart," says Barillon; "most of them had tears in their eyes. There was an appearance of consternation in the people when they found that their king was surrounded by Dutch guards, and that he was, in fact, a prisoner." Evelyn, in his diary for that day, records the departure of his royal master in these brief but expressive words: "I saw the king take barge to Gravesend, a sad sight! The prince comes to St. James's, and fills Whitehall with Dutch guards." Even then, if James could have been roused from the morbid lethargy of despair into which the unnatural conduct of his daughters and the treachery of his ministers had plunged him, his Dutch nephew might have had cause to repent of his expedition. Ministers, councillors, and general officers might be false to their oaths of allegiance, but the great body of the people were true, and eager to fight for their native sovereign if he would but have trusted to their loyalty. The greatest offence, after all, that James ever gave to this country, and for which he never has been

[1] King James's Journal.

forgiven, was, that he suffered himself to be driven away by a foreign prince without a struggle. The season of manly enterprise was past, and he felt incapable of grappling with the storm in his present state of mind and body.

The unfortunate king did not arrive at Gravesend till seven in the evening, wet and weary, long after dark. He was compelled to sleep there that night, at the house of Mr. Eckins, an attorney. "The next morning," James says, "he received a blank pass from the prince of Orange, which he had desired, in order to send one over to the queen, believing her landed before that in France, with her son."[1] The expression is a little mysterious, as if the king meant to enable Mary Beatrice to return to him again, according to her earnest wish, after he had been so eager to send her away,—another symptom of the unsettled state of his mind. At ten the next morning he proceeded, under the escort of the Dutch guards, to Rochester, where he took up his quarters in the house of sir Richard Head. During the three days he remained at Rochester, Turner, bishop of Ely, sent daily to entreat him not to withdraw. Every hour the king received visits from gentlemen and officers, who begged him to remain in England.[2] While others reasoned with calmness, the fiery Dundee endeavoured to rouse the desponding spirit of his heartbroken sovereign. "Make your stand here," said he, "and summon your subjects to their allegiance. Give me your commission, I will undertake to collect ten thousand men of your disbanded army together, and with them I will carry your standard through England, and drive the Dutch and their prince before you." The king said "he believed it might be done, but it would cause a civil war; and he would not do so much mischief to the English nation, which he loved, and doubted not but his people would soon come to their senses again."[3] Instead of following the counsels of Dundee, he sat inactively, repeating to himself, "God help me, whom can I trust? My own children have forsaken me."

[1] Journal of James II. [2] Ibid. Clarendon Diary.

[3] This conversation was overheard by David Middleton, a servant of the earl of Middleton, while he was mending the fire, and by him afterwards repeated to Carte the historian.

Burnet pretends that James was fixed in his determination to retire to France "by an earnest letter from the queen, reminding him of his promise to follow her, and urging its fulfilment in very imperious language. This letter," Burnet says, "was intercepted, opened, and read,[1] and then forwarded to the king at Rochester." Persons who could be guilty of the baseness of breaking the seal of such a letter would not hesitate at misrepresenting its contents, which were, doubtless, perfectly consistent with the feminine tenderness of the queen's character, her adoring fondness for her husband, and her fears for his personal safety.

It is certain that James had made up his mind to follow his wife and son when he quitted Whitehall the first time, and that nothing could shake his resolution. He was playing the game into the hands of his subtle adversary, who was impatient for him to be gone, and had ordered the back premises of the house at Rochester where he lodged to be left unguarded, to allow him every facility for escape. Before sitting down to supper on the evening of Saturday, December the 22nd, James drew up the well-known paper, containing the reasons which impelled him to withdraw for the present. In this declaration the unfortunate monarch sums up, in simple but forcible language, the outrages and insults to which he had been subjected by the prince of Orange; but when he alludes to the unprincipled aspersion on the birth of his son, his style becomes impassioned. "What had I then to expect?" he asks, "from one, who by all arts had taken such pains to make me appear as black as hell to my own people, as well as to all the world besides?" His concluding words are neither those of a tyrant nor a bigot: "I appeal," says he, "to all who are considering men, and have had experience, whether any thing can make this nation so great and flourishing as liberty of conscience? Some of our neighbours dread it." This paper James gave to the earl of Middleton, with orders that it should be printed as soon as he was gone. He then took leave of his few faithful followers and retired to bed.

[1] "There was, at least, as much of the barbarian as the politician, in breaking that most sacred seal."—Continuator of Mackintosh.

Between twelve and one on the morning of the 23rd he rose, and attended only by his natural son, the duke of Berwick, Mr. Biddulph, and De Labadie, the husband of the prince of Wales's nurse, left the house by a back stair and postern door. At parting, James drew a ring from his own finger and placed it on that of his loyal host, sir Richard Head, as an acknowledgment of the dutiful and affectionate attention he had received while under his roof, with these pathetic words: "This is the only present an unfortunate king is able to bestow."[1] His majesty found captain Macdonald in the garden, ready to guide him to the place where captain Trevanion waited with a boat. These two faithful officers rowed his majesty and his companions to a sorry fishing-smack that lay a little below Sheerness. In this vessel king James crossed the wintry waves, and, as usual, encountered very rough weather, many hardships, and some danger.[2] The circumstances under which James left England have been illustrated by a noble young author of our own times in a pathetic poem, in which the following striking lines occur:—

> "We thought of ancient Lear, with the tempest overhead,
> Discrowned, betrayed, abandoned, but nought could break his will,
> Not Mary, his false Regan,—nor Anne, his Goneril."[3]

The tragedy of real life is sometimes strangely mingled with circumstances of a comic character, which appear the more ridiculous, perhaps, from the revulsion of feeling they are apt to produce on persons labouring under the excitement of excessive grief. King James, in the midst of his distress during this melancholy voyage, felt his mirth irresistibly excited, when he saw the brave captain Trevanion attempting to fry some bacon for his refection in a frying-pan that had a hole it, which that gallant officer was compelled to stop with a pitched rag; at the sight of this expedient the king gave

[1] The ring, which is a fair emerald set round with diamonds, has been carefully preserved by the family of sir Richard Head, and is at present in the possession of his descendant the hon. Mrs. Herbert, to whom I am indebted for the communication of this interesting fact, which has also been noticed by the late sir Egerton Brydges, in his edition of Collins's Peerage, under the article *Carnarvon*.

[2] Journal of James II.'s Life.

[3] From Historic Fancies, by the hon. George Sydney Smythe, M.P., a volume replete with noble and chivalric sentiments.

way to immoderate laughter, which was renewed when the captain proceeded to tie a cord round an old cracked can, to make it in a condition to hold the drink they had prepared for him. A keen perception of the ludicrous is often a happy provision of nature to preserve an overcharged heart from breaking under the pressure of mortal sorrow. It was well for the fallen majesty of England that he could laugh at things which were melancholy indications of his calamitous reverse of fortune. The laughter, however, was medicinal, for he ate and drank heartily of the coarse fare that was set before him, and always declared that he never enjoyed a meal more in his life. James landed at the small village of Ambleteuse, near Boulogne, at three o'clock in the morning of December the 25th, being Christmas-day, o.s.[1]

Mary Beatrice, meantime, whom we left at Montrieul, reached Abbeville on the 21st, where she slept and passed the Saturday, which was kept in France as New-year's day, N.S. She arrived at Poix on the Sunday at two o'clock: she was there apprized that Louis XIV. intended to assign one of the most stately palaces in France, the château of St. Germains, for her residence. When her majesty approached Beauvais, the bishop and all the principal people in the town came out to meet and welcome her. "The same had been done," pursues our authority, "in all other places through which she passed; but this bishop offered particular marks of respect and generous attention to the royal fugitive, and she remained at Beauvais till Tuesday the 25th, when she received the welcome news that our king had left London."[2]

As soon as Louis XIV. heard of the landing of king James, he despatched one his equerries, M. le Grand, to inform the anxious queen of that event, and to present his complimentary greetings to her. The dauphiness sent the duc de St. Simon with friendly messages from herself. They

[1] Mary Beatrice had kept that festival ten days before, according to new style, while at Boulogne. The dates used by the historian of her journey to St. Germains belong to that computation, which had been adopted in France; but to avoid confusion, they are in this memoir made conformable to the dates used by English historians.

[2] MS. Narrative of the Escape.

found the royal traveller at Beaumont. The tidings of her husband's safety appeared to console her for all her misfortunes; raising her eyes to heaven, she exclaimed, "Then I am happy!" and praised God aloud, in the fulness of her heart.[1] Mindful, however, of the ceremonial observances that were expected of her, she composed herself sufficiently to return suitable acknowledgments for the friendly attentions and courtesies of the French sovereign, the dauphin, and the dauphiness, which she did with much grace, and expressed herself deeply grateful for all the king of France had done for her. The gentlemen then withdrew, leaving her to the free indulgence of her natural emotions, while she wrote to the king, her husband, a letter, which she despatched by Mr. Leyburn, one of her equerries, who had joined her after her retreat to France. "When we returned," says monsieur Dangeau, who was one of the deputation from the court of France, "we found her majesty still transported with joy." The sudden transition from misery to happiness is always trying to a sensitive temperament. Mary Beatrice, who had been enabled to subdue the violence of her grief by pious resignation to the will of God, had borne up under fatigue of mind and body, and the tortures of suspense, but the revulsion of feeling was too much for her corporeal powers. She was attacked with spasmodic hysterics, and for two hours her agonies were so excruciating, as to cause great distress and some alarm to her faithful little retinue; but after a time the spasms abated, and she became composed.[2]

The duchess of Portsmouth,[3] who was at the court of France with her son the duke of Richmond, had the effrontery to propose coming to meet the exiled queen of England, but the duc de Lauzun sent word to her, "that her majesty would see no one till she arrived at St. Germains." Mary Beatrice

[1] MS. Narrative of the Escape. Dangeau.

[2] Narrative of the Escape.

[3] This impudent woman had set her mind on obtaining an appointment as lady of the bedchamber to the virtuous consort of James II., though she had given her great annoyance when duchess of York, and also by disseminating the base slanders touching the birth of the prince of Wales. Through the intercession of the duke of Richmond she finally carried her point, a circumstance deeply to be regretted.

made an exception from this rule, in favour of ladies whose rank and virtues qualified them to offer her marks of sympathy and attention. When the duchess of Nevers came to pay her a visit at Beaumont, she received her most affectionately and kissed her. In the afternoon of December 28th, Mary Beatrice drew near St. Germains. Louis XIV. came in state to meet and welcome her, with his son the dauphin, his brother, monsieur, all the princes of the blood, and the officers of his household: his cavalcade consisted of a hundred coaches and six. He awaited the approach of his fair and royal guest at Chatou, a picturesque village on the banks of the Seine, below the heights of St. Germains-en-Laye.[1] As soon as her majesty's *cortège* drew near, Louis, with his son and brother, descended from his coach and advanced to greet her, supposing that she had been in the first carriage, which he had sent his officers to stop. That vehicle, however, only contained the prince of Wales, his sub-governess lady Strickland, and his nurses. They all alighted out of respect to the most Christian king, who took the infant prince in his arms, kissed and tenderly embraced him, and made the unconscious babe a gracious speech, promising to protect and cherish him.[2] Louis is said to have been struck with the beauty of the royal infant, on whom he lavished more caresses than he had ever been known to bestow on any child of his own.

The queen had in the mean time alighted from her coach, and was advancing towards his majesty. Louis hastened to meet and salute her. She made the most graceful acknowledgments for his sympathy and kindness, both for herself and in the name of the king her husband. Louis replied, "that it was a melancholy service he had rendered her on this occasion, but that he hoped it would be in his power to be more useful soon." He presented the dauphin and monsieur to her in due form, then led her to his own coach, where he placed her at his right hand. The dauphin and monsieur sat opposite to their majesties. "The queen," says Dangeau, "had

[1] Madame de Sévigné. Dangeau.

[2] Ibid. Journal of James. History of the Escape of the Queen in the archives of France.

with her the marchioness of Powis and the signora Anna Vittoria Montecuculi, an Italian, whom she loves very much."[1] And thus in regal pomp was the exiled queen of England conducted by Louis XIV. to the palace of St. Germains-en-Laye, which was henceforth to be her home. Cheered by the courteous and delicate attention with which she was treated by the sovereign of France, and anticipating a happy reunion with her beloved consort, Mary Beatrice smiled through her tears, and chatted alternately with the king, the dauphin, and monsieur, as they slowly ascended the lofty hill on which the royal château of St. Germains is seated. She always called Louis "sire," though the late queen, his wife, and the dauphiness only addressed him as "monsieur." When they alighted in the inner court of the palace, Louis, after placing every thing there at her command, led her by the hand to the apartments appropriated to the use of the prince of Wales, which were those of the children of France. This nursery suite had been newly fitted up for the prince of Wales. Here the king took leave of her majesty: she offered to attend him to the head of the stairs, but he would by no means permit it.[2]

Monsieur and madame Montechevereul, the state keepers of the palace, were there to do the honours of the household to the royal guest, who was treated and served in all respects as a queen. Her apartments were sumptuously furnished; nothing had been omitted that could be of use or comfort to her; the most exquisite taste and munificence had been displayed in the arrangement of her dressing-room, and especially her table. Among the splendid toilet service that courted her acceptance, Mary Beatrice saw a peculiarly elegant casket, of which Tourolle, the king's upholsterer, presented her with the key. This casket contained 6000 Louis-d'ors; a delicate method devised by the generous monarch of France for relieving her pecuniary embarrassments. Mary Beatrice, however, did not discover the gold till the next morning, for notwithstanding the significant looks and gestures with which Tourolle presented the key of this important casket, her heart was too

[1] Madame de Sévigné. Dangeau.

[2] News-letter from Versailles, Lingard's Appendix. Dangeau. Sévigné.

full to permit her to bestow a single thought upon it that night. King James had sent his son Berwick express, to earn her future favour by bringing the intelligence that he was to sleep at Breteuil, and would arrive at St. Germains towards the close of the following day.[1] Mary Beatrice wept and laughed alternately with hysterical emotion at these tidings. The next morning, Louis and the dauphin sent to make formal inquiries after the health of the royal traveller and her son. Overcome by all she had gone through, she was compelled to keep her chamber. At six in the evening, the king of France, with the dauphin, monsieur, and the duc de Chartres, came to pay her majesty a visit. She was in bed, but admitted these distinguished guests: Louis came and seated himself on her bolster, the dauphin stood near him, without any ceremony, chatting in the friendly and affectionate manner which their near relationship to the king her husband warranted. The chamber was full of French courtiers, who had followed their sovereign.[2]

In the course of half an hour, Louis was informed that the king of England was entering the château, on which he left the queen, and hastened to greet and welcome his unfortunate cousin. They met in the hall of guards; James entered at one door, as Louis advanced to meet him by the other. James approached with a slow and faltering step, and, overpowered with his grateful sense of the generous and friendly manner in which his queen and son had been received, bowed so low, that it was supposed he would have thrown himself at the feet of his royal kinsman if Louis had not prevented it, by taking him in his arms and embracing him most cordially three or four times. They conversed in a low voice apart for about a quarter of an hour. Then Louis presented the dauphin, monsieur, and the cardinal de Benzi to his majesty; and after this ceremonial, conducted him to the apartment of the queen, to whom he playfully presented him with these words: "Madame, I bring you a gentleman of your acquaintance, whom you will be very glad to see."

[1] Dangeau. Sévigné. MS. Memorials.

[2] Sévigné. Dangeau. News-letter from Versailles, in Lingard's Appendix.

Mary Beatrice uttered a cry of joy, and melted into tears; and James astonished the French courtiers, by clasping her to his bosom with passionate demonstrations of affection before every body. "The king of England," says one of the eye-witnesses of this touching scene, "closely embraced the queen his spouse in the presence of the whole world."[1] Forgetting every restraint in the transport of beholding that fair and faithful partner of his life once more, after all their perils and sufferings, James remained long enfolded in the arms of his weeping queen. Kind and sympathizing as Louis XIV. was to the royal exiles, there was a want of consideration in allowing any eye to look upon the raptures of such a meeting. As soon as the first gush of feeling had a little subsided, Louis led James to the apartments of the prince of Wales, and showed him that his other treasure was safe, and surrounded with all the splendour to which his birth entitled him. He then reconducted his guest to the *ruelle* of the queen's bed, and there took his leave.[2] James offered to attend his majesty of France to the head of the stairs, but Louis would not permit it. "I do not think," said Louis, "that either of us know the proper ceremonial to be observed on these occasions, because they are so rare, and therefore I believe we should do well in waiving ceremony altogether." It was noticed, however, that Louis, with his usual scrupulous attention to courtesy, always gave James the right hand. On taking his final leave he added, "It is to-day like a visit to me. You will come and see me to-morrow at Versailles, where I shall do the honours; and after to-morrow I shall come again to visit you, and as this will be your home, you shall treat me as you like." Louis added to these delicate marks of friendship the welcome present of ten thousand pounds, which he sent to his unfortunate kinsman the following day, in the way least calculated to wound his pride. The next day the queen sent lord Powis to inquire after the health of the dauphiness, but he was not permitted to see her.[3]

The château of St. Germains, which was assigned by Louis

[1] Letter from Versailles, in Lingard's Appendix. Dangeau.
[2] Ibid. Sévigné. [3] Ibid.

XIV. for the residence of the exiled king and queen of England, was one of the most beautiful and healthy of all the palaces of France. James was already familiar with the place, having passed some years there in his boyhood and early youth, when a fugitive in France, with the queen his mother, and the other members of his family. The remembrance of his father's death, the sorrows and vicissitudes that had clouded the morning of his days, must have been painfully renewed by returning to those scenes, after an interval of eight-and-twenty years, as a fugitive once more, and the only survivor of those who had been the companions of his first adversity. Mother, brothers, sisters, all were dead; nearer and dearer ties of kindred,—his own daughters, those who owed to him not only their being, but the high place they held in the world, the legitimacy which, in consequence of his honourable treatment of their mother, invested them with the power of injuring him, had proved false. The son of his beloved sister the princess of Orange, his own son-in-law, had driven him from his throne, and his wife and infant son were involved in his fall; yet James bore these calamities with a degree of philosophy which not only astonished but offended the French nobility, who, excitable themselves, expected to see the fallen king display the same emotions as the hero of a tragedy exhibits on the stage. They called his calm endurance coldness and insensibility, because they could not understand the proud reserve of the English character, nor appreciate the delicacy of that deep sorrow which shrinks from observation. It was the wish of James and his queen to live as private persons at St. Germains, in that retirement which is always desired by the afflicted, but it was not permitted.[1]

The sensitive mind of Mary Beatrice received no pleasure from the splendour with which the munificence of Louis XIV. had surrounded her; she felt the state of dependence to which herself and her unfortunate lord were reduced as a degradation, and every little incident that served to remind her of it gave her pain. Her bedchamber was hung with a superb set of tapestry from the designs of Le Brun, and

[1] Letters of Madame de Sévigné, vol. vi.

the upholsterer had, with artistical regard to pictorial effect, chosen the alcove as the fittest place for the piece representing the tent of Darius. The fallen queen of England could not repose herself on her bed, without having the pathetic scene of the family of that unfortunate king throwing themselves at the feet of Alexander always before her eyes. She felt the analogy between her situation and theirs so keenly, that one day she exclaimed in the anguish of her heart, "Am I not sensible enough of our calamities, without being constantly reminded of them by that picture?"[1] One of her ladies of the bedchamber repeated this observation to the French officers of the household, and they instantly removed the *tableau* of the royal suppliants, and replaced it with another piece representing a triumph. The queen reproved her faithful attendant for mentioning a passionate burst of feeling that appeared like a reproach to her generous benefactor, as if she imagined him capable of insulting her in her adversity. It is possible that she might suspect some little ostentation on the part of his officers in the choice of the tapestry.

The court of St. Germains was arranged by Louis on the model of his own; the exiled king and queen found all proper officers of state, gentlemen ushers, and guards ready to receive them. The French state officers and attendants were quickly superseded by the noble English, Scotch, and Irish emigrants who followed the fortunes of the exiled king and queen. The fidelity of the queen's household was remarkable. It is an interesting fact, that almost all her attendants applied to the prince of Orange for passports to follow her into France. William granted the passes, but outlawed all who used them, and confiscated their property. An elegant poet of the present times alludes to the sacrifices incurred by one of the attached adherents of James's cause in these pretty lines:—

"Yet who for Powis would not mourn,
That he no more must know
His fair red castle on the hill,
And the pleasant lands below?"[2]

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.
[2] Historic Fancies, by the hon. George Sydney Smythe.

Whole families preferred going into exile together, rather than to transfer their allegiance to William and Mary.[1] This generous spirit was by no means confined to the Roman-catholic aristocracy. Instances of fidelity, equally noble, are recorded of members of the church of England, and even of menial servants in the royal household. The queen's old coachman, who had formerly served Oliver Cromwell in that capacity, followed his royal mistress to St. Germains, was reinstated in his office, and continued to drive her state coach till he died at an advanced age. Those ladies of the bed-chamber who were compelled to remain in England with their husbands and families, like lady Isabella Wentworth and Mrs. Dawson, rendered their royal mistress the most important service of all, by continuing to bear true witness of her, when it became the fashion to calumniate and revile her. They courageously confuted her slanderers on more occasions than one. Even the daughter of the false Sunderland, the young countess of Arran, bore constant testimony to the legitimacy of the little prince and of the virtues of the exiled queen, during the brief period she survived the Revolution.

Louis XIV. allowed James and Mary Beatrice 50,000 francs per month for the support of their household. They objected at first to the largeness of the sum; but found it, in the end, insufficient to enable them to extend adequate relief to the necessities of their impoverished followers. At the first court held by the exiled king and queen at St. Germains, James looked old, and worn with fatigue and suffering. Of Mary Beatrice it was said by madame de Sévigné, "The queen of England's eyes are always tearful, but they are large, and very dark and beautiful. Her complexion is clear, but somewhat pale. Her mouth is too large for perfect beauty, but her lips are pouting, and her teeth lovely. Her shape is fine, and she has much mind. Every thing she says

[1] The old cavalier knight-banneret, sir Thomas Strickland, of Sizergh, whose lady, the sub-governess of the little prince, had accompanied her royal charge to France, followed her with their four boys, having first made over his Westmoreland estates to two of his servants, Thomas Shepherd, the steward, and Robert Carne, for the nominal sum of 500*l*. The property was thus preserved to his eldest son by the integrity of these two honest men, who might easily have kept the estates from proscribed Jacobites.

is marked with excellent good sense." It was the desire of Louis XIV. that the dauphiness, and the other princesses and ladies of the court of France, should pay a ceremonial visit of welcome to the queen of England the next day, but this was an object that required more than his power to accomplish. The dauphiness, fearing that a *fauteuil* would not be accorded to her in the presence of her Britannic majesty, feigned sickness as an excuse for not performing the courtesy prescribed by her august father-in-law to his royal guests. She kept her bed obstinately for several days. Madame, the wife of the king's brother, said "she had a right to a fauteuil on her left hand, and that she would not go unless that were allowed;" neither would the duchesses, without being permitted to have their tabourets, the same as in their own court. Monsieur was very sulky, withal, because the queen had not kissed him. Mary Beatrice, though naturally lofty, behaved with much good sense on this occasion: she referred the matter entirely to the decision of the king of France. "Tell me," said she to Louis, "how you wish it to be. I will salute whomsoever you think proper, but it is not the custom in England for me to kiss any man." The king decided that it should be arranged according to the etiquette of France. Madame de Sévigné, a few days after, records the important fact, that "the queen of England had kissed monsieur, and that he was, in consideration of having received that honour, contented to dispense with a fauteuil in the presence of king James, and would make no further complaints to the king his brother."[1]

Mary Beatrice and her lord, though deprived of the power and consequence of crowned heads, found themselves more than ever fettered with those rigid etiquettes, which are certainly not among the least of the pains and penalties of royalty. The princesses and female nobility of France were scarcely sane on the point of precedency, and the importance that was placed by those full-grown children on the privilege of being entitled to the distinction of a tabouret was ludicrous. It was an age of toys and trifles, but the irritation

[1] Dangeau. Sévigné.

and excitement caused by frivolous contentions was to the full as great, as if the energies of the parties concerned had been employed for objects worthy of the attention of rational beings. The courts of the Stuart sovereigns, both in Scotland and England, had been conducted on more sensible principles; but at St. Germains, James and his queen were compelled to adapt the same formal ceremonial and etiquettes as those observed in the court of France, or they would have been treated as if they had fallen, not only from regal power, but royal rank. It was settled that the dauphin should only sit on a *pliant*, or folding-chair, in the presence of king James; but when in company with the queen alone he should be entitled to a fauteuil.[1] The arrangement of this knotty point did not free the royal exiles from perplexing attacks on their patience in their new position. The princes of the blood had their pretensions also, and it was a much easier matter to satisfy them than their ladies. The princesses of the blood were three or four days before they would attend the court of the queen of England, and when they went there the duchesses would not follow them. They insisted on being treated, not only according to the custom of the court of France, where they had the privilege of sitting in the presence of the sovereign, but according to that of England also, where the monarch kisses ladies of their rank on their presentation. In a word, the duchesses of France demanded to be kissed by king James, and to sit in the presence of his queen. Notwithstanding the pleasing impression made by the graceful and conciliatory manners of Mary Beatrice, and the general interest excited by her beauty and her misfortunes, a party, founded on jealousy, was excited against her among the French ladies by the princesses.

King James returned the visit of the French sovereign in state December 29th, and was received by that monarch with all the honours due to royalty. Louis presented him in form to the dauphiness. She stood at the door of her chamber, with her ladies, to receive him, and they conversed for a few minutes. James then called on the dauphin, and talked like

[1] Memoirs and Anecdotes of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

a connoisseur of the fine pictures, cabinets, china, and other articles of *vertu*, with which his apartments were decorated. His majesty afterwards visited his brother-in-law monsieur, madame, and all the princes of the blood. The next day, the dauphin came to St. Germains, and made formal state calls on James, his queen, and the infant prince of Wales. Mary Beatrice ordered that he should have a fauteuil in her presence, but a lower one than that in which she sat. The dauphiness pleaded illness as an excuse for not accompanying him. Mary Beatrice accepted the apology, and wisely determined to waive ceremony by paying the first visit.[1] She told the dauphin, that "she only delayed going to Versailles, to pay her compliments to the king and the dauphiness, till she could procure a dress suitable for the occasion." In making her toilette for the court of Versailles, she knew that she must pay due attention to the prevailing modes. On this occasion she was happily so successful, that she had the good fortune to please the most fastidious of the French ladies. "When the queen of England went to visit the dauphiness," says madame de Sévigné, with enthusiasm, "she was dressed to perfection. She wore a robe of black velvet over an elegant petticoat; her hair was beautifully arranged; her figure resembles that of the princess de Conti, and is very majestic." The king of France came himself to hand her from her coach; he led her into his presence-chamber, and placed her in a chair of state, higher than his own. After conversing with her about half an hour, Louis conducted her to the apartment of the dauphiness, who came to the door to receive her. The queen expressed some surprise. "I thought, madame," said she, "I should have found you in bed." "Madame," replied the dauphiness, "I was resolved to rise, that I might properly receive the honour done me by your majesty." Louis XIV. withdrew, because the mighty laws of court etiquette forbade his daughter-in-law to sit in an arm-chair in his presence. When he had departed, the important ceremony of taking seats was successfully achieved. The exiled queen was inducted into the place of honour, the

[1] Dangeau. Sévigné.

dauphiness seated herself in a fauteuil on her right hand, madame the duchess of Orleans on her left, and the three little sons of the dauphiness were perched in three arm-chairs; the princesses and duchesses made their appearance, and occupied their tabourets round the room. In short, the pretended invalid held a crowded court in her bedchamber on this occasion, and was much elated at having succeeded in inducing the queen of England to pay her the first visit. His majesty of France being privately informed when Mary Beatrice rose to take her leave, came, with his wonted courtesy, to lead her down stairs and place her in her coach. When Louis returned to the apartment of the dauphiness, he was eloquent in his commendations of their royal guest, and, evidently with a view of suggesting to his German daughter-in-law that she would do well to imitate so perfect a model of regal grace and dignity, he emphatically added, "See what a queen ought to be!" He praised her charming manners and her ready wit, and expressed his admiration of her fortitude in adversity, and her passionate love for her husband.[1] From that hour it became the fashion in the court of France to cite the exiled queen of England as the perfection of grace, elegance, beauty, and female virtue. The *grand monarque* had said it, and from his decision there could be no appeal. The French duchesses, who to please the dauphiness had protested that, if the receptions of the court of St. Germains were to be modelled after the customs of that of Versailles, nothing should induce them to kiss the hem of the queen of England's robe, were now ready to kiss her feet.[2]

The next day, at four o'clock precisely, Mary Beatrice was favoured with a solemn state-visit from the duchess of Orleans, her daughters, the duchess of Guise, and all the princesses of the blood. She kissed them all, gave a *fauteuil* to the duchess of Orleans, and less honourable chairs, called *pliants*, to the princesses. As far as regarded their own claims, the demi-royalty of France were satisfied; but they took the liberty of requesting the queen to explain why she permitted the signora Anna Montecuculi to occupy a tabouret in her presence, as

[1] Sévigné. [2] Ibid.

she had not the rank of a duchess. Her majesty condescended to explain, that she allowed her that privilege as the lady in waiting.[1] These ladies, who were so rigid in their notions of the importance attached to chairs and stools, made no exception against the appearance of the infamous duchess of Portsmouth, who also occupied a tabouret in that exclusive circle, having, with the persevering effrontery of her class and character, succeeded in obtaining an appointment as one of the ladies of the bedchamber in the household of James's consort at St. Germains. James was compelled to bestow several shadowy titles on his followers, to enable their ladies to hold appointments in his queen's bedchamber, and to sit in presence of the French court. He made lord Powis a duke, to entitle his lady to a tabouret. "There are four of the queen of England's ladies," says Dangeau, "whom she will have seated, when there are either princesses or duchesses of France present. These are lady Powis, as an English duchess; madame Montecuculi, whom she has made countess of Almonde, as a lady of honour; and the ladies Sussex and Waldegrave, as the daughters of king James;" the first named was, however, the daughter of Charles II.

After the dauphiness had returned the visit of the English queen, her majesty came again to Versailles to call on her; she arrived precisely at four o'clock, the orthodox hour. The king received her this time in the hall of guards, led her into the state presence-chamber, and gave her the place of honour. They conversed a long time together, and then he led her by the hand, through the gallery, to the door of the apartments of the dauphiness, who received her there, and conducted her into her chamber. They were getting pretty well acquainted now, and their conversation was easy and lively. When her majesty retired, the dauphiness attended her as far as the guard-room, where they parted, mutually satisfied with each other. Then the queen paid her ceremonial visit to the dauphin, who came to receive her in his guard-room, and conducted her to his presence-chamber, where they were both seated for some time in one fauteuil,—probably one of those double chairs of state,

[1] Dangeau.

such as that which is shown in queen Mary's chamber at Holyrood-palace. The queen was charmed with monseigneur's cabinets, and good-naturedly spoke much in praise of the dauphiness, for whom, however, this prince cherished very little tenderness. When the queen left the apartments of the dauphin, he re-conducted her to the spot where he had received her, and she proceeded to visit monsieur, and then madame.

On the 15th, the king of France, with the dauphin, visited the king of England at St. Germains. James received them at the end of the hall of guards; and after they had talked some time, they went together to the queen's apartment, where three *fauteuils* were placed, but the king of England would not sit to leave the dauphin standing, who could not occupy the third fauteuil in his presence. After standing for some time by the chimney-piece chatting with that prince, James, turning to the king of France, said, "We are determined to have no more ceremonies after this visit." The frank proposition of the sailor-king did not suit the formality of the court of France, which two successive Spanish queens had rendered almost as solemnly absurd on the subject of ceremonials, as that of the Escurial. James II. and Mary Beatrice found, that if they expected to be treated according to their own rank, they must condescend to the follies of persons of narrow intellect and strong prejudices, and conform to regulations which they, as aliens and suppliants, could not presume to censure. Policy and the exigency of circumstances taught the fallen queen of England the necessity of propitiating a lady of comparatively humble birth, but whose master-mind rendered her of tenfold more importance than all the French princesses put together, with the haughty dauphiness at their head. It is scarcely necessary to explain that this was madame de Maintenon, the bosom-counsellor of Louis XIV., she who wore the fleur-de-lis and ermined mantle, which none but the wife of a king of France may venture to assume, though public opinion forbad the widow Scarron to bear the title of queen. The first time madame de Maintenon came to St. Germains, Mary Beatrice,

having made her wait a few minutes, gracefully apologized for it, by expressing her regret that she had lost so much of her conversation. The compliment was well judged, and her majesty had the good fortune of making a favourable impression on her, whose influence governed the latter years of the *grand monarque*. "Every one," says madame de Sévigné, "is pleased with this queen, she has so much wit. She said to our king, on seeing him caressing the prince of Wales, who is very beautiful, 'I had envied the happiness of my son in being unconscious of his misfortunes; but now I regret the unconsciousness which prevents him from being sensible of your majesty's goodness to him.' Every thing she says is full of good sense, but it is not so with her husband; he is brave, but his capacity is ordinary, and he recounts all that has passed in England without emotion. He is a good man, nevertheless."

The anguish that oppressed the heart of the exiled queen while successfully labouring to establish a hard-earned popularity in the French court, is unaffectedly avowed in the following letter, addressed by her, evidently at this period, to her faithful friend the countess of Lichfield:[1]—

"St. Germain, Jan. 21.

"You cannot imagine, dear lady Lichfield, how pleased I was to receive two letters from you, so full of kindness as they were. I hope you do not think I am so unreasonable as to expect you should leave your husband and children to come to me. I am in too miserable a condition to wish that my friends should follow it, if they can be in their own country. I was overjoyed to hear by every body, as well as by the king, that your lord had behaved himself so well. I don't doubt but he will continue to do so, and I am sure you will encourage him to it. The king is entirely satisfied with him, and does not dislike what he did, for he had the example and advice of honest men, which he may well follow. The letter sent by your sister was of no great consequence, but by the courier you had reason to think it was. I thank God I am very well in my health, and have the satisfaction to see my poor child grow visibly every day, and the king look better than he has done this great while. I want no less, to enable me to support my other misfortunes, which are so extraordinary that they move every one's pity in this country, so that they cry and pray for us perpetually. I hope God will hear their prayers, and make us happy again, but no change of condition shall ever lessen the real kindness I have for you. "M. R."

[1] Through the kindness of the hon. lady Bedingfeld, the immediate descendant of the earl and countess of Lichfield, I enjoy the privilege of presenting this most interesting royal letter, for the first time, to the public.

This letter is written on plain note paper, and is enclosed in a torn and hastily folded envelope, superscribed—"For the countess of Lichfield." It is sealed with the famous diamond seal always used by the consort of James II. in her correspondence with the adherents of the Jacobite cause. The impression is her royal cypher, M. R., interlaced with that of her royal husband, J. R., the J forming the first limb of the ornamented M. This conjugal device is surmounted with the crown-matrimonial of England.

FAC-SIMILE.

The manner in which Mary Beatrice speaks of her infant son in this letter, contains, in its unaffected simplicity, a refutation of the complicated falsehoods with which the injustice of a party had laboured to impugn his birth. When the fallen queen thanks God, in the midst of her misfortunes, "that she has the satisfaction of seeing her poor child grow visibly every day," every one recognises the voice of nature, and the genuine feelings of a mother's heart.

The purple velvet and ermine in which Mary Beatrice dressed her boy, not being the orthodox costume for babies of his rank in France, excited the astonishment of the ladies of that court, as we find from a remark made by madame de Sévigné, in a letter dated January 31st, 1689. "Madame de Chaulnes has seen the queen of England, with whom she is much pleased. The little prince was dressed like a merry-andrew,[1] but beautiful and joyous, leaping and dancing when they held him up." He was then between seven and eight months old, a most attractive age; and the bracing, salubrious air of St. Germains had evidently been of much service to the royal infant, whose health was so delicate in England.

When the exiled king and queen witnessed the representation of Racine's popular tragedy of Esther, at St. Cyr,[2] Mary

[1] "Godinot" is the word used by madame de Sévigné.
[2] Sévigné. Dangeau.

Beatrice was seated between the two kings, having Louis on her left hand and her husband on her right. Louis invited them to visit him at the Trianon the following day. He received his royal guests under the portico, and went all over the palace with them, chatting very pleasantly with them both. While the two kings were engaged in a long private conference, Mary Beatrice played at cards, with monsieur for her partner, against the duchesses of Epernon and Ventadour. In the evening they all went to see the ballet, where her majesty was seated, as before, between her husband and Louis XIV. She was attended by the countess of Sussex, lady Sophia Bulkeley,[1] and madame de Montecuculi, her ladies in waiting.

The formal pleasures of the French court had no power to cheer hearts that were full of anxious thoughts of England. James had addressed a manifesto, on the 4th of January, to his lords spiritual and temporal, and his subjects in general, claiming their allegiance, and stating the causes that compelled him to withdraw from the personal restraint under which he had been placed by the Dutch troops; he expressed his desire to return for the purpose of assembling a free parliament for the redress of all grievances. Instead of a free parliament, ninety-five peers, taking the legislative power into their own hands, empowered the prince of Orange to assemble a convention, composed of persons who had been members of parliament in Charles II.'s reign, the lord mayor, aldermen, and fifty common-councilmen of the city of London, to settle the government. The archbishop of Canterbury refused to assist in the deliberations of an illegally constituted assembly, supported by a foreign army: the greater number of the bishops adhered to their oaths of allegiance to James. A majority of two voices only, in the house of peers, confirmed the vote of the convention that the throne was vacant in consequence of James's flight to France. On the 6th of February it was decided, by a majority of twenty, that the prince and princess of Orange should be proclaimed king and queen.[2]

[1] This lady was the sister of *la belle Stuart;* she was married to Mr. Bulkeley, the brother of lord Bulkeley,—a title now extinct.

[2] Journals of the Lords. Burnet. Mackintosh.

The smallness of the majority by which this measure was carried, proves how closely the parties were balanced. Eight prelates, with the archbishop of Canterbury at their head, including five of the seven who had, in commemoration of their resistance to James and imprisonment in the Tower, been called "the seven pillars of the church," preferred the loss of their bishoprics to transferring their allegiance to the new sovereigns: their example was followed by a third of the clergy. A movement and a change took place on that occasion in the church throughout England, in which the non-juring ministers occupied a position not dissimilar to those of the free church in Scotland in the present day. They forsook all, rather than violate their principles, and were reduced, with their families, to the greatest state of destitution.[1] In some instances whole congregations adhered to the deprived minister; party ran high in parishes, and even in families, on the subject of these divisions, and good Christians beheld with pain a breach in the unity of the church of England. King James was, meantime, reminded by his viceroy Tyrconnel, that he was still the undisputed sovereign of Ireland. In compliance with the urgent invitations of his subjects there, he determined to make his appearance in that realm.

On the 20th of February, James lost a powerful friend by the sudden death of his niece, the queen of Spain,[2] who had been urgent with the king her husband to render him assistance in his distress. Her decease plunged the courts of Versailles and St. Germains into grief and mourning. James prepared himself for his expedition to Ireland rather in the spirit of a pilgrim devotee than a warrior, by visiting the nunnery of Chaillot, where the heart of the late queen his mother was enshrined, and offering up his prayers for the repose of her soul. That convent was founded by Henrietta,

[1] Life and Works of Bishop Ken.

[2] This princess was the eldest daughter of Henrietta of England and Philip duke of Orleans: she inherited the wit, beauty, and fascination of her mother. She was only six-and-twenty, and her death was attributed to poison, administered by the emissaries of a party jealous of her unbounded influence over the mind of her weak, sickly husband. Charles II. of Spain.—St. Simon. Sévigné.

and when a boy he had been accustomed to attend her thither, though at that time opposed, with all the vehemence of his enthusiastic temperament, to the doctrines of the church of Rome, and on very bad terms with his mother in consequence of their differences of opinion; yet he told the lady abbess that he had great pleasure in the recollections associated with his visits to Chaillot. He besought the prayers of the sisters for the success of his voyage, and expressed the pleasure he felt at the thought that his queen would often come there during his absence, to perform her devotions.

At the request of Mary Beatrice, Louis XIV. had not only forgiven Lauzun for all past offences, but elevated him to the rank of a duke; and king James, in acknowledgment of the services he had rendered in conducting the escape of the queen and prince, invested him, on the eve of his expedition to Ireland, with the order of the Garter, in the church of Nôtre Dame. The collar and jewel of the order, which were very richly ornamented with diamonds, were the same that had belonged to Charles I., and which had been entrusted after his death, during the subsequent reign of terror, to the care of honest Isaac Walton, who faithfully returned them to Charles II. Lauzun was one of the hundred noble French gentlemen who volunteered their services to king James on this occasion. James's force consisted of two thousand five hundred English and Scotch emigrants; his funds, of four hundred thousand crowns,—a loan from the French monarch. Louis supplied him with vessels, and offered to assist him with troops. James's reluctance to employ foreign soldiers was still insuperable, and he replied, "I will recover my own dominions with my own subjects, or perish in the attempt."[1] Like many a lofty spirit, he was compelled to bend to circumstances without achieving his object. Louis had provided equipages, camp beds, and toilet furniture of a magnificent description for the use of the royal adventurer; at parting, he unbuckled his sword, and presented it, telling him he hoped it would prove fortunate.[2] The French courtiers, who delighted in any thing resembling a scene, were greatly ex-

[1] Sir James Mackintosh. [2] Madame de Sévigné.

cited with this romantic incident, and talked much of Hector, Amadis, and Orondates. The farewell compliment of Louis was blunt, but spoken in the spirit of true kindness. "The best wish that I can offer to your majesty," said he, "is, that I may never see you again."[1]

The separation between Mary Beatrice and her husband was of a heart-rending character. They parted as lovers who expected to meet no more on earth. Every one felt for the uncontrollable anguish of the queen: her adieus were interrupted with tears, with cries and swoonings. She withdrew the same day, February 28th, from the palace of St. Germain's with her infant boy, into the deep retirement of the convent at Poissy, with the intention of passing the whole of her time in tears and prayers for the safety of her ill-fated lord. The catastrophe that befell the king's favourite valet, who was drowned at Pont de Cé, was considered ominous,—the vessel in which he had embarked with his majesty's luggage being lost, with all the costly presents bestowed by Louis XIV. James travelled in his coach, having with him his son the duke of Berwick, and the earls of Powis, Dumbarton, and Melfort, and Thomas Stuart. He crossed the fauxbourgs of Paris, reached Orleans the same night, and took the route through Bretagne. At Roche Bernard, the duke de Chaulnes received the exiled monarch with great state, and would have conducted him to a bedchamber to repose himself, but James said, "I only want something to eat." They had provided him a splendid supper, entirely of fish.

He embarked at Brest on the 6th or 7th of March, and landed at Kinsale, in Ireland, on the 12th. He was received with acclamations. His viceroy, Tyrconnel, had got together an army of forty thousand men, but chiefly made up of half-naked unarmed peasants, ready to fight, but having neither weapons nor military discipline. James entered Dublin in triumph, and opened his parliament with declarations of religious liberty to all persuasions. Dundee and Balcarres urged him to come to Scotland, "where the highland chiefs were eager for his presence, and hosts of shepherds would be trans-

[1] Dalrymple. Dangeau. Sévigné.

formed into warriors at the first wave of his banner on the mountain tops." He was also entreated by a strong party of faithful friends and repentant foes to hasten to England without further delay.[1] Even those subtle deep-seeing foxes of the revolution, Halifax and Danby, assured sir John Reresby "that king James might be reinstated in less than four months, if he would only dismiss his priests." Some of the authors of the Revolution began to make overtures to their old master, in the same spirit which sometimes leads gamblers on the turf to hedge their bets, when they see cause to suspect that they have ventured their money on a wrong horse. The morning after the news of king James's landing in Ireland became public in London, it was discovered that some wag had written on the walls of Whitehall,—"A great house to be let by St. John's-day,"[2] intimating by this pasquinade, that the present royal tenants of the palace would be compelled to vacate it before the midsummer quarter.

The king of France did not wish Mary Beatrice to bury herself in the seclusion of Poissy during the absence of her lord, and endeavoured by all the means in his power to tempt her to gayer scenes; but her heart was filled with too much anxiety, and all she seemed to live for was her child, and letters from James or news of his proceedings. Louis promised to send especial couriers whenever he received despatches, to convey the tidings to her as early as possible.[3] From Poissy, the queen went for a few days to the convent of Chaillot. While there, she formed a spiritual friendship with the superior and several of the nuns of this community. Very precious to the fallen queen of England were the sympathy and reverence which she received from the nuns of Chaillot in the days of her adversity, and the friendship that was commenced between her and some of the ladies of that community was only dissolved by death. She had her preferences among them; and the three who appeared to hold the first place in her regard, were madame Catharine Angelique Priolo, madame Claire Angelique de Beauvais, and

[1] Dalrymple. Life of James II. Macpherson. [2] Sévigné.
[3] Dangeau. Sévigné.

St Germain ce 28. Aoust.
1689.

Le trop de respect que vous avez pour moy,
Ma Tres-chere Mere vous empesche de m'escrire
et la juste amitié que i'ay pour vous m'oblige
a le faire, car ie prends plaisir a vous dire,
que des que ie suis hors de vos saints cloistres,
ie souhaitte d'y rentrer, ie crois pourtant qu'
il y a de l'amour propre en cela; car sans
flatter, ie n'ay point trouvé de vray repos
depuis que le Roy m'a laissé qui a Chalus,
il y a dix sept ans que n'ay aucune de ses

nouvelles ce qui me donne une grande inquiétude, car je ne puis donner aucun credit aux nouvelles qui viennent d'autre part, je vous demande par charité vos bonnes prieres, et celles de toute nostre communauté que je salüe de tout mon coeur, et tout particulierement mes chers soeurs la Regente, et l'Assistante, que je prie d'offrir pour moi quelques unes de leurs actes de simplicité, et d'humilité, et vous ma tres-chere mere offres aussy quelque pauté, des la quarante d'actes de merci, que vous faite par vous, pour moi, qui suis du fond de mon coeur nostre bonne amie

mademoiselle Françoise Angelique de Mesme. Mary Beatrice often calls these ladies "her three Angeliques." She also mentions with great affection a sister, whom she calls "her dear little portress," and "the dear sister of Dumbarton," lady Henrietta Douglas, who took the name of Marie Paule at her profession. Business recalled her majesty to her lonely court at St. Germains, from whence she addressed the following letter to the abbess of Chaillot, written in French, of which we have the satisfaction of presenting the reader with a *fac-simile* from the original document in the archives of the kingdom of France :—

TRANSLATION.

"St. Germain, 28 April, 1689.

"The too great respect that you have for me, my dear mother, prevents you from writing to me, and the proper regard I have for you obliges me to write to you, for I take great pleasure in telling you, that ever since I left your holy cloister I have wished to return thither. I believe, however, there is self-love in that, for, without deceit, I have not found any real repose since the king left me but at Chaillot. It is seventeen days since I have heard any tidings from him, which greatly disquiets me, since I cannot give any credit to news that comes from any other quarter. I implore the charity of your good prayers, and those of all your community. I salute them with all my heart, and more especially my dear sisters *la Déposée*[1] and the assistant. I would entreat them to offer for me one of their acts of simplicity and of humility, and you, my dear mother, to offer also some portion of the numerous acts of virtue that you perform every day, for me, who am, from the bottom of my heart, your good friend,

"Maria, R."

The concluding requests involve some of the vital differences of belief between Christians of the reformed church and those of the church of Rome, for however efficacious the prayers of holy men and women may be, it is contrary to Scripture warrant to believe that any person has good works to spare for others. The piety of Mary Beatrice became of a more spiritual and enlightened character as she advanced, through many sufferings, on her Christian course. Many are the presents of fruit, cakes, confections, and vegetables, fish and bread, that are acknowledged by her majesty in the course of her letters, with expressions of gratitude to the members of this community. In the postscript to this

[1] This was the title borne by the ex-abbess, that office being elective at the convent of St. Marie de Chaillot.

letter she speaks of the little offerings for her table that had been sent to her by her cloistered friends:—

"I have eaten heartily at my dinner of your bread and salad, for which I thank you, but I forbid you to be at the trouble of sending more of it to me: I ought, at any rate, to send for it. I beg you to thank mademoiselle de la Motte for me, for the preserves she has sent me: they are very good, but too much to send at one time. I have promised lady Almonde that this letter should answer for her as well as for me, for she does not know how to write in French. I believe," continues her majesty, archly, "that one of my letters will be a little more agreeable than those of her secretary. Adieu, my dear mother! I entreat St. Francis Xavier to hear the prayers that you will make to-morrow for me, to obtain for me of God either consolation or resignation. "M. R."

Superscribed—"To the rev. mother, Superior of the daughters of St. Marie de Chaillot."

Endorsed—"First letter of the Queen to the Mother, received in 1689."

Mary Beatrice found it necessary, for the sake of her royal husband's interest, to propitiate the king of France by emerging from her tearful retirement, and appearing at some of the splendid fêtes and entertainments which he devised for her amusement. The solicitude that magnificent prince manifested for her comfort, and the many distinguishing marks of attention he showed her, were exaggerated into signs and tokens of a more lively regard than friendship. Madame de Maintenon became uneasy, and betrayed symptoms of jealousy. "Yet," observes our authority, "this suspected passion for the queen of England had no other foundation than the sympathy and innocent attentions which the king could not help offering to a princess whose virtues were acknowledged by all the world, and which he would have admired in any one."[1] Mary Beatrice was, moreover, the adopted daughter of Louis, and his regard for her was a sentiment, not a passion,—a sentiment which, in its refinement and generosity, forms one of the redeeming traits of his character. He treated her, it is true, with the homage which is always paid to a beautiful and intellectual woman in France, but it was her conjugal tenderness that excited his respect. "She was always a queen in her prosperity," said he; "but in her adversity she is an angel."[2]

The dauphin had a great esteem for Mary Beatrice, and

[1] Gallerie de l'Ancienne Cour. [2] Sévigné.

frequently came to see her; but the dauphiness, who was jealous of the higher title borne by the unfortunate queen, rarely visited her. One day the dauphin brought his little son, the duke of Burgundy, to St. Germains, and the queen inquired of the dauphin if she ought not to give him a *fauteuil;* and the reply being in the affirmative, he was duly inducted into one of those important seats. Then came monsieur, madame, and their son, the duc de Chartres. They had fauteuils, but the young duke only a *pliant.* These absurd rags of ceremonials are always noted by the journalists of the time—even those who held the office of ministers of state—with as much gravity as if connected with the fate of empires. Weariness and vexation of spirit it was for the anxious consort of James II. to bestow the attention of an overburdened mind on such follies. Situated as she was, however, she was compelled to condescend to trifles, and to learn the hard lesson, to a lofty mind, of making herself every thing to all the world.

The receipt of a letter from her absent lord, written during the favourable aspect of affairs which flattered him on his first arrival in Ireland, filled her heart with joy, which she hastened to communicate to her friends at Chaillot in the following animated note, written in great haste, and without distinctive date, but the allusion to the siege of Derry fixes it to May:—

"St. Germain, Tuesday matin.

"I was so much pressed with business and visits all yesterday, that I had not a single moment of time left me to give and impart my joy to my dear mother and her dear community, having received, while finishing my dinner, a very long letter from the king, of recent date, which assured me that he was in perfect health at Dublin, and that he expected every day the news of the taking of the town which is besieged, [Derry]. God be for ever praised, for that he has heard your prayers and those of your dear daughters, who, I doubt not, will return thanks to Him to-day, in concluding your *noveno.* Do the best for me, my beloved mother, and believe me, by inclination as much as by gratitude, your's and your daughters', "M. R."

This letter has been carefully endorsed, subsequently, "Fourth letter, *which must never be produced, because matters have not succeeded in Ireland.*"[1]

The early successes of king James in Ireland were rendered useless for want of money. He was compelled to raise the

[1] From the original French holograph in the Chaillot collection, at the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

value of the currency in the first instance, and finally to ruin his cause by coining brass money to pass at the nominal value of silver. The expedient of bills and bank notes had never been adopted by the Stuart monarchs as the cheap representatives of imaginary millions. Mary Beatrice, painfully aware of the exigency of her husband's circumstances, became an earnest suppliant for money to her royal friend, Louis; but Louis was neither able nor willing to supply funds for the Irish war. He was ready to conduce to her domestic comforts on a magnificent scale, but his own extensive buildings at Versailles were yet to be paid for. He referred every thing relative to public business to his ministers. To them the anxious queen next addressed herself; and at last her impassioned pleadings wrought on Seignelai to send a welcome, but inefficient supply of money and arms to her royal husband. The first time her name is mentioned as connected with public business, is in reference to the assistance she gave to the destitute champions of king James's cause in Scotland, by pawning part of her jewels, and sending the proceeds to Dundee for the purchase of arms and ammunition.[1] "I was extremely surprised," writes that gallant chief to lord Melfort, "when I saw Mr. Drummond, the advocate, in a highland habit, come up to Lochaber to me, and give account that the queen had sent 2000*l.* sterling to London to be paid to me for the king's service, and that two more were coming. I did not think the queen had known any thing of our affairs. I received a very obliging letter from her by Mr. Crain."[2] Dundee's letter is dated June 28th. The seasonable supply which Mary Beatrice had sent him, enabled him to make a vigorous and triumphant advance. He gathered the clans round the standard of king James, and, on the 18th of July, defeated king William's forces under Mackay in the pass of Killiecrankie, and having taken the Dutch standard, fell mortally wounded in the moment of victory. With him fell the cause of king James in Scotland. The queen did her utmost to keep alive the interest of her royal husband, by writing to their old friends

[1] Nairne's State-Papers. Life of King James. [2] Nairne's State-Papers.

and acquaintances in Scotland, and sending over agents and busy intriguers, to nurse up plots for risings in his favour in various parts of the ancient realm of the Stuarts. The following curious and mysteriously worded letter was addressed by her to the gallant duke of Gordon:—

"Mary Queen of James II. to the Duke of Gordon.

"May 24, [ ].

"If I could have found sooner than this a safe opportunity of writing to you, I should not have been so long without telling you, that one of the greatest satisfactions I have had since I left England has been to hear of the zeal and faithfulness with which you have served and serve the king, at a time when every body seems to have forgot their duty, and when the king is not only not in a condition of rewarding those that perform it, but hardly able to let them know he is sensible of it, or to give them any light of his affairs to encourage them to continue faithful. By this you show yourself a good Christian, as well as a man of honour, and being bred up with both, I do assure myself that nothing can ever alter you. The queen of England, as well as the king of France, admire your conduct, and upon all occasions speak of it, and of your courage in keeping for your master what he left in your charge.[1] I know you need no encouragement to make ye go on as bravely as you have begun, but it will be a satisfaction to you to hear that the king's affairs in Ireland are in a very good posture; there was no town against him but Londonderry, which, by what they writt from Dublin, is, I am confident, before this in the king's hands, so that he is entirely master of that kingdom, and I hope will not stop there. I do conjure you to have a good heart, and encourage all the friends the king has in your country, for I am confident they will soon hear some good from him. Your good friend, that sends you this letter, will acquaint you with my name, which I dare not writt, nor make any superscription to this letter, for God knows whether ever it will come to you; but your friend will answer for me how duly I am Your's."[2]

At this epoch, Mary Beatrice assumes the unwonted character of a woman of business. James's ministers were astonished at her acute perceptions, sound sense, and application. "I confess," writes lord Melfort to king James, "I never saw any one understand affairs better than the queen; and she has really gained so much esteem from the king here, and his ministers, that I am truly of opinion, that if it had not been for her, the wicked reports spread here had made your affairs go entirely wrong at the court. I dare not," continues his lordship, "enter to speak of the prince, for adding to this letter, only I do protest that he is the finest child

[1] Keeping Edinburgh-castle for James II., not surrendered till after the death of Dundee at Killiecrankie, which dates this letter within a few months.

[2] Printed in the Spalding Club Miscellany, since the publication of the earlier editions of this work.

I ever saw. God Almighty bless your majesty, the queen, and him! for your comfort grant you the possession of your own, and that you may never have a worse servant than,"[1] &c., meaning himself. A worse counsellor James never had: his letters, when intercepted, had a very bad influence on his royal master's cause, as they betrayed a treacherous and vindictive temper. The queen, finding Melfort's presence mischievous at St. Germains, got rid of him as handsomely as she could, by sending him to compliment the new pope, and endeavour to obtain money for the exigencies of the Stuart cause from him. His holiness expressed great sympathy, but protested his inability to assist her majesty with any thing but his prayers. Her ambassador, though a Catholic, did not appear to consider these of any particular value.[2]

Meantime, the queen was indefatigable in her exertions for the advancement of her husband's interest in the court of France. Sometimes she was cheered with flattering tidings of successes in Ireland. On the last day of the year 1689, she writes to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, in a perfect ecstasy:—

"It is always on a Saturday, my dear mother, that I have news of the king. I believe that my dear daughters of Sion may already begin to sing their canticles of praise to the Most High, whose puissant arm, without the aid of human means, has almost entirely destroyed our enemies."[3]

The royal writer expresses a hope that the king would soon be master of Ireland. This letter, like all on that subject, is endorsed,—"On the good successes in the war in Ireland, which had no foundation; therefore this letter must never be shown." Little did the cautious recluse to whom they were addressed imagine the possibility of the concatenation of circumstances, which has rendered this jealously hoarded correspondence available material for the biography of the royal writer. When Mary Beatrice first used to make her visits to this convent, the abbess insisted on treating her with the ceremonies due to royalty, and made her dine in her state apartment; but early in the year 1690, the queen expressed

[1] Original Papers from the Nairne collection, in Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

[2] Ellis's Royal Letters.

[3] Inedited letters of the queen of James II.; Chaillot MSS.

her positive determination not to avail herself of these marks of respect, in the following letter to the superior:—

"I thank you, my dearest mother, for the offer you have made me of giving me a dinner in your chamber of assembly, but I cannot be satisfied with that. I wish to eat in the refectory with you and the others, and I pray you to expect me on Tuesday at eleven o'clock, supposing this to be a fast-day. I propose to depart from hence at eight o'clock in the morning, and to be at matins at ten o'clock, in the church of our good fathers. I beg you to have them informed of it. I had already ordained the duty to Riva to bring you the provisions for dinner on Tuesday, as I am persuaded that my sister, Marie Françoise, will prepare it with much pleasure, since there will be a portion for me, which I charge her to make similar to the others, without form or ceremony.

"Adieu, my dearest mother! adieu to all our sisters! I have pleasure in thinking that I shall soon be, for some hours, at Chaillot. I have great need of such a solace, for since I left you I have had repose neither in body nor in mind."[1]

The letters of Mary Beatrice to her absent lord at this exciting period, if they should ever be discovered, would, of course, surpass in interest any other portion of her correspondence. Her love for him was so absorbing a feeling, that it prompted her to write the most earnest entreaties to those about him to be careful of his personal safety. Of this the following letter is an instance:—

QUEEN MARY BEATRICE TO THE EARL OF TYRCONNEL.[2]

"St. Germains, April 5, 1690

"This is my third letter since I heard from you, but I shall not make it a long one, for the bearer of it knows a great *deel* of my mind, or rather of all the thoughts of my heart; for I was so overjoyed to meet with one I durst speake freely to, that I opened my heart to him, and sayd more then [than] I should like to do again in haste to any body. I there*for* refer myself to him to tell you all *wee* spoke of, for I have no secrets for you. One thing only I must say, to beg of you to have a care of the king, and not to *lett* him be so much encouraged by the good news he will hear, for I dread nothing at this time but his going so fast into England, in a *maner* dangerous and uncertain for himself, and disadvantageous to those of our persuasion. I have writt an unreasonable long letter to him to tell him my mind, and have said much to lord Dover to say to him, for it is not probable that I shall ever have so safe an opportunity of writing again. Pray putt him [the king] often in mind of beeing carefull of his person, if not for his own sake, for mine, my sonne's, and all our friends, that are undone if any thing amiss happens to him. I dare not let myself go upon this subject, I am so full of it. I know you love the king; I am sure you are my friend, and *therfor* I need say the less to you; but cannot end my letter without telling you, that I never in my life had a truer nor a more sincere friendship for any body than I have for you.

"M. R."

[1] Inedited letters of the queen of James II.; Chaillot MSS.

[2] From Netherclift's autograph fac-simile: the original is in the possession of lord de Clifford.

The orthography of this letter is rather obsolete than illiterate; the queen has evidently studied the language of her adopted country so far, as to have overcome the difficulties of spelling its capricious words of treacherous sound, in which she succeeds better than most foreigners, and, indeed, many natives of the same era. The epistles of her daughters-in-law, Mary princess of Orange and the princess Anne, are not so well spelled, and the construction of those of the latter is infinitely inferior. Mary Beatrice, however, retains obstinately one peculiarity of a foreigner writing English; she always puts a small *i* for the first personal pronoun instead of the capital I, that important egotism of our language in which, to be sure, ours stands alone among those of Europe. The worthy collector, from whose stores the above tender and feminine letter is quoted, seems to have read it with surprise, for he proceeds to express a generous indignation at the idea universally entertained of the unfortunate wife of James II. He observes, "that the character of this queen has been most unjustly described by historians; she is represented as devoid of almost every natural affection, of the meanest understanding, and of such defective education as to be incapable of reading or writing." Mary Beatrice corresponded fluently in Italian, French, and English, and she possessed sufficient knowledge of Latin to read the Scriptures daily in the vulgate. This practice she never omitted, however much she might be pressed for time. That she was excessively occupied at this period may be perceived from her letter to the superior of Chaillot to excuse herself from assisting at the profession of a novice, who had been desirous of receiving the white veil from her: she says,—

"May 3.

"It is with much difficulty that I abstract this little moment to tell you that I was greatly annoyed at not being able to be with you last week, and that I will do all in my power to be there on Wednesday or Thursday next week. In the mean time, I have ordered Riva to tell all the news that I have had from Ireland and elsewhere, for I have not time to do it, having three expresses to despatch before I can be with you. I expect every moment another courier from Ireland, whom I know was at Brest last Friday, and I cannot learn what has become of him.

"I shall be glad to be excused from the profession of the daughter of the holy sacrament, for when I am at Chaillot I do not desire to go out. I beg you to

make my compliments to all our dear sisters, and in particular to my dear sisters the assistant and *la Deposée*. I am dying to be among you, and, in the mean time, I will try to unite my imperfect prayers with the holy ones they offer to God, who is pleased to declare for us a thousand times more than we deserve. Adieu, my dearest mother! I am yours from the depth of my heart,

"M. R."

Mary Beatrice had just succeeded in raising a large sum on some of her jewels to send to the king, although a supply little proportioned to the greatness of his need; but she had prevailed on Seignelai, the French minister of marine, to equip and send a fleet into St. George's Channel. This fleet drove William's admiral, Herbert, and his squadron out of Bantry-bay, and landed some military stores for king James. D'Avaux, the French minister in attendance on that prince, exultingly announced to him that the French had defeated the English fleet. "It is for the first time, then," retorted the royal seaman, with an irrepressible burst of national feeling.[1] His consort, however, could not refrain from rejoicing in the success of the expedition which she had been the cause of sending to his assistance, and when Tourville, another French admiral, defeated the once invincible British fleet at Beachy-head, on the 1st and 2nd of July, she wrote a long and highly complimentary letter of congratulation to him. "If," says she, "we are so fortunate as to return soon to our own country, I shall always consider that you were the first to open the way to it; for it was effectually shut against us before the success of this engagement, to which your good conduct has contributed so much. But if I do not deceive myself, it appears to me now to be completely open, provided the king could gain some little time in Ireland, which I hope he will, but I tremble with fear lest the prince of Orange, who sees clearly that it is his interest so to do, should push the king and force him to give battle."[2] That fear was already realized. The letter of the apprehensive queen was written July 20th, the battle of the Boyne had been fought on the 1st of that month. King James had chosen his post skilfully, but William possessed a fine train of artillery, and his well-accoutred veteran troops doubled the numbers[3] of

[1] Dalrymple.

[2] Macpherson's Collection of Stuart Papers.

[3] James's Journal.

that unfortunate monarch's rabble rout. It was impossible for the result to be otherwise than a complete overthrow. Yet, strange to say, rumour brought the flattering news to Paris of a brilliant victory won by James, in which the prince of Orange, it was said, was slain. Great rejoicings and illuminations took place in consequence. This mistake only rendered the disastrous truth more agonizing to the consort of the luckless James. Tyrconnel has been greatly blamed for advising James to quit Ireland with such precipitancy; and this again has been imputed to his paying too much regard to the feelings of the queen, who was so apprehensive of the king's person as to be in a constant agony about it. She had frequently begged him to have a special care of his majesty's safety. On the 27th of June, Tyrconnel unluckily received another passionate letter from her majesty, telling him "that he must not wonder at her repeated instances on that head, for unless he saw her heart, he could not imagine the torment she suffered on that account, and must always continue to do so, let things go as they would."[1]

King James landed at Brest, July 20th, N.S. From Brest he sent an express to his queen, to acquaint her with his arrival there, and his misfortune, telling her at the same time, "that he was sensible he should be blamed for having hazarded a battle on such inequalities, but that he had no other post so advantageous, and was loath to have abandoned all without a stroke."[2] Mary Beatrice, though she was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of the battle, was consoled by the news of her husband's safety, and she declared, in rather quaint terms, "that, after having almost broken her head with thinking, and her heart with vexation, at the king's ruin and that of their faithful friends, without being herself in a condition to help them, she felt it as an unspeakable alleviation that the king was safe; for if she had heard of the loss of the battle before she heard of the king's arrival, she knew not what would have become of her, and though she confessed that it was a dismal thing to see him so unhappy as he was in France, yet, in spite of her reason, her heart was glad to

[1] Quoted in the Life of King James, from his Memoirs. [2] Ibid.

see him there."[1] James remained a few days on the coast of Brittany, for the purpose of sending arms, money, and provisions to the relief of the unfortunate gentlemen who continued to maintain the contest in Ireland, and also in Scotland. Mary Beatrice, after the death of Dundee, continued to keep up a correspondence with their Scottish friends, and had drawn sir James Montgomery and lord Ross into the league for king James, and sent them 15,000*l.*[2] Through the treachery of lord Ross, and some others engaged, the project ended in disappointment.

The meeting between Mary Beatrice and her lord, who had been absent from her eighteen long months, was inexpressibly tender. James had the happiness of finding his son, whom he had left an infant in the nurse's arms, grown a fine strong boy, full of health, life, and joy, able to run about anywhere, and to greet him with the name of father. The beauty and animation of the child pleased the French, and rendered him the darling of the British emigrants. A family group, consisting of the exiled king and queen, and their boy, which was probably painted after James's return from Ireland, formerly decorated one of the state apartments of the château. The little prince is very beautiful, with large dark eyes, bright complexion, and a profusion of clustering curls. He is dressed in a royal Stuart tartan frock, with a point-lace stomacher, and wears a sort of fanciful helmet-cap of dark blue velvet, with a plume of black and blue feathers. This costume the queen certainly intended for a highland dress. He holds a robin red-breast on his finger, on which he bestows a smiling regard. The elbow of that arm originally rested in the palm of his royal mother, while the king held him by the other hand; but the portrait of the prince was all that could be restored of this interesting painting, which was discovered by that noted collector of historical portraits, the late James Smith, esq., of St. Germains, in a great state of

[1] Quoted in the Life of King James, from his Memoirs. Her letter to Tyrconnel, August 13th, 1690.

[2] Two of her letters to Montgomery, connected with this plot, are printed in the notes of the Melville Papers, edited by the hon. William Leslie Melville: printed by the Bannatyne Club.

dilapidation, among some rubbish in an out-house near the château.

King James and his queen were far from considering the battle of the Boyne as a death-blow to the cause. They had, up to that moment, received ardent assurances of support from attached friends in England, and so many penitential overtures through their various agents from persons who were disposed to forsake William and Mary, "that his chief motive in quitting Ireland was to arrange measures with Louis XIV. for landing in England."[1] Louis came to pay him a visit at St. Germains the day after his arrival there, but was too much dissatisfied with the result of the Irish expedition to feel disposed to assist him in his other project. It was in vain that James told Louis that he was ready to go on board the fleet, either with an army or without one, for "he was certain his own sailors would never fight against one under whom they had so often conquered." Louis put him off with a compliment, and James, in the anguish of his heart, exclaimed, "that he was born to be the sport of fortune."[2] All the members of the royal family came to pay him and the queen ceremonial visits on his return To these Mary Beatrice alludes in a letter, evidently written at this painful epoch, to her friend Angelique Priolo, the ex-abbess of Chaillot. This letter is deeply interesting, unveiling as it does the natural feelings of a mind impressed with the instability of earthly greatness, and formed for higher and better things than trimming the sails of a wrecked vessel that could float no more, in the vain hope of catching a favouring gale :—

"At St. Germains, this Tuesday.

"It is certain, my dear mother, that I have had grand visits to make and to receive. I shall conclude these to-morrow with that of madame de Chartres, at Versailles, and I hope that we shall then have a little repose together next week. In truth I need it, both for soul and body. What you say of that repose in your last letter is admirable; but it seems to me, that the more I seek for it the less I find it. It may be, perhaps, that I seek it with too much anxiety, or rather, that I search for it where it is not; yet all the while I am convinced that it is only to be found in God, and I do not appear even to wish to find it out of Him."[3]

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[1] Journal of King James. Life of James. [2] Dalrymple.

[3] Chaillot MSS.

A little present of fruit, from the abbess and one of the ladies who boarded in the convent, is thus graciously acknowledged by her majesty:—

"I beg you to thank our mother and mademoiselle de la Motte, both on the part of the king and myself, for the excellent figs they have sent us. We have eaten of them at dinner, and shall again at supper, and to-morrow. Since your man is here, I will write to you by him. On Monday I will come to your vespers and sermon, if it please God. I believe the king will also, and that he sleeps to-night at Paris. He goes to-morrow to Compeigne, and will not return till Saturday. I take pleasure in the thought that I shall pass all that time at Chaillot. I shall go one day to Paris, and I hope we shall not have to do much in paying visits of ceremony. One to the maréchalle d'Humiere's will be inevitable.

"My son has a little colic, but I believe it will be nothing. We are all in good health, and I am wholly yours, my dear mother, with all my heart.

"A thousand regards, on my part, to our dear mother, and to all our sisters; above all, to my little portress."

Endorsed—"To la Mère Déposée."[1]

King James joined his queen at Chaillot, and after attending service in that church, paid his compliments to the abbess. The queen told him how fervently the nuns had petitioned for the preservation of his person during the late perils in which he had been engaged. James thanked the gentle sisterhood very courteously for their prayers, and in allusion to the disastrous termination of his expedition, meekly added, "It is right to submit to the decrees of God." Their majesties returned together to St. Germains. They were invited to spend some days with the French court at Fontainebleau, in October. The following particulars of their reception and visit, from the journal of one of the gentlemen of the royal household of France, show the respect and affectionate attention with which they were treated by Louis XIV. "On the 11th of October, his majesty, after dinner, went to meet the king and queen of England, who were to arrive at six in the evening by the avenue of the White Horse. The king met them at the Horse-shoe, where the dauphin was already in waiting for them. Louis took his royal guests into his own carriage, giving the queen the hand. When they reached the palace, he led her to the apartments of the queen-mother of France, where she found every thing prepared for her

[1] Chaillot MSS.

reception, and there they passed the evening. The queen played at ombre and billiards, with cardinal Furstemburg and madame de Croissy."[1] The next morning all the great ladies of the French court went to the toilette of queen Mary Beatrice, and attended her to the chapel-royal, where she knelt between the two kings, James on her right hand, and Louis on her left. They were seated in the same manner at table, the dauphin, monsieur, madame, and all the princesses with them. The bad weather preventing them from going to the chase, Louis XIV. initiated his royal guests into the mysteries of the new round game of *paume*. On the 13th, James and his consort offered to take their leave, but Louis would not permit it. He took them to a boar hunt on the 17th, and in the evening made them walk on the terrace of the grand apartments, to see the stag roasted in the park which he and king James, and the dauphin, had killed in the morning. This spectacle, seen by the light of flambeaux, was considered fine. The exiled king and queen departed on the 18th: the French king insisted on taking them in his own coach to the end of the forest of Chailly, followed by a cavalcade of other members of the royal family. The duchess of Orleans took the countess of Almonde and lady Sophia Bulkeley, the queen's ladies in waiting, in her coach. When they reached the banks of the Seine, Louis assisted Mary Beatrice into her own carriage, and remained standing at the door till she drove off with king James and her two ladies.[2]

In England, the deposed poet-laureate, Dryden, endeavoured to serve the cause of his old master, king James, and his queen by a Jacobite pastoral, which, under the title of "the Lady's Song," was one of the party notes at that exciting period, and if not the best, was certainly one of the earliest specimens of that class of compositions which, for nearly a century, served to keep alive the memory of the royal Stuarts. Mr. Bulkeley, the husband of queen Mary Beatrice's faithful lady in waiting, lady Sophia Bulkeley, was actively engaged in England at this period, in attempting to draw some of the old servants of king James into a confederacy for his restoration.

[1] Dangeau's Journal [2] Ibid.

Lord Godolphin looked ashamed when he encountered him, and inquired, with a desponding air, after the court of St. Germains. He had deserted the falling cause of James at the Revolution, and paid his homage to the ascendant star of Orange, returned to his original politics, and accepted office under William. His attachment to the late queen, as Mary Beatrice was now styled, crossed his new duties. He purchased the pleasure of receiving a few lines traced by her hand, signifying that she forgave him by promising to betray the secrets of William and Mary. William intercepted a packet of his letters, showed him the proofs of his treachery, generously forgave him, and continued to employ him. Godolphin could not resolve to give up the secret correspondence with Mary Beatrice. He rendered her no particular service, but flattered her with fair words, and soothed his self-love by keeping himself in her remembrance. He was aware that she would never make the sacrifice for him which would have rendered him wholly and devotedly her servant to command in all things. Marlborough was one of the double-minded politicians of the age, who now courted a reconciliation with the sovereign whom he had deserted and betrayed. The wisdom of the unjust steward in the parable was the leading principle among those who, after the Revolution, were ostensibly the servants of William, and secretly the correspondents of James. A great deal of the correspondence was carried on through the queen. Sometimes Mary Beatrice is signified in the Jacobite letters of the period as Mr. Wisely, and Mrs. Whitely; occasionally by a figure, or as Artley's spouse, James bearing the cognomen of Artley, among many other *aliases*. Godolphin is often called "the bale of goods;" Marlborough "the Hamburgh merchant," or "Armsworth." There are a great many of these letters in the French archives.

The cares and restless intrigues which occupied the exiled court at St. Germains were occasionally varied by visits to Louis XIV., Versailles, Marli, and Fontainebleau; but they rarely went to Paris, except to pay their devotions in the churches there. The great delight of Mary Beatrice was,

when she could pass a day or two with her cloistered friends at Chaillot. Towards the close of the year 1691, she found herself, after an interval of four years, once more likely to become a mother. The king appeared to derive consolation for the loss of three crowns in the satisfaction which he felt at this prospect, and he exerted the utmost vigilance to prevent the queen from encountering the slightest fatigue or excitement that might risk a disappointment. So anxious was he on this point, that he actually interposed the authority of a king and husband to prevent one of the devotional journeys to Chaillot in the last week of November, on which her majesty and some of her ladies had set their hearts. Lady Sophia Bulkeley, who was deputed to make sundry excuses to the abbess of Chaillot for her majesty being unable to pay her promised visit to the convent, could not refrain from giving a broad hint of the true reason, though, in consequence of its being very early days, the matter was to be kept a profound secret. "Our incomparable queen," says her ladyship, "is constrained to follow the counsels of the wise, and not to risk taking the air, lest the pain in her teeth should return. Her majesty finds herself now nearly well, but it becomes necessary for her to take all sorts of precautions to keep so. The king judges it proper, and he must be obeyed, that she should await here the arrival of the king of France to-morrow. These causes unite to deprive the queen and us of one of our greatest pleasures. I hope she will make up for it by preparing for us another *very agreeable* in the mean time, that we may take in good heart the pains of too long an absence." At this interesting point her majesty, who had, we may presume, peeped over her noble attendant's shoulder, and perceiving that her ladyship was bent on divulging as much of the important secret as her droll French would permit, interrupted her for the purpose of telling it herself, and her faithful amanuensis concludes in these words: "I finish my letter to give place to a more worthy and perfect pen. If you turn the paper, you will be consoled."

The queen, who had been suffering much from inflammatory tooth-ache, and other ills incidental to her situation,

and was always subject to great depression of spirits at such times, commences her letter rather in a tone of resignation than joy. She writes, on the same sheet of paper,—

"It is necessary that I should explain to you lady Almonde's letter, [another of her ladies who had been giving hints on the subject, it should seem,] for it is impossible for me to have a secret from you; and I will tell you, that besides my inflammation, which has been very violent, and though abated is not yet gone, and besides the visit of the king, which I must receive to-morrow, there is yet another reason that prevents me from coming to you. It is, that I have some suspicions of pregnancy, but as I have not yet any certainty of it, I do not like to have it mentioned. In a few days I shall know positively, and then I will inform you, that is, if it should be verified. Alas! my dear mother, what pain to be so many months without seeing you; but in that, as in all the rest, God is the master, and must do what he will. I entreat you not to speak of this little secret, unless it be to my sister *la Déposée*. To all the others, give the reasons of the inflammation and the visit of the king. I hope to-morrow to make my devotions in spirit with you and your holy daughters, and I believe that I shall not have less interest in your prayers and theirs absent, than if I could be present. My poor little Angelique will be much mortified: I assure you that I am very much also."[1]

This letter is dated November 20th, 1691. Her majesty's situation was publicly declared on the 7th of January, 1692. James addressed summonses to the peeresses, the lady mayoress of London, the wives of the sheriffs, and also to Dr. Hugh Chamberlayne, the celebrated accoucheur, as well as to the lords, inviting them to be present at the birth of the expected infant. One of these summonses was addressed to his daughter Mary:[2]—

"That we may not be wanting to ourselves," says he, "now it hath pleased Almighty God, the supporter of truth, to give us hopes of further issue, our dearest consort, the queen, drawing near her time, ... we do therefore hereby signify our royal pleasure to you, that you may use all possible means to come with what convenient haste you may, the queen looking about the middle of May next, (English account.) And that you may have no scruple on our side, the most Christian king has given his consent to promise you, as we hereby do, that you shall have leave to come, and, the queen's labour over, to return with safety."

Every thing wore a flattering aspect at this conjunction. Louis XIV. was making preparations to assist James in the recovery of his crown, having received confident assurances that the army directed by Marlborough, and the fleet by Russell, would declare in favour of their old master. The

[1] From the original French holograph letter, begun by lady Sophia Bulkeley and finished by the queen.—Inedited Chaillot MSS., in the hôtel Soubise, Paris.

[2] Evelyn.

princess Anne, who had sought a reconciliation with her father, answered for a part of the church; the steady adhesion of such men as Sancroft, Ken, and six hundred of the clergy to their allegiance, was, in reality, a much more satisfactory pledge of the feelings of the church of England[1] to James than any she could give. Letters and messages, full of professions of attachment, reached him or the queen daily from all parts of Great Britain. James determined to make another effort to regain his realm. The spirits of the queen fluctuated at this period. On the 19th of March she excused herself from assisting at the nuptials of Louis XIV.'s natural son, the duc de Maine, with mademoiselle Charolois, on account of her situation. "She had already," she said, "taken to her chamber, according to the ancient custom of the queens of England when near a confinement."[2] It is probable that she had no wish to be present at this bridal, for she subsequently made various devotional visits to religious houses and churches in the neighbourhood of St. Germains, and even in Paris. On the 30th, the king of France and the dauphin attended one of the receptions in her bedchamber at St. Germains, on which occasion the princess of Condé presented the newly-married duchess de Maine to her majesty. She remained in the greatest

[1] That eminent Protestant divine, Dr. Sherlock, dean of St. Paul's, was a stanch advocate for the recall of king James as long as he thought it could be done without plunging the nation into the horrors of a civil war. Like many honest members of the church of England, he was disgusted at the mass of treachery and falsehood which had been employed by the authors of a revolution, necessary as a constitutional measure, but reflecting infinite disgrace on some of the parties concerned in it. Sherlock, in his famous letter to a member of the convention, indignantly exposes the political falsehood of the existence of a treaty between Louis XIV. and James for the destruction of the Protestants. "There is," says he, "one thing more I would beg of you, that the story of a French league to cut Protestant throats be well examined, for this did more to drive the king out of the nation than the prince's army; and if this should prove a sham, as some who pretend to know say it is, it seems to be at least half an argument to invite the king back again." The enemies of Sherlock afterwards turned all he had said in favour of his old master, which was not little, against himself when he took the oaths to king William; but Sherlock was not called upon to resist the powers that be. As a churchman, he submitted to the change which a majority of the nation had ordained, well knowing that he had duties to perform of a higher nature than those of a political partisan. He was a bright and a shining light in the church of England, and she required such men to comfort her and support her apostolic character, when bereaved of bishops like Ken, and others of the deprived clergy.

[2] Dangeau.

depression of spirits, on account of the approaching departure of the king for the coast of Normandy, in order to join the expedition that was in preparation for his projected landing in England. Before he quitted St. Germains, James invested his boy, who had not yet completed his fourth year, with the order of the Garter, and leaving his sorrowful queen surrounded by a crowd of weeping ladies, departed, April 21st, for Caen, and from thence to La Hogue.[1] Unfortunate in every thing, he waited four weeks in vain for a favourable wind to cross to England, and in the mean time the Dutch fleet formed a junction with Russell in the Downs, and appeared on the coast of France. Russell, who was in correspondence with his old master, advised him to prevent a collision between the fleets. He was willing to let the squadron slip by, but, for the honour of England, he must not be defied. The unseasonable bravery of the French admiral, Tourville, provoked an encounter that ended in the destruction of the French fleet. James, who was a spectator of the battle, on witnessing the admirable effect of his own naval tactics against his allies, cried out, "Ha! have they got Pepys on board?" But when he saw the British seamen from the boats scrambling up the lofty sides of the French vessels, he exclaimed, in a transport of national and professional enthusiasm, "My brave English! my brave English!"[2] The French officers warned him to retire, as he was in considerable danger, for the guns from the burning ships began to discharge their shot in all directions; and scarcely had he withdrawn, when they raked the spot where he had been standing, and killed several of the officers.

James obstinately lingered three weeks at La Hogue, after he had witnessed the annihilation of his hopes. Nothing could rouse him from the lethargic stupor into which he had sunk; not even the repeated letters and messages from his anxious consort, who was in hourly expectation of her accouchement, and implored him to return to her. The melancholy depression of spirits in which the poor queen awaited that event in the lonely château of St. Germains, un-

[1] Dangeau. Life of James [2] Dalrymple.

supported by the presence of her husband, is touchingly described by her own pen, in a letter to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot:—

"June 14, 1692.

"What shall I say to you, my beloved mother, or rather, what would not you say to me, if we could be one little quarter of an hour in each other's arms? I believe, however, that time would be entirely passed in tears and sighs, and that my eyes and my sobs would tell much more than my mouth; for, in truth, what is there, after all, that can be said by friendship in the state in which I am?"

After the first impassioned outpouring of the anguish and desolation with which the catastrophe at La Hogue had overwhelmed her, she endeavours to resign herself to the will of God. An internal conviction that they were vainly struggling against an immutable decree, is thus mournfully confessed. "Oh, but the ways of God are far from our ways, and his thoughts are different from our thoughts. We perceive this clearly in our last calamity, and by the unforeseen, and almost supernatural mischances by which God has overthrown all our designs, and has appeared to declare himself so clearly against us for our overwhelming. What then," pursues the sorrowful queen, "can we say to this, my beloved mother? or rather, is it not better that we should say nothing; but, shutting the mouth, and bowing the head, to adore and to approve, *if we can*, all that God does, for he is the master of the universe, and it is very meet and right that all should be submitted to him. It is the Lord; he has done what was good *in his* eyes."[1] She goes on, with pathetic earnestness, to acknowledge the difficulty she feels in performing the Christian duty she describes:—

"This, my dearest mother, is what I wish to say and do, and to this, I believe you have yourself encouraged me by your words, as you do by your letters, which are always so precious to me; but I say it, and I do it, with so bad a grace, and so much against my will, that I have no reason to hope that it can be agreeable to God. Aid me to do it better by your prayers, and encourage me constantly by your letters, till we have the happiness of embracing each other again."[2]

The dissection of a letter so deeply confidential is certainly rather like unfolding the secrets of a confessional. Little did the royal writer imagine, that the various passions that agitated her mind as she penned it would, one day, be laid

[1] Inedited letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, dated June 14th, 1692.—Archives of the kingdom of France. [2] Ibid.

open to the whole world. The tragic emotions of the fallen queen, and the elevation of the Christian heroine, are alike forgotten in the natural apprehensions of the weak, suffering woman, when she alludes to her situation at this distressing crisis. "I suffered much, both in body and mind, some days ago," she says, "but now I am better in both. I linger on still, in continual expectation of the hour of my accouchement. It will come when God wills it. I tremble with the dread of it; but I wish much that it were over, so that I might cease to harass myself and every one else any longer with this suspense."[1] Mary Beatrice had exceeded her reckoning nearly a month. If she had been brought to bed at the time specified by king James in his summons to the peers and peeresses, it would have been in the midst of the distress and consternation caused by the battle of La Hogue.

How deeply hurt the poor queen felt at the unaccountable perversity of her lord, in continuing to absent himself from her, may be perceived from the tone of unwonted bitterness with which she adverts to his conduct. "When I began my letter yesterday," she says, "I was in uncertainty what the king would do, and of the time when I might have the happiness of seeing him; for he has not yet chosen to retire from La Hogue, though he has had nothing to keep him there, and the state in which I am speaks for itself to make him come to me.[2] In the mean time," continues her majesty, with increasing pique at James's strange insensibility to the importance of the impending event, and the necessity of making such arrangements as would render the birth of their expected infant a verification of the legitimacy of their son, "he would not resolve on any thing; but he will find all well done, although it has cost me much to have it so without his orders, which my lord Melfort came to bring us this morning. It seems that, for the present, the king has nothing to do but to return hither, till they can take other measures. Your great king [Louis XIV.] has received my lord Melfort very well, and has spoken to him of us, and of our affairs, in

[1] Inedited letters of the queen of James II., in the archives of the kingdom of France. [2] Ibid.

the most obliging manner in the world, and has even written to me in answer to the letter I sent to him by milord Melfort. This is a comfort to me, and the hope of having the king with me at my delivery consoles me much, for I believe he can be here by Saturday or Sunday next. Behold, my dear mother," continues the sorrowful queen, "a little statement of what has passed, and is passing in my poor heart: you know and can comprehend it better than I do myself. I pray you to embrace all our dear sisters, and to take leave of them for me before my lying-in, not knowing what may occur. I hope, however, that we may see each other again after the Assumption, if it please God." She adds, with almost childish simplicity, "Permit the poor Angelique to kiss your hand in the place of mine, as often as she wishes."[1] When the mighty are put down from their seats, it is well if the unbought, unpurchasable affection of the lowly and meek, who love them, not for their greatness, but for their misfortunes, can be appreciated at its real value.

James did not return to St. Germains till the 21st of June.[2] His recklessness of the confirmation it would have afforded to the imputations on the birth of their son, if the queen had been brought to bed while he was away, together with his strange disregard to her feelings, appear indicative of an unsound state of mind. A report of that nature, it seems, reached England, and having been circulated with malignant pleasure by his enemies, the following sarcastic comment appeared in one of the papers in his interest:—"'Tis now affirmed that king James is run mad, and close confined. If he is not, he has gone through enough to make him so." When sir Charles Littleton, who had faithfully adhered to James in his misfortunes, told him how much ashamed he felt that his son was with the prince of Orange, the royal father mournfully replied, "Alas, sir Charles! wherefore ashamed? are not my daughters with him?" An impression that he was born to fulfil an adverse destiny, in which all who attempted to show him kindness would be ruinously in-

[1] Inedited letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, dated June 14-15, 1692. [2] Life of King James, from the Stuart Papers.

volved, is avowed by James in the following letter, which he addressed to Louis XIV. at this gloomy epoch,--a letter certainly not written in the spirit of a politician :

"My evil star has had an influence on the arms of your majesty, always victorious but when fighting for me. I entreat you, therefore, to interest yourself no more for a prince so unfortunate; but permit me to withdraw, with my family, to some corner of the world, where I may cease to be an interruption to your majesty's wonted course of prosperity and glory."[1]

Louis did not avail himself of the generous proposal of his desponding kinsman, to retire from France, and Heaven had still some blessings in store for the fallen king. On the 28th of June, Mary Beatrice gave birth to a daughter, at the palace of St. Germains, in the presence of all the princesses and great ladies of the court of France, except the dauphiness, who was in a dying state. All the English ladies and noble followers of the exiled court, the chancellor of France, the president of the parliament of Paris, the archbishop of Paris, and madame Meereroom, the wife of the Danish ambassador, were witnesses of the birth of the royal infant. Madame Meereroom was considered an important witness, because opposed to the interest of king James; but she could not help owning the absurdity of the aspersions that had been cast on the birth of his son.[2]

The morbid state of apathy in which king James had remained ever since the battle of La Hogue, yielded to softer emotions when he beheld the new-born princess. He welcomed her with a burst of paternal affection, and bestowed the tenderest caresses upon her. When she was dressed, he presented her to the queen with these touching words, "See what God has given us, to be our consolation in our exile."[3] He called her "his comforter," because, he said, "he had now one daughter who had never sinned against him." He had confidently anticipated another son, but he declared himself abundantly grateful to Heaven for the precious gift of this girl. She was baptized, with great pomp, in the chapel-royal of St. Germains. Louis XIV. returned from the siege

[1] Amédée Pichot's Historical Introduction to the Life of Charles Edward Stuart, and Life of James.

[2] Ibid.

[3] MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena.

of Mons in time to act in person as her sponsor: he and his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Charlotte, duchess of Orleans, held her at the font, and gave her the names of Louisa Mary. The French ladies were astonished at seeing the little princess, who was then only a month old, dressed in robes of state, and with shoes and stockings on her tiny feet. The shoes and stockings worn by the royal neophyte were begged by the nuns of Chaillot, and were carefully preserved by them among the curiosities of their convent.[1] Eighteen days before the birth of the princess Louisa, the son of James II. and Mary Beatrice completed his fourth year. Mary Beatrice assured the nuns of Chaillot "that she never saw the king her husband in a passion but once, and that was with their little son, on account of his manifesting some symptoms of childish terror when he was only four years old."[2] Her maternal anxiety tended to foster timidity in the child, which James feared might prove inimical to his future destiny.

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena. [2] Ibid.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

Maternal happiness of Mary Beatrice—Visits Chaillot—Her conversations—Her historical reminiscences—Her visit of condolence at Versailles—Traits of character—Portraits—Her faithful followers at St. Germains—Her sympathy in their distress—Anecdotes of her husband—Of her children—Her letter from Fontainebleau—Attention to her by Louis XIV.—Her dangerous illness—Attachment of Mrs. Penn to her—Death of the duke of Modena—Disputes about inheritance—Devastation of her country—Slights from madame de Maintenon—Death of Mary II.—Mary Beatrice's parting with her husband—Her grief for executions in England—Mary Beatrice sponsor to princess of Orleans—Complains of madame de Maintenon—Mary Beatrice sells her jewels, relieves Jacobites—Disputes concerning her dower—Her incautious confidences—She presides at the nuptials of the duke of Burgundy—Refuses to part with her son to William III.—Her dower granted by England—Appropriated by William III. to his own use—Dangerous illness of James II.—Queen nurses him—Her letters thereupon, &c.

An interval of repose, and even of domestic comfort, succeeded the birth of *la Consolatrice,* as James II. fondly called the child of his adversity. Mary Beatrice, though deprived of the pomp and power of royalty, and a queen only in name, was assuredly much happier in her shadowy court at St. Germains than she had been as a childless mother and neglected wife amidst the joyless splendour of Whitehall. She was now blest with two of the loveliest and most promising children in the world, and possessed of the undivided affection of a husband, who was only the dearer to her for his misfortunes. Like the faithful ivy, she appeared to cling more fondly to the tempest-scathed oak in its leafless ruins, than when in its majestic prime.

An eloquent tribute to the virtues and conjugal tenderness of this princess was offered to her, in the days of her exile

and adversity, by the accomplished earl of Lansdowne, in a poem entitled The Progress of Beauty, in which, after complimenting the reigning belles of William and Mary's court, he adverts to the banished queen with a burst of generous feeling, far more gratifying than all the homage he had paid to her in the morning flower of her charms, when surrounded by the pride and pomp of royalty:—

> "Be bold, be bold, my Muse! nor fear to raise
> Thy voice to her who was thy earliest praise;
> Queen of our hearts, and charmer of our sight,
> A monarch's pride, his glory and delight.
> Princess adored and loved, if verse can give
> A deathless name, thine shall for ever live.
> O happy James! content thy mighty mind,
> Grudge not the world, for still thy queen is kind;
> To lie but at her feet more glory brings,
> Than 'tis to tread on sceptres and on kings:
> Secure of empire in that beauteous breast,
> Who would not give their crowns to be so blest?"

James himself frankly acknowledged that he had never known what true happiness was till, rendered wise by many sorrows, he had learned fully to appreciate the virtues and self-devotion of his queen. He now regarded her not only with love, but veneration, and made it the principal business of his life to atone to her, by the tenderest attentions, for the pangs his former follies had inflicted on her sensitive heart. He knew that, possessed of her, he was an object of envy to his cousin, Louis XIV., and was accustomed to say that, "like Jacob, he counted his sufferings for nothing, having such a support and companion in them."[1] Blest in this perfect union, the king and queen endeavoured to resign themselves to the will of God, whose hand they both recognised in their present reverse of fortune.

The first time James visited the convent of Chaillot after the battle of La Hogue, the abbess, Frances Angelica Priolo, condoled with him on the disastrous termination of his hopes, and lamented "that God had not granted the prayers which they had offered up for his success." The king making no reply, she fancied he had not heard her, and began to repeat what she had said in a louder voice. "My mother," inter-

[1] Continuator of James's Life, from Stuart Papers.

posed the fallen monarch, gravely, "I heard you the first time you spoke. I made you no answer, because I would not contradict you; but you compel me to tell you that I do not think you right, for it seems to me as if you thought that what you asked of God were better than what he has done. All that God does is well done, and there is not any thing well done but what he does."[1] The abbess next proceeded to make a comparison between him and St. Louis, when the great designs of that prince against the Saracens were overthrown. "Alas! my mother," replied James, "do not compare me to that great saint. It is true, I resemble him in my misfortunes, but I am nothing like him in my works. He was always holy from his youth, but I have been a great sinner. I ought to look upon the afflictions which God has sent me, not as trials, but as the just chastisement of my faults."[2] The sentiments expressed by James on this occasion, in a letter to his friend the bishop of Autun, are those of an humble and contrite heart. "God," says he, "is pleased to show from time to time, by great events, that it is He that does all, to make us the more sensible that it is by him that kings do reign, and that he is the Lord of Hosts. . . . . No enterprise," continues James, "was ever better concocted than the projected landing in England, and never was any thing more visibly shown than that it was not permitted by God; for, unless the winds had been contrary to us, and always favourable to our enemies, the descent had been made. We ought to submit without murmuring to all that happens to us, since we are assured that it is God's will it should be so."[3]

On the 7th of September, 1692, Mary Beatrice paid one of her annual devotional visits to the convent of Chaillot, and remained there till the 10th, the anniversary commemoration of the foundress, queen Henrietta Maria, when king James, who had in the mean time made a retreat to the more lugubrious solitude of La Trappe, joined her, and they both assisted at the services for the repose of the soul of that queen,

[1] Contemporary Life of James, and circular-letter of the convent of Chaillot.
[2] Circular-letter of the convent of Chaillot. Stuart Papers. [3] Ibid.

The archbishop of Diey said the mass, and after all the offices were ended, came to pay his compliments to their majesties in the state apartment. They had a long conversation on the state of religion in Dauphiny, which greatly inclined to the doctrine of Geneva. The archbishop informed their majesties, that in the city of Diey fourteen bishops abjured catholicism at once, and all the men in that town declared themselves Huguenots in one day. Their wives remained Catholics ten years, and then followed the example of their husbands. "Diey," said he, "is one of the most ancient bishoprics in France. The walls of the town were built by Julius Cæsar, who named it the city of a hundred towers, there being that number round the wall, which I understand the enemy has demolished."[1] The queen lamented the destruction of so great a piece of antiquity. When the archbishop took his leave, the nuns were permitted to enter the queen's presence-chamber. Their majesties were seated on a sofa, the nuns ranged themselves round the room; but the queen requesting the abbess to permit them to sit, her reverence made a sign for them to seat themselves on the ground. The king and queen conversed pleasantly with them, and in reply to a question from the abbess about Charles II.'s death, Mary Beatrice related the particulars from beginning to end, with some assistance from her husband, who occasionally took up the word. One of the community wrote the whole narrative down exactly as it was related by their majesties. This curious and most interesting historic document is still in existence in the archives of France, entitled The Recital of the Death of his late Majesty, king Charles.[2]

In the course of the relation Mary Beatrice frankly told her consort, before every one, "that he would have done better if he had persuaded his brother to avow his religion, instead of resorting to so many little expedients about leaving the chamber. She thought deception," she said, "very wrong at such a time, and on such a subject." The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of several ladies of quality, who wished to have the honour of paying their homage to the

[1] Chaillot MS. [2] Ibid.

king and queen. Their majesties consented to receive them, and the community of nuns retired. The queen gave a second reception after the vespers, which was attended by the Orleans family, and others of the great ladies of France. The earnestness with which the queen apologizes to the superior of the convent of Chaillot, for her carelessness in forgetting to give her some money which she had promised to solicit from king James for a case of distress, is amusing. Her letter is only dated—

"At St. Germains, this Saturday.[1]

"I do not know, my dear mother, whether you can pardon me the great fault which I committed the other day with regard to you. I know well that I can never pardon myself, and that I have some trouble in pardoning you for not having reminded me, when I was with you, to give you that which I had brought for you, and before I was as far as Versailles I found it in my pocket. It is certain that I felt myself blush so much on discovering it, that if it had been day instead of night, my ladies would have been astonished at the change in my countenance; and I assure you I am truly annoyed with myself about it. I have told the king that I had forgotten, the other day, to give you his money for the alms that you had asked, and I have begged him to take it himself to-day, and to give it to you with my letter. He undertook to do it with all his heart, without questioning me upon it, and you, my ever dear mother, forget, if you can, a fault of memory, but not of the heart assuredly."

Endorsed—"To the reverend mother, Superior of the Visitation de Chaillot."

The death of the Bavarian dauphiness, *la grande Dauphine*, as she is called in the memoirs of the period, took place in the spring of 1693, after a lingering illness, during which Mary Beatrice frequently paid her sympathizing visits, although the dauphiness had always looked upon her as a rival in the regard of Louis XIV., and was jealous of the ceremonial marks of respect that were paid to her on account of her empty title of queen of England. After the funeral of this princess, Mary Beatrice came to Versailles in her black mantle of state mourning, to pay her visits of condolence to the king, who received her in his great cabinet. There were present twenty ladies, who were allowed seats. She visited and condoled with the widowed dauphin and his children, and monsieur and madame.

The exiled king and queen had succeeded in carrying away a great many of the crown jewels, as well as those which were their own personal property. Among the precious things

[1] From the original French holograph, in the hôtel Soubise.

which they secured was a casket full of rose nobles, coined during the reign of the sovereigns of the house of Lancaster. These had become very scarce, and a superstitious value was attached to them at that time in Europe, as it was believed that the gold from which they were struck had been the fruits of some successful alchymist's labours in transmuting inferior metals into gold. One of these Lancastrian coins was regarded as a valuable present by the ladies of the French court, and the queen was glad to increase her influence by all the little courtesies in her power.[1] The jewels were parted with, one by one, in cases of extremity, and not till long after Mary Beatrice had despoiled herself of all her personal ornaments, of which few queens had a richer store, or less need.

Mary Beatrice sometimes accompanied her husband in his journeys to La Trappe, where he formed a friendship with the abbé de Rancé, and, till his death, kept up a constant correspondence with him. The English reader will take little interest in the fact that the devotion of this princess greatly edified even the strictest Trappists; yet her religion, though differing in many points from that mode of faith which the true Protestant thinks most acceptable to Him who loves to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, was a vital and sustaining principle. A contemporary, who bears record of the consoling influence of religion on the heart of king James, says of his consort, "She has the same disengagement from things below. She looks upon those, which here are called goods, but as flashes of light that pass away in a moment, which have neither solidity nor truth, but deceive those who set their hearts upon them."[2] Mary Beatrice was now in her thirty-fifth year, but neither time nor sorrow had destroyed the personal graces which had been so lavishly bestowed upon her by nature. James earl of Perth, when writing in terms of great commendation of the charming duchess of Arenberg to his sister, the countess of Errol, says, "She is one of the

[1] Memoirs of the Marquise de Crequi.

[2] Circular-letter of the convent of Chaillot on the Life and Death of James II., king of England.

most beautiful and every way accomplished ladies I ever saw, except our queen, who deserves the preference for her merit to all I have known."[1]

The fine original portrait of Mary Beatrice in the collection of Walter Strickland, esq., of Sizergh, engraved, by courteous permission, for the frontispiece of this volume, must have been painted about this period. The elevated coiffure there represented was then the prevailing mode at the court of France, but far less becoming to the classical outline of the Italian princess than the floating ringlets of her more familiar portraits by Lely, or the Grecian fillet and strings of pearls with which her hair is arranged by Rottier, in her medals. When duchess of York, or queen of England, it was sufficient for her to consult her own exquisite taste in such matters, but in France she was compelled to submit to the tyranny of fashion. In conformity to this, her luxuriant tresses were, as we see in the frontispiece portrait, turned up almost straight from her brow, and combed over a cushion, above which the back hair was arranged in a full wreath of curls, and brought sloping down each side the head. A most trying style to any face, adding an unnatural height to the forehead, and a great stiffness to the general outline of the figure. Her dress in the original painting is of royal blue velvet, furred with miniver, the bodice fitting tight to the shape, and clasped with a jewelled stomacher, full sleeves looped with jewels, and point-lace ruffles. The portrait, which is supposed to be a Rigaud, is an exquisite work of art. It was presented by the exiled queen to her faithful friend lady Strickland, together with a portrait of the princess Louisa, as the only rewards fortune had left in her power to bestow on that lady, after thirty years of devoted service through every vicissitude. These royal gifts are heirlooms in the possession of the direct descendant of sir Thomas and lady Strickland, at Sizergh-castle, Westmoreland.[2]

[1] Letters of James earl of Perth: edited by W. Jerdan. Published by the Camden Society.

[2] Madame Caylus, or her editor, has brought a most injurious and unfounded charge against lady Strickland, whose losses of property, banishment from home and country, and fidelity unto death, sufficiently disprove it. She expired in the

Another of the French portraits of the consort of James II. is in the royal historical gallery at Versailles. A crimson curtain in the back-ground is drawn aside, and shows the parterre of St. Germains in the distance. That palace, so interesting to English travellers as the refuge of the last monarch of the royal Stuart dynasty and his faithful queen, and subsequently an asylum for their noble ruined followers, was plundered of its valuable paintings and furniture at the French revolution, and has, within the last few years, been converted into a military penitentiary. The château remains externally nearly the same as when James II. and Mary Beatrice held their melancholy courts there, but the interior has suffered a desecrating change. The great presence-chamber, where the exiled king and queen entertained the *grand monarque*, the dauphin, and all the princes and princesses of the Orleans, Condé, and Conti lineage, is now converted into a tailor's atelier. Fauteuils, pliants, and tabourets, are no longer objects of angry contention there. The ignoble board, where the military needle-men are seated in the equality of shame at their penal tasks, has superseded all those graduated scales of privileged accommodation for the full-grown children of high degree in ancient France, who wearied the vexed spirit of a queen of England with their claims and absurd pretensions. A portion of the private suite of the king and queen's apartments remains unaltered. King James's morning room or cabinet, with its dark green and gold paneling and richly carved cornice, presents a melancholy appearance of faded splendour. It opens with glass doors upon the stately balcony that surrounds the château, and commands a charming and extensive prospect. It was here that the fallen king retired to read or write: this room communicated with the queen's bedchamber by a private stair,

Benedictine convent at Rouen, some months before the death of her royal mistress: her single-hearted and kind disposition is apparent from her will, in which she leaves some trifle of personal property to all her relatives, and apologizes touchingly for her poverty, having so little to leave. If madame Caylus's charge of treachery were true, why was lady Strickland's family deprived of the fine manor of Thornton Briggs, inherited from Catherine Neville, being the only landed property not secured from the grasp of William III.?

and, indeed, with the whole of that wing of the palace, by a number of intricate passages which lie behind it. In one of the lobbies there is a small square window, which commands a view of the royal closet, so that any one ambushed there might look down upon his majesty, and watch all his proceedings. A pleasing tradition connected with this window was related to me by a noble lady, whose great-grandmother, Mrs. Plowden, was one of the ladies in the household of queen Mary Beatrice. Mrs. Plowden's infant family lived with her in the palace of St. Germains, and she sometimes found it necessary, by way of punishment, to shut up her little daughter Mary, a pretty spoiled child of four years old, in the lobby leading from her own apartment to the queen's backstairs. But the young lady always obtained her release by climbing to the little window that looked down into the king's closet, and tapping at the glass till she had attracted his attention; then, showing her weeping face, and clasping her hands in an attitude of earnest entreaty, she would cry, in a sorrowful tone, "Ah, sire! send for me." James, unless deeply engaged in business of importance, always complied with the request of the tearful petitioner, for he was very fond of children; and when Mrs. Plowden next entered the royal presence with the queen, she was sure to find her small captive closeted with his majesty, sitting at his feet, or sometimes on his knee. At last, she said to the king, "I know not how it happens, but whenever my little girl is naughty, and I shut her up in the lobby, your majesty does her the honour of sending for her into your closet." James laughed heartily, and pointing to the window above, explained the mystery.

It was fortunate that James and his queen were fond of children, and indulgent to them, for their royal abode at St. Germains was full of the young families of their noble attendants, who, having forsaken houses and lands for their sake, had now no other home. There were little Middletons, Hays, Dillons, Bourkes, Stricklands, Plowdens, Staffords, Sheldons, and many of the children of their Protestant followers also, who might be seen sporting together in the parterres in excellent good fellowship, or forming a mimic court and body-

guard for the little prince, whose playmates they were, and the sharers of his infantile pleasures. These juvenile Jacobites were objects of the tenderest interest to the exiled king and queen, who, when they went to promenade on the terrace, were always surrounded by them, and appeared like the parents of a very numerous progeny. The château, indeed, resembled an over-crowded bee-hive, only that the young swarms were fondly cherished, instead of being driven forth into the world. Other emigrants there were, for whom the king and queen could do but little in proportion to their wants. The town of St. Germains and its suburbs were filled with Scotch, English, and Irish Jacobite families, who had sacrificed every thing in their fruitless efforts for the restoration of king James, and were, for the most part, in a state of utter destitution. The patience with which they bore the sufferings they had incurred for his sake, pierced the heart of that unfortunate prince with the most poignant grief. Both he and Mary Beatrice imposed rigorous self-denial on themselves, in order to administer to the wants of their followers. "King James used to call, from time to time, into his cabinet some of these indigent persons, of all ranks, who were too modest to apply to him for aid, and distributed to them, folded up in small pieces of paper, five, ten, fifteen, or twenty pistoles, more or less, according to the merit, the quality, or the exigency of each."[1]

The little prince and his sister, as soon as they were old enough to understand the sufferings of the Jacobite families, devoted all their pocket-money to their relief. The princess, from a very tender age, paid for the education of several of the daughters of the British emigrants, and nothing could induce her to diminish her little fund by the purchase of toys for herself.[2] Her natural vivacity was softened and subdued by the scenes of sorrow and distress amidst which she was born and reared, and while yet an infant in age, she acquired the sensibility and tenderness of womanhood. Both in person and disposition there was a great resemblance

[1] Nairne's Recollections of James II., in Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

[2] Chaillot MS.

between her and the queen her mother, with this difference, that she was of a more energetic character. She had quick talents and ready wit. Her state-governess was the countess of Middleton, to whom she was greatly attached, but her love for her parents and her brother amounted almost to passion.

Mary Beatrice fully participated in the pain which it cost the unfortunate James to disband his household troops, composed of the noble-minded and devoted gentlemen who, with unavailing loyalty, had attached themselves to his ruined fortunes, and were starving in a foreign land for his sake. In one of her letters to her friend Angelique Priolo, she feelingly alludes to this measure, which was dictated to the fallen majesty of England by the then arbiter of his destiny, Louis XIV. "Yesterday," writes the consort of king James, "we went to Versailles. At present, I can inform you that we are in good health, God be thanked! It is long since I have seen the king look so well, but his kind heart, as well as mine, has suffered much for some days from this desolating reform that awaits us, and which we have endeavoured to prepare for during the last few months: it has at length begun among our poor troops. I can assure you, with truth, that the desperate condition of these poor people touches us far more keenly than our own calamities. At the same time I must tell you, that we are perfectly satisfied with the king [Louis XIV.], as we have good grounds to be, for he spoke to us yesterday with much kindness about it, and convinced us that, if it had not been for the consideration he has for us, and the desire he has to please us, he should not have kept a fourth part of those whom he has retained, and whom he will keep well for love of us. I will enter into all the details of this when I have the pleasure of seeing you, which will be in a fortnight, if it please God. In the mean time, I beg you not to speak of this affair, for it is not yet public, but it soon will. . . . . Pray much for us, my dear mother," continues the fallen queen, "for in truth we need it much. I never cease to pray for you as for myself, to the end that God would make his grace abound in the replenishing our hearts

with his sacred love; and if we should be so happy as to obtain this of him, we may be indifferent to every thing else, and even satisfied with all we have lost, so that we possess him." A pious Latin aspiration from the Psalms concludes this letter, which is merely signed with the initial "M." A few devotional sentences, in a child's text-hand, were originally enclosed, which the fond mother explains to her friend in the following postscript:—

"Here is a prayer from the hand of my son, which seems written well enough to be sent to you. I believe that my dear mother will be glad to have something in her hands which comes from those of that dear child."[1]

Deeply interested, of course, were the sisters of Chaillot in the son of their royal patron and patroness, the exiled king and queen of England. The singular beauty and amiable disposition of this child, his docility and precocious piety, rendered him an attractive visitor to the ladies of St. Cyr, as well as those of Chaillot. "I will send my son when you wish," writes the queen to the abbess of Chaillot, at a time when that lady was on a visit to the superior of St. Cyr. "Send me word if you think he will annoy madame de Maintenon, for in that case I will send him while she is on her journey. If not, I will send him one day next week."[2]

In the course of the desolating reform, as Mary Beatrice had emphatically termed the reduction of the military establishment of her unfortunate lord at St. Germains, a touching scene took place between king James and the remnant of the brave followers of Dundee.[3] "They consisted of 150 officers, all of honourable birth, attached to their chieftains and each other, and glorying in their political principles. Finding themselves a burden upon the late king, whose finances could scarcely suffice for the helpless who hung on him, they petitioned that prince for leave to form themselves into a company of private sentinels, asking no other favour but to be permitted to choose their own officers. James assented: they repaired to St. Germains to be reviewed by him before they were incorporated with the French army. A few days after they came, they dressed themselves in accoutrements borrowed of a

[1] Chaillot MS. [2] Ibid. [3] Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain.

French regiment, and drew up in order in a place through which he was to pass as he went to the chase. He asked who they were? and was surprised to find they were the same men with whom, in garbs better suited to their rank, he had the day before conversed at his levee. Struck with the levity of his own amusement, contrasted with the misery of those who were suffering for him, he returned pensive to his palace. The day he reviewed them he passed along their ranks, and wrote in his pocket-book with his own hand every gentleman's name, and gave him his thanks in particular; then removing to the front, bowed to the body with his hat off. After he had gone away he returned, bowed to them again, and burst into a passion of tears. The regiment kneeled, bent their heads and eyes steadfast on the ground, and then rose, and passed him with the usual honours of war."[1] The parting speech which James addressed to them concludes with these words:—

"Should it be the will of God ever to restore me to my throne, it would be impossible for me ever to forget your sufferings. There is no rank in my armies to which you might not pretend. As to the prince, my son, he is of your own blood; he is already susceptible of every impression. Brought up among you, he can never forget your merit. I have taken care that you shall be provided with money, and with shoes and stockings. Fear God; love one another. Write your wants particularly to me, and be assured that you will find in me always a parent as well as a king."

One of these gallant gentlemen, captain Ogilvie, was the author of one of the first and most touching of the Scottish Jacobite songs:[2]—

"It was a' for our rightful king,
We left fair Scotia's strand," &c.

The conduct of this new Scotch brigade, both in Spain and Germany, excited the admiration of all the French army, and, as related by Dalrymple,[3] forms one of the fairest pages in the history of modern chivalry. A charming trait of the son of James II. and Mary Beatrice, in connexion with some of these

[1] Dalrymple.

[2] Captain Ogilvie was of the family of Inverquharity. He served king James at the Boyne, and was one of the brave Scottish exiles who fell at the battle of the Rhine. Only four of these followers of the banished king were Roman-catholics; the rest belonged to the reformed church episcopalian of Scotland.

[3] Memoirs of Great Britain.

unfortunate gentlemen, verified the truth of that monarch's assertion, "that the prince was already susceptible of every impression;" and also, that he had been early imbued by his parents with a tender sympathy for the sufferings of their faithful friends. Fourteen of the Scotch brigade, unable to endure the life of common soldiers, returned to St. Germains to thank king James for having written to their commander to obtain their discharge, and permission for them to return to Scotland; or in case they chose to remain in France, promising to pension them out of his personal savings. James received them with the kindness and affection their attachment had merited. Four of the number, who were too much impaired in constitution to return home, continued at St. Germains. One day, when listlessly strolling near the iron palisades of the palace, they saw a boy of six years old about to get into a coach emblazoned with the royal arms of Great Britain; this child was the son of the exiled king and queen, the disinherited prince of Wales, who was going to join the promenade of the French court at Marli. He recognised the unfortunate emigrants, and instead of entering the carriage, made a sign for them to approach. They advanced respectfully, and spontaneously offered the mark of homage which, according to the custom of the times, was always paid to persons of royal rank by kneeling and kissing his hands, which they bathed with their tears. The princely boy graciously raised them, and with that touching sensibility which is often prematurely developed by early misfortunes, expressed his grateful appreciation of their loyalty. He told them "that he had often heard of their valour, and that it made him proud, and that he had wept for their misfortunes as much as he had done for those of his own parents; but he hoped a day would come that would convince them that they had not made such great sacrifices for ungrateful princes."[1] He concluded by presenting them with his little purse, containing ten or twelve pistoles, and requesting them to drink the king's health. Both words and action were evidently unprompted, and from his own free impulse. The boy had

[1] Amédée Pichot.

been virtuously trained; indeed it was subsequently seriously lamented by the Jacobites "that the queen, his mother, had brought the prince up more for heaven than earth." Gold too highly refined is not fit for common use, and requires a certain portion of alloy to make it bear the stamp which gives its currency.

At the untimely death of his first state-governess, the marchioness of Powis, in 1691, Mary Beatrice had expressed an earnest wish that she could have the countess of Errol, the widow of the hereditary grand-constable of Scotland, to supply the place of that lamented lady, as she considered her the fittest woman in all the world to have the charge of her son. Just at the moment when the queen's anxiety was at its height, the countess having received an intimation of her majesty's wish for her services, made her escape from Scotland, presented herself at St. Germains, and received the appointment.

The sign of the ancient Jacobite hotel, *Le Prince de Galles*, has every appearance of being a contemporary relic of the Stuart court. It has a portrait of the chevalier St. George on either side, coarsely enamelled on metal, representing that unfortunate prince at two distinct periods of his boyhood, and in different costumes. On one side we see him as a smiling round-faced child of seven or eight years old, with flowing ringlets, and royally robed in a vest and mantle of cloth of gold; in the other he is about thirteen, tall and slender, arrayed in a cuirass and point-lace cravat, his natural ringlets carefully arranged in the form of a periwig, and tied together with a blue ribbon. In both portraits he is decorated with the order of the Garter. The late proprietor of the 'Prince de Galles' was offered and refused a thousand francs for this curious old sign, and declared that he would not part with it for any price. When a miniature of this prince was shown to pope Innocent XII., the old man, though any thing but a friend to James and Mary Beatrice, was so charmed with the representation of their child, that he kissed it, and said, "he would fain hope to see the restoration of that angel to his just right." The earl

of Perth, by whom this little incident is recorded, says, "this picture was brought to Rome by father Mar, and that it was accounted very like the young prince; and," continues he, "I really believe it, for one sees of the king and queen both in it. He is wonderfully handsome."[1]

The exiled king and queen of England were invited to the bridal fête of their young relative, mademoiselle d'Orleans, with the duke of Lorraine. On this occasion the queen writes rather a lively letter from Fontainebleau, giving her cloistered friend at Chaillot a little account of the manner in which her consort and herself were passing their time in that gay and magnificent court.

"Fontainebleau, 17th October.

"According to my promise, my dear mother, I send you my news of this place, which is good, God be thanked, as far as regards health, although the life I lead here is very different from that at St. Germain's. I have been already four times to the chase, and we have beautiful weather. The king, [Louis XIV.] according to his wont, loads us with benefits and a thousand marks of friendship. Of this we are not the less sensible because we are accustomed to it from him. On the contrary, at every fresh proof, we are penetrated with more lively feelings of gratitude. Our departure is delayed till next Friday; that of the duchess of Lorraine has rendered us all very sad.[2] She was so much afflicted herself, that one could not look at her without weeping. Monsieur and madame were, and still are, full of compassion at seeing it. They did not return here till yesterday evening. The young bride preserved a demeanour throughout that has charmed all the world, and me in particular, who have always loved, and now esteem her more than ever. I have seen madame de M—[Maintenon] twice: she has been indisposed, but at present she is better. I entered yesterday with her on the chapter of Chaillot very naturally: I told her what I had resolved with you, and many other things. She told me that she had represented to the king the state of your house. If, however, you would not be flattered, it is necessary that I should tell you that I do not believe you will gain any thing by that at present, for a reason I will tell you when I see you. I am in doubt whether I should speak to her again; I have no great inclination, for, in truth, I am ashamed of her and of myself, that I had not power to obtain any thing. I do not seem to have any thing to reproach myself with on this matter, seeing that I did all, and will do all I can think of, to render you a little service."[3]

There was a grand review, in the plain of Houille, of the French and Swiss guards, at which James and his queen were present. As soon as they arrived on the ground, the king of France made queen Mary Beatrice come into his coach, in

[1] Perth Correspondence, edited by W. Jerdan, esq.: Camden Society.

[2] She was the daughter of the duke of Orleans by his second wife, Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria, and the great grand-daughter of Elizabeth queen of Bohemia; therefore doubly related to James II. She proved a firm friend to his son.

[3] From the original French autograph, Chaillot collection.

which mademoiselle, and his daughter-in-law the duchess of Maine, were already seated. Louis was ever and anon at the door of the carriage, to do the honours of the review to her, and took much trouble in explaining to her the evolutions of the troops. The prince-royal of Denmark was also at this review, and was treated with great attention. James and his queen met this prince at all the balls, hunts, and other amusements, with amity, notwithstanding his close relationship to prince George. They were both at the royal hunt on the 20th of February, where the prince was very much astonished at the grand huntsman, the duke de Rochefoulcault, giving the bâton to the exiled king of England,—a compliment only paid to the princes of the blood-royal of France, but always to king James.

Neither James nor his consort were forgotten, meantime, in England, where the enormous taxes of William's war-government, together with his exclusive Dutch patronage and other grievances, caused many to recur with regretful feelings to "the king over the water," as they significantly styled the deposed sovereign. The following enigmatical song, entitled "Three Healths," was sung at convivial meetings by the Jacobite partisans at this period, both in country and town:

"THREE HEALTHS.

A JACOBITE SONG.

"To ane king and no king, ane *uncle* and father,
To him that 's all these, yet allowed to be neither;
Come, rank round about, and hurrah to our standard;
If you 'll know what I mean, here 's a health to our landlord!

To ane queen and no queen, ane *aunt* and no mother,
Come, boys, let us cheerfully drink off another;
And now, to be honest, we 'll stick by our faith,
And stand by our landlord as long as we 've breath.

To ane prince and no prince, ane son and no bastard,
Beshrew them that say it! a lie that is fostered!
God bless them all three; we 'll conclude with this one,
It 's a health to our landlord, his wife, and his son.

To our monarch's return one more we 'll advance,
We 've a king that 's in Flanders, another in France;
Then about with the health, let him come, let him come, then,
Send the one into England, and both are at home then."[1]

[1] This is one of the oldest Jacobite songs, and is from the collection of sir Walter Scott. It was written during the life of James II. The epigrammatic

The year 1694 commenced with a strong confederacy of the aristocracy of Great Britain to bring back "the good old farmer and his wife," as James and Mary Beatrice were, among other numerous cognomens, designated in the Jacobite correspondence of that epoch. The part acted by Marlborough in these intrigues will be seen in the following letters from James's secret agent and himself, from which it should appear that both placed great reliance on the prudence of the queen:—

LETTER FROM GENERAL SACKFIELD TO LORD MELFORT.[1]

"May 3, 1694.

"I have just now received the enclosed for the king. It is from lord Churchill, but no person but the queen must know from whom it comes. For the love of God, let it be kept a secret. I send it by express, judging it to be of the utmost for the service of my master, [king James,] and consequently, for the service of his most Christian majesty," [Louis XIV.]

MARLBOROUGH TO JAMES II. (*enclosed in the above*).

"It is only to-day I have learned the news I now write you; which is, that the bomb-ketches and *twelve* regiments encamped at Portsmouth, with two regiments of marines, all commanded by Talmarsh,[2] are destined for burning the harbour of Brest, and destroying all the men-of-war which are there. This will be a great advantage to England, but no consideration can prevent, or ever shall prevent me, from informing you of all that I believe to be for your service. Therefore you may make your own use of this intelligence, which you may depend upon being exactly true; but I must conjure you, for your own interest, to let no one know but the queen and the bearer of this letter. Russell sails to-morrow, with forty ships; the rest are not yet paid, but it is said that in ten days the rest of the fleet will follow. I endeavoured to learn this from admiral Russell, but he always denied it to me, though I am sure he knew this design for six weeks. This gives me a bad sign of that man's intentions. I shall be well pleased to learn that this letter comes safe into your hands."

Of a very different character from this double-minded favourite of fortune, were some of the devoted gentlemen who had adhered to James and Mary Beatrice in their adversity. The disinterested affection to both that pervades the following letter from the earl of Perth, then at Rome, to Colin earl of Balcarres, is an honour to human nature:—

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turn of the last verse is admirable. The epithets, uncle and aunt, allude to the relationship of the exiled king and queen to William III.

[1] See Original Stuart Papers, in Macpherson, vol. i. p. 444. The name is often spelled Sackville.

[2] See Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain, vol. ii. pp. 44, 45. Likewise many curious confirmatory particulars, and Lloyd's Report to James II.–Macpherson's State-Papers, vol. i. p. 480. The unfortunate general Talmash (Tollemache) and his regiments were the victims of this information, and a disastrous defeat of the British forces occurred, June 8th, 1694, at Brest.

"My heart has not been capable of any joy like what yours must feel now, when you are to see our king and queen. I'm sure it must be such a one as, to me, is inconceivable at present. I'm told, from home, that there's no defence against the *forfaulture* [forfeiture] of my family. I thank God I have never been tempted to wish it might subsist upon any other terms than to be serviceable to my dearest master. If things go well with him, I need not fear; and if not, should I beg a morsel of bread, I hope I shall never complain. Give him and his lady my duty, and kiss our young master's hand for me. I have no longing but to see them altogether, and I must confess I languish for that happiness. I'm sure, if somebody have any thing, you will not want; so you may call for it until your own money arrives. Continue to love, my dearest lord, yours entirely," &c.[1]

Every year, Mrs. Penn, the wife of James's former *protégé*, the founder of Pennsylvania, paid a visit to the court of St. Germains, carrying with her a collection of all the little presents which the numerous friends and well-wishers of James II. and his queen could muster. Mrs. Penn was always affectionately received by the king and queen, although she maintained the fact that the revolution was necessary, and what she did was from the inviolable affection and gratitude she personally felt towards their majesties.[2] Unfortunately, James and his queen were surrounded by spies at St. Germains, and their faithful friends became known and marked persons, in consequence of their rash confidence in traitors. The following is a specimen of the intelligence constantly forwarded to the government of Great Britain by one of William's spies at St. Germains.

"There was one Mrs. Ogilvie, sent to Scotland with the answers of some letters she had brought the late queen from that country. She is to be found at the countess of Carnwath's lodgings, in Edinburgh."[3]

On the 7th of September Mary Beatrice paid her annual visit to Chaillot, and remained till the king joined her there, for the anniversary of his royal mother's death. Their majesties attended all the services performed on this occasion, and afterwards went to visit one of the aged sisters who was sick in the infirmary. They remained with her a full quarter of an hour, and then dined together in the queen's apartment, in the presence of the community. The queen begged the abbess to tell the sisters not to keep their eyes always

[1] Notes of lord Lindsay's Biographical Notice of his ancestor, Colin earl of Balcarres; Balcarres' Memorial, printed by the Bannatyne Club.

[2] Kennersley's Life of Penn, 1740. Mrs. Penn was the daughter of a cavalier of good family.

[3] Carstair's State-Papers, edited by MacCormick.

fixed on the ground, but to raise them; observing, "that they all seemed as serious as if they were at a funeral." While they were at dinner, their majesties talked on various subjects. James drew a lively picture of the occupations of men of the world who are governed by their passions, whether of ambition, love, pleasure, or avarice; and concluded by observing, "that none of those things could give content or satisfaction, but that the peace of God alone could comfort those who were willing to bear the cross patiently for the love of Him." The conversation turning on death, the king expressed so much desire for that event, that the queen was much distressed. "Alas!" said she, with tears in her eyes, "what would become of me and of your little ones, if we were deprived of you?"—"God," he replied, "will take care of you and our children; for what am I but a poor, feeble man, incapable of doing any thing without Him?" Mary Beatrice, whose heart was full, went to the table to conceal her emotion, by pretending to look for a book. The assistant sister, who tenderly loved the queen, softly approached the king, and said to him, "We humbly entreat your majesty not to speak of your death to the queen, for it always afflicts her."—"I do so to prepare her for that event," replied James, "since it is a thing which, in the course of nature, must soon occur, and it is proper to accustom her to the certainty of it." James only missed a few days of completing his sixty-first year at the time this conversation took place, and he was prematurely old for that age. The assistant said to the queen, when they were alone, "Madame, I have taken the liberty of begging the king not to talk of death to your majesty, to make you sad." The queen smiled, and said to her, "It will not trouble me any more. He is accustomed to talk to me about it very often, and above all, I am sure that it will not accelerate his death a single moment."

The devoted love of Mary Beatrice led her to perform the part of a ministering angel to her sorrow-stricken lord; but the perpetual penances and austerities to which he devoted himself, must have had, at times, a depressing effect on her mind. Like his royal ancestor, James IV. of Scotland, he wore an iron chain about his waist, and inflicted many need-

less sufferings on his person.[1] James and Mary Beatrice were about to pay a visit to the French court at Fontainebleau, when an express arrived from Louis XIV. to give James a private intimation of the death of the queen's only brother, Francisco II., duke of Modena, who died September 6th, at Gossuolo, of the gout, and a complication of cruel maladies, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. In the evening, James broke the news to Mary Beatrice, who was much afflicted. All the amusements of the French court were suspended for some days, out of compliment to her feelings; and she received visits and letters of condolence from all the members of the royal family and great nobles of France. In reply to a letter written to her on this occasion by the duc de Vendôme, the grandson of Henry IV. and the fair Gabrielle, she says,—

"My Cousin,

"The obliging expressions in the letter that you have written to me on the death of my brother, the duke of Modena, correspond fully with the opinion I have always had of the affection with which you interest yourself in all that concerns me. I wish to assure you, that in the midst of my grief I am very sensible of the marks of sympathy which you give me, and that I shall be always, with much esteem, my cousin, "Your very affectionate cousin,

"Marie, R.

"At St. Germain-en-Laye, the 27th of Oct., 1694."[2]

The brother of Mary Beatrice was the founder of the university of Modena: as he died childless, she would have succeeded to his dominions, if the order of investiture had not preferred the more distant males.[3] Her uncle Rinaldo, there-

[1] Chaillot MS. [2] Printed in Delort's Journeys in the Environs of Paris.

[3] Gibbon's Antiquities of the House of Brunswick. L'Art de Vérifier les Dates. Hercules Renaud, the grandson and representative of the uncle of queen Mary Beatrice, had an only daughter, who bore the same name. This Mary Beatrice d'Este the younger, was compelled by her father to marry the archduke Ferdinand, the brother of the emperor, in 1771, and her descendant is at present duke of Modena. If it be asked why this duchy did ultimately go to heirs-female, in the persons of the younger Mary Beatrice of Este and her Austrian descendants, who now hold it, it may be answered, that the Modenese heirs-*male* having *failed* in duke Hercules Renaud, her father, the duchy reverted to and was consolidated in the empire, so that the emperor could give it to whom he chose, and most naturally—by his influence, and from political reasons too—to *Mary Beatrice* who married his *relative*, and to her descendants, who *now*, owing to the complete failure of the *Stuart*-Modenese line in the person of the cardinal of York, step into the shoes of the latter, and are the nearest heirs-female, or of line, of the Estes, dukes of Modena, formerly dukes of Ferrara. By

fore, inherited the dukedom without a question, and obtained leave to resign his cardinal's hat, that he might marry the princess Charlotte Félicité, the eldest daughter of John Frederick duke of Brunswick-Hanover. Mary Beatrice considered that, although she and her son were barred from the succession of the duchy, she had a claim, as the natural heir, to all the personal property of her childless brother, and she employed the earl of Perth to represent her case to the pope. Unfortunate in every thing, she gained nothing by the contest except the ill-will of her uncle, and a coolness ensued between those relatives, who were once so fondly united by the ties of natural affection. Duke Rinaldo joined the Germanic league, which, being absolutely opposed to the restoration of the male line of the royal Stuarts to the throne of Great Britain, of course increased the estrangement; yet when Modena, several years afterwards, was occupied by the French army, and subjected to great misery in consequence, Mary Beatrice, notwithstanding the injurious conduct of the duke, her uncle, acted as the friend of his unfortunate subjects, by using her personal intercessions with the king of France and his ministers to obtain some amelioration for their sufferings. Louis XIV. was, however, too much exasperated to interfere with the proceedings of his general, the duc de Vendôme, to whose discretion every thing regarding Modena was committed by the war minister. Mary Beatrice then addressed the following earnest letter of supplication to that chief, by whom she was much esteemed:

"My Cousin,

"I am so persuaded of your friendship for me, and of the inclination you have to please every one when in your power, that I cannot refrain from writing a word to you in favour of the poor distressed country where I was born, and where you are at present, at the head of the king's armies.

"The governor of Modena, or those who govern for him in his absence, have sent a man here, to make known to the ministers of the king the sad state in which that unfortunate city, and all the country round it, are. I have not been able to obtain so much as a hearing for him; but they reply to me, 'that no one here can interfere in that business, and that the king ought to leave the care of it to his generals, who with the intendants must decide about those places.'

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the marriage, likewise, of François IV., son of Mary Beatrice the younger, with Victorie Josephine of Sardinia, the *Sardinian* and *Stuart oldest* co-heir and representative, their descendants singularly conjoin.

Consequently, this man has made a useless journey, and it is therefore that I address myself to you, to implore you, with all the earnestness in my power, that you would be very favourable to these poor people, without, in the slightest degree, compromising the king's interests, which are not less near to my heart than my own, and preferred by me to every other on earth. M. l'Intendant Boucha assures me, and will render the same testimony to you, of the good-will of those poor people to the French, to whom they are ready to give every thing they have; but they cannot give more than they have, and this is what is demanded of them. In fine, my cousin, I resign this business into your just and benevolent hands, being persuaded that you will do your best to save this unfortunate country, if it can be done without prejudice to the service of the king, for I repeat, that I neither ask, nor even wish it at that price. I pray you to be assured, that I have for you all the esteem and friendship that you deserve from

"Your affectionate cousin,

"MARIA, R."[1]

The pecuniary distress of the court of St. Germains began to be very great in the year 1694. The abbé Renaudot, a person entirely in the confidence of the cabinet of the unfortunate James, writes to one of the French ministers, December 17th, that the queen of England proposed to sell all her jewels, that she might raise the sum necessary for some project, to which he alludes, connected with the affairs of her royal husband. "I believe, monseigneur," writes he, "that I ought to relate to you this circumstance, as it seems to me that no one dare speak of the utter destitution which pervades the court of St. Germains. It is not their least embarrassment, that they have no longer the means of sending to England to those who have the wish to render them service."

Many persons, both French and English, resorted to the court of St. Germains, to be touched by king James for 'the king's evil.' Angry comments are made by several contemporary French writers on his presuming to exercise that function, fancying that he attempted the healing art as one of the attributes pertaining to his empty title of king of France, and that it was a usurped faculty, formerly inherent in their own royal saint, Louis IX. The representative of the elder line of that monarch James undoubtedly was, but the imaginary power of curing the king's evil by prayer and touch, was originally exercised by Edward the Confessor, as early as the ninth century, in England, and afterwards by the sove-

[1] Printed in Delort's Journeys in the Environs of Paris.

reigns who, in consequence of their descent from Margaret Atheling, claimed the ancient royal blood. Though James and his consort were now refugees in France, and dependent on the charity of the reigning sovereign of that realm for food and shelter, they continued to style themselves king and queen, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, and France. James frequently received hints as to the propriety of dropping the latter title; but he would as soon have resigned that of England, which was now almost as shadowy a distinction.

Mary Beatrice writes to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, January 4th, to thank her and her sisterhood for their good wishes for the new year, 1695, and to offer those of herself, her husband, and children, in return. In the postscript of this letter she notices the death of the duke of Luxembourg as a great loss to Louis XIV., "and, in consequence, to ourselves also," she adds. She appears a little uneasy at not having seen madame de Maintenon since the day when she had received what she considered a slight from her. "It is true," continues her majesty, as if willing to impute both this and the omission of an invitation to an annual Christmas fête at the court of France to accidental causes, "that the frost and ice are so hard that it is difficult to approach us here, and there is some trouble in descending from this place. I believe that this is the reason that the king has not sent for us to come to-morrow, as in other years."[1]

The news of the death of James's eldest daughter, queen Mary II., reached St. Germains, January 15th, and revived the drooping hopes of the anxious exiles there. James, however, felt much grief that she had not expressed a penitential feeling for her unfilial conduct towards himself. It was expected that an immediate rupture would take place between William and Anne, on account of his retaining the crown, to which she stood in a nearer degree of relationship; but Anne was too cunning to raise disputes on the subject of legitimacy while she had a father and a brother living. Her claims, as well as those of William, rested on the will of the people,

[1] Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the archives of France.

and any attempt to invalidate his title would naturally end in the annihilation of her own. She played a winning game by submitting to a delay, which the debilitated constitution of the Dutch king assured her would be but of temporary duration; and she openly strengthened their mutual interests by a reconciliation with him, while she continued in a secret correspondence with her betrayed father.[1] It was, perhaps, through her artful representations, that James neglected to take advantage of the favourable crisis produced by Mary's death. He was vehemently urged at that time by his partisans to make a descent in England, and assured that even the support of ten thousand men would be sufficient to replace him on the throne. The French cabinet could not be induced to assist James, and he was fretted by the proceedings of his daughter by Arabella Churchill, who, having been left a widow by the early death of her husband, lord Waldegrave, married lord Wilmot privately, but not soon enough to save her reputation. The queen forbade her her presence, and James ordered her to retire to a convent in Paris till after her confinement, as great scandal was caused by her appearance. Acting, however, by the advice of her mother, with whom she had always been in correspondence, she fled to England, and made her court there by revealing all she knew of the plans of the unfortunate king, her father.[3] King James had not a more bitter enemy than his former mistress, Arabella Churchill, now the wife of colonel Godfrey. The duke of Berwick, about the same time, took the liberty of marrying one of the fair widows of St. Germains, against the wish of his royal father and the queen, who were with difficulty induced to sanction the alliance. The lady was the daughter of viscount Clare, and widow of lord Leven. The displeasure against Berwick was short-lived: Mary Beatrice very soon appointed his new duchess as one of the ladies of her bedchamber; she was much attached to her. It is mentioned by Dangeau, that the king of France gave the duke and duchess of Berwick apartments at Versailles, because he knew it would be agreeable to the queen of England.

[1] Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Life of James II. [2] Ibid. [3] Dangeau.

It is a curious circumstance that a book entitled the Life of Lady Warner[1] was published in England this year, fearlessly dedicated to Mary Beatrice, not by name, but significantly inscribed "To the Queen." Readers in general who are not very minute in their chronological observations, might fancy that this was intended as a compliment to Mary II.; but independently of the fact that the queen-regnant, Mary, was no longer in existence, the following extract from the epistle dedicatory will prove that it was no time-serving tribute to a successful rival, but a generous offering of unbought affection to the unfortunate consort of the exiled sovereign James II.

"A queen, to be truly great, is always the same, whether fortune smiles or frowns upon her; neither elevated in prosperity nor dejected in adversity, but showing the greatness of her soul in despising all things beneath it. This golden mean, this equal temper, the Christian world has always admired in your majesty, but never more than in this present conjuncture. . . . . For what can speak so efficaciously as your example of the instability of all human felicity? For, as your present state offers forcible motives towards the disparaging of all worldly greatness, so the consideration of your royal patience and unshaken constancy, cannot but comfort the most afflicted. 'Twas prudence in not wrestling with the merciless waves and furious tumults of an ungrateful people, which has saved us the best of kings, the best of queens, and the most hopeful of princes. Methinks," observes our author, in conclusion, "I hear the guardian-angel of our island whispering in our sovereign's ear, as heretofore the angel guardian of Israel did in the ear of St. Joseph,—Rise, and take the child and his mother, and return into your country, for they are dead who sought the life of the child."

While the partisans of the exiled royal family were in a state of feverish anxiety, awaiting some movement or important decision on the part of James, both he and Mary Beatrice appeared to exhibit a strange indifference to the chances of the game. Caryl, the secretary of state at St. Germains, in a letter to the earl of Perth, dated July 4th, 1695, after a discussion of state affairs, says, "The king and queen are both absent from St. Germains, but will return this night, having spent four or five days severally in a ramble of devotion, the king at La Trappe, and the queen at Chaillot. The prince and princess are in perfect health, and grow up to the wonder of every body." In the month of August, Louis XIV. gave a stag-hunt in the forest of Marli, expressly for the amusement of Mary Beatrice, whom he was

[1] Printed by Thomas Hailes, London, 1696.

anxious to divert from the ascetic habits which, like her consort, she was too much disposed to practise. In October, Louis invited her and James to spend several days with his court at Fontainebleau. The formal round of amusements in which the exiled king and queen were compelled to join with absent and sorrowful hearts, occupied, without interesting, Mary Beatrice. In a letter to her friend, madame Angelique Priolo, she says,—

"These six days past have I sought for a moment to write to you, my dear mother, but without being able to find one. Yesterday evening I thought myself sure of the opportunity of doing it before supper, but monsieur de Ponchartrain, [a person not to be neglected, certainly, as he was one of the cabinet-ministers of Louis XIV.] entered my chamber just as I would have finished my letter to our mother, and prevented me. I strive to do my duty here towards God and man, but, alas! I fail greatly in both, for in this place there is so much dissipation. Yet it is certain, also, that I am never so much persuaded of the littlenesses and vanities of this world, as when I am in the midst of its grandeur and its great appearances. I shall complete my thirty-seventh year to-morrow. Pray to God, my dear mother, that I may not spend another without serving and loving him with all my heart."

That minute court chronicler, Dangeau, gives these particulars of a visit paid by Mary Beatrice and her lord to the French court at Versailles, November the 9th:[1] "The king and queen of England came here at three o'clock. The king [Louis XIV.] walked with them to his new fountains and his cascade. When they returned to madame Maintenon, the queen sat down to cards. Louis always delighted to make her play, but she generally quitted her cards soon after, under the excuse of going to prayers. When the supper was announced, the king took both her and the king her husband, and placed them at his own table. The dauphin had another table. The queen was only attended by four ladies, the duchess of Berwick, the duchess of Tyrconnel, and the ladies Almonde and Bulkeley." Lady Tyrconnel was a great favourite of the queen: she was not altogether so trustworthy as her husband; her chief error was not in intention, but a habit of scribbling news incessantly to her treacherous sister, lady Marlborough.

The arrival of Mr. Powel at St. Germains, in 1696, charged with urgent letters and messages from a strong party

[1] Dangeau's Memoirs.

of the open adherents and secret correspondents of king James in London, entreating him to make a descent in England without delay, rekindled a fever of hope in the hearts of the exiled king and queen. The representations made to them of the unpopularity of William, the miseries caused by excessive taxation, a debased currency, and the decay of commerce and trade, induced them to believe that the people were eager to welcome their old master, not only as their legitimate sovereign, but as their deliverer from the miseries of a foreign yoke.[1] Louis XIV. entered into measures for assisting James in this new enterprise with apparent heartiness. Berwick, whose military talents and chivalric character had won for him in France the surname of the British Dunois, was to take the command of the Jacobite insurgents. 12,000 men, whom they had required to assist them, were already on their march to Calais, and all things promised fair. On the 28th of February, James bade adieu to his wife and children, in the confident belief that their next meeting would be at Whitehall. James had been assured by his friends in England, that if he would adventure a descent, he would regain his crown without a contest. Unfortunately, Powel, the secret agent who brought this earnest invitation to his old master, had not explained the intentions of the Jacobite association with sufficient perspicuity. In the first conversation he had with his majesty, in the presence of the queen, he was so eager for something to be attempted, and talked with so much ardour, that both James and Mary Beatrice imagined that the rising would take place directly it was known that the king was ready to embark. But, in reality, they expected him to land first with the 12,000 men, which was to be the signal for a general revolt from William. The mistake was fatal to the project. Louis was willing to lend his troops and transports to assist an insurrection, but his ministers persuaded him that it would be useless to risk them on the chance of exciting one. The fleet and troops were in readiness at Calais when James arrived there, but were not permitted to stir from thence till certain news of a rising in

[1] Stuart Papers, in Macpherson. Life of James II. Journal.

England should be received.[1] The design of sir George Barclay, and a party of desperate persons attached to the Jacobite party, to precipitate matters by the wild project of a personal attack on king William in the midst of his guards, did the utmost mischief to James's cause, though he had always forbidden any attempt on the life of his rival, except in the battle-field.

Meantime, the fleet of French transports that should have conveyed James and his auxiliaries to the shores of England were shattered by a violent storm, which wrecked many of them on their own coast.[2] In short, in this, as in every other enterprise for the purpose of replacing the exiled line of Stuart on the throne of Great Britain, winds, waves, and unforeseen contingencies appeared to be arrayed in opposition, as if an immutable decree of Heaven forbade it. James retired to Boulogne on the 23rd of March, with the intention of remaining there till something decisive should take place. The state of his faithful consort's mind, meanwhile, will be best explained in one of her confidential letters to her friend, Angelique Priolo, to whom, as usual, she applies for sympathy and spiritual consolation in her trouble. "If you could imagine, my dear mother," she says, "to what a degree I have been overpowered with grief and business since I quitted you, your kind heart would have compassion on mine, which is more broken and discouraged than it has ever been, although for the last few days I appear to begin to recover a little more fortitude, or rather, to submit with less pain to the good pleasure of God, who does all that pleases him in heaven and earth, and whom no one can resist; but if we had the power, I do not believe that either you or I, far less my good king, would wish to do it. No, no, my dear mother; God is a master absolute and infinitely wise, and all that he does is good. Let him, then, be praised for ever by you and by me, at all times and in all places." After lamenting that her heart does not sufficiently accord with the language of her pen in these sentiments, and entreating her friend to pray for her, that she may become more perfect in the pious duty of

[1] Journal of James II. Life. Macpherson. [2] Macpherson. Dalrymple.

resignation, she goes on to say, "The king is still at Calais, or perhaps now at Boulogne; as long as he remains there, he must have some hope. I will tell you more about it when I see you, which will be Saturday next, if it please God."[1] Her majesty concludes with these words: "Offer many regards on my part to our dear mother, to whom I cannot write, for I have written all this morning to the king, and I can do no more; but my desire to write to you impels me to make this effort."

All the business at the court of St. Germains was directed by Mary Beatrice at this anxious period, which involved constant correspondence and meetings between her and the French ministers.[2] Early in April she had a long interview with Louis XIV. at Marli, in the vain endeavour of prevailing upon him to allow his troops to accompany king James to England. Louis was inflexible on this point, and she had the mortification of communicating the ill success of her negotiation to her husband. Calais was, meantime, bombarded by the English fleet under Russell, who stood so far committed by the confessions of some of the confederates in the late plot, that he was compelled to perform the duty of the post he held, without regard to the interests of his late master. James was anxious still to linger on the coast; but the French cabinet having destined the troops for service elsewhere, Louis signified his wish that his royal kinsman should return to St. Germains.[3] Mary Beatrice once more sought, by her personal influence with Louis, to avert measures so entirely ruinous to their cause, but her solicitations were fruitless. James returned to St. Germains in a desponding state of mind, with the mortifying conviction that no effectual assistance would ever be derived from the selfish policy of the French cabinet.[4] The devoted love and soothing tenderness of his queen mitigated the pain he felt at the bitter disappointment of his hopes, and he resigned himself with uncomplaining patience to the will of God. The most poignant distress

[1] Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the archives of France.

[2] Letters of the earl of Middleton, in Macpherson.

[3] Journal of James. Stuart Papers. [4] Ibid.

was felt by Mary Beatrice at the executions which took place in consequence of the denunciation of their unfortunate adherents. In one of her letters to her Chaillot correspondent, she says, "There have been three more men hanged in England, making eight in all, and two more are under sentence. Nothing can be sadder than the news we hear from that country, though we hear but little, and that very rarely."

It was at this time that the crown of Poland courted the acceptance of James II., but he firmly declined it. "Ambition," he said, "had no place in his heart. He considered that the covenant which bound him to his subjects was indissoluble, and that he could not accept the allegiance of another nation, without violating his duties to his own. England had rejected him, but she was still too dear to him to be resigned. He would hold himself, till death, free to return to his own realm, if his people chose to unite in recalling him."[1] Mary Beatrice applauded his decision, though urged by Louis XIV. to persuade her lord to avail himself of so honourable a retreat from the hopeless contest for the recovery of his dominions.

The appointment of the duke of Perth to the important office of governor to the young prince, her son, then about eight years old, is thus announced by the royal mother to her friend, madame Priolo :—

"July 23.

"The king has named, this morning, milord Perth governor of my son, and we are going to put him into his hands. This is a great matter achieved for me, and I hope that God will bless the choice we have made, after having prayed for more than a year that God would inspire us to do it well. Tell this to our dear mother from me, for I have not time to write to her. Her prayers, with yours and those of our dear sisters, have had a great part in this election, which I believe will be agreeable to God, for he is a holy man, and of distinguished merit as well as of high rank. I am content to have my son in his hands, not knowing any one better. But I have placed him, above all, and in the first place, in the hands of God, who in his mercy will have care of him, and give us grace to bring him up in his fear and in his love."[2]

In the same letter her majesty says,—

"We are all in good health here. We had yesterday a visit from the king [of France,] and the day before from madame de Maintenon. We go to-morrow to St. Cloud, for the ceremonial of the baptism of mademoiselle de Chartres."

[1] Journal of James II. Life. Macpherson.
[2] Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Chaillot collection.

Mary Beatrice was godmother to the infant. The ceremonial, which was very splendid, took place at St. Cloud, in the presence of king James and all the foreign ambassadors, as well as the princes and princesses of the blood. After they had promenaded for some time in the apartments, the king gave his hand to the queen of England and led her to the chapel, where they both held the little princess at the font.[1]

Although, in the general acceptation of the word, a great friendship might be said to subsist between Mary Beatrice and madame de Maintenon, there were times when, like most persons who have been raised by fortune immeasurably above their natural level, the widow of Scarron took the opportunity of making the consort of James II. feel how much more there is in the power of royalty than the name. The fallen queen complains, in one of her letters, of the want of sympathy exhibited by this lady on a subject which seems to have given her great pain. "You will be surprised," she says to her friend Angelique Priolo, "and perhaps troubled, at what I am now going to tell you in regard to that which cost me so much to tell that person to whom I opened my heart thereupon, she not having thought proper so much as to open her mouth about it the other day, though I was a good half hour alone with her. I declare to you that I am astonished at it, and humiliated. However, I do not believe that I am quite humble enough to speak to her about it a second time, whatever inconvenience I may suffer. There is no order come from Rome as yet regarding our poor; on the contrary, the pope has been very ill, and I believe he will die before they are given; so that, yesterday, we came to the resolution to sell some jewels to pay the pensions for the month of September, and it follows that we must do the same for every month, unless we get other assistance, and of that I see no appearance. I conjure you, my dear mother, not to afflict yourself at all this. For myself, I assure you I am more astonished than grieved." This observation refers to the slight the unfortunate queen had received from madame de Maintenon, to whom her application had apparently been made in behalf of the suffering

[1] Dangeau.

adherents of king James. "And in respect to our poor," continues she, "I never shall consider that I have done my duty till I have given all I have; for it will not be till then that I can say, with truth, that nothing remains to me, and it is impossible for me to give more."[1]

Mary Beatrice was as good as her word; by degrees she sacrificed every ornament she had in the world, except her bridal and her coronation rings, for the relief of the unfortunate British emigrants. The following interesting testimony is given of her conduct by an impartial witness, madame de Brinon, in a letter to her friend Sophia, electress of Hanover. "The queen of England," says this lady, "is scarcely less than saintly; and in truth it is a happiness to see her as she is, in the midst of her misfortunes. A lady of her court told me 'that she deprived herself of every thing, in order to support the poor English who had followed the king to St. Germains.' She has been known to take out the diamond studs from her manchettes [cuffs], and send them to be sold. And she says, when she does these charitable actions, 'that it is well for her to despoil herself of such things to assist others.' Is it possible that the confederate princes cannot open their eyes to the real merit and innocence of these oppressed and calumniated *majesties?* Can they forget them when a general peace is made?[2] I always speak to you, dear electress," pursues the correspondent of the generous princess, on whom the British parliament had settled the succession of this realm, "with the frankness due to our friendship. I tell you my thoughts as they arise in my heart, and it seems to me that your serene highness thinks like me." Sophia of Hanover was of a very different spirit from the daughters of James II. She always had the magnanimity to acknowledge his good qualities and those of his faithful consort, and lamented their misfortunes, though she accepted with gratitude the distinction offered to her and her descendants by a free people; but she scorned to avail

[1] Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the archives of France.

[2] MS. Collection of George IV. Recueil de Pièces, Brit. Museum, $\frac{1}{2}\frac{4}{4}$, a. Madame de Brinon to the electress Sophia, Feb. 22, 1697, dated from Maubisson.

herself of the base weapons of falsehood or treachery, or to derive her title from any other source than the choice of protestant England. In a preceding section of the same letter, madame Brinon speaks of James II., with whom she had recently been conversing. "He suffers," she says, "not only like a saint, but with the dignity of a king. The loss of his kingdoms he believes will be well exchanged for heaven. He reminded me often that one of the first things he did, after his arrival in France, was to go to see madame de Maubisson."[1]

The exhausted state of the French finances compelled Louis XIV., who was no longer able to maintain himself against the powerful Anglo-Germanic, Spanish, and Papal league, to entertain proposals for a general peace. The deliberations of the congress which met for that purpose at Ryswick, in the year 1697, were painfully interesting to James and his queen, since the recognition of William's title of king of Great Britain was, of course, one of the leading articles. Louis, however, insisted on the payment of the dower settled by parliament on James's queen, as an indispensable condition of the treaty. Mary Beatrice had done nothing to forfeit this provision; her conduct as wife, queen, and woman had been irreproachable. She had brought a portion of 400,000 crowns to her husband, whose private property had been seized by William. Her claims on the revenue of a queen-consort rested on the threefold basis of national faith, national justice, and national custom. When it was objected that James was no longer the sovereign of England, the plenipotentiaries of France proposed to treat her claims in the same manner as if her royal husband were actually, as well as politically, defunct, and that she should receive the provision of a queen-dowager of Great Britain. So completely was the spirit of the laws and customs regarding the inviolability of the rights of the queens of England in her favour, that we have the precedent of Edward IV. extorting from his prisoner, Margaret of Anjou, the widow

[1] The elder sister of the electress Sophia, who had given up all her hopes of the English succession to become a Catholic abbess. She was a great artist, "and her portraits bear a high price," says Grainger, "not as princess, but as painteress."

of a prince whose title he did not acknowledge, a solemn renunciation of her dower as queen of England, before he could appropriate her settlement to his own use. No wonder, then, that the claims of Mary of Modena infinitely perplexed her gracious nephew's cabinet. One of their understrappers, Sir Joseph Williamson, whose style is worthy of his era, thus discusses the question:—

"And as to the *late king James's queen's jointure* which the French *stick hard upon to be made good*, it is a point of that delicacy that we are not willing hitherto, to entertain it as any matter of our present business. If she have by law a right, *she be to enjoy it*;[1] if not, we are not here empowered to stipulate any thing for her. And so we endeavour to *stave it off* from being received as any part of what we are here to negotiate. However, it seems to be of use, if Mr. secretary can do it without noise or observation, to get an account of all that matter, how it now stands, and what settlements were made by the marriage-articles, if any: What, of any kind, have been made on her, and how far, according as the law now stands, those that have been made *will take?*"

These inquiries were not to be made for the purposes of justice towards the rightful claimant of the said jointure, but in order that a flaw might be picked in the settlement, as this righteous Daniel subjoins,—

"A private knowledge of this, if we could get it in time, might be of good help to us to *stave off the point*, which, as we think, cannot so much as be openly treated on by any of us, without inconveniences that will follow."

Mary Beatrice caused the following statement, in vindication of her claims on the justice of her former subjects, to be laid before the plenipotentiaries assembled in congress:—

"Memorial concerning the Appanage of the Queen of Great Britain.[2]

"October, 1696.

"According to the most ancient laws and customs of England, which are still in force, queens have their full right and power in their own persons, their estates and revenues, independently of the kings their husbands, by virtue of which they have always had officers of their revenues, who depended entirely on them, and all their acts have been valid without the concurrence of the kings their husbands.

"As the queen of England [Mary Beatrice of Modena] brought a very considerable sum as her portion at her marriage, the king her husband (on his accession to the crown) thought it was reasonable for him to make an establishment of fifty thousand pounds sterling of annual revenue on her, which was passed under the great seal of England, and afterwards confirmed by acts of parliament, which have not been repealed to this day; insomuch, that the queen has an incontestable right to all the arrears of this revenue which are due since she left

[1] So in the original. The letter is published in Coxe's Correspondence of the Duke of Shrewsbury, pp. 361, 362.

[2] Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Nairne's Papers, vol. ii., No. 40.

England, as well as to those which shall be due hereafter. Her majesty only asks this simply and purely as a private debt, which is incontestably due to herself, and of which she only sets forth a state[ment], lest it should be unknown to those who have the power and the will to do her justice."

The courtesy and gentleness of the last clause of the poor queen's plea deserved to be met with more candour and justice than are perceptible in the official Williamson's despatches before quoted.

While this matter was in debate, Louis XIV. treated James and Mary Beatrice with the most scrupulous personal attention. William required that they should be deprived of their shelter at St. Germains, and, indeed, driven from France altogether; but to this Louis would not consent. He invited them to assist at the nuptials of his grandson the duke of Burgundy with Adelaide of Savoy, which were solemnized at Fontainebleau, September the 7th. The bride was nearly related to Mary Beatrice on the father's side, and her mother, being the daughter of Henrietta duchess of Orleans, was a niece of James II., whose connexion with the royal family of France was consequently much strengthened by this alliance. The exiled king and queen were given the place of honour as the most distinguished of the guests at this marriage, and Mary Beatrice was seated between Louis XIV. and her husband at the nuptial banquet. When supper was over, the two kings withdrew, followed by all the gentlemen, and the queen honoured the bride by assisting at her *couchée*, and presenting her *robe de nuit*. James attended, in like manner, on the bridegroom, whom he led into the bridal chamber. The queen, who had retired with her ladies while his royal highness got into bed, re-entered and bade him and the bride good night, according to the ceremonious etiquette of the court of France.[1] It was observed that madame de Maintenon only appeared twice, and then stayed scarcely half an hour; for on this occasion of high and stately ceremony, her doubtful rank was not recognised, and she was forced to sit behind the seat of the queen of England, who was the leading lady at the court of France. The queen again visited Louis XIV. at the Trianon, with all her court, as he gave a

[1] St. Simon, vol. ii.

grand festival there on the 17th of September, and again was Maintenon forced to retreat into her original insignificance.[1]

Unfortunately, the courier who brought the news that the peace of Ryswick, whereby Louis XIV. recognised William of Orange as king of Great Britain, was signed, arrived at Fontainebleau at the same time as the exiled king and queen. Louis XIV. had, with peculiar delicacy, told his minister Torcy, that whatever expresses arrived, or however urgent the news might be, the peace was not to be mentioned if he were in company with the king or queen of England, and he would not suffer the least sign of rejoicing to take place, or the musicians of his palace to play or sing any songs in celebration of the peace, till their majesties and their whole court had returned to St. Germains.[2] The affectionate sympathy and kindness of Louis did much to soothe the pain his political conduct had caused to his unhappy guests. They were too just to impute that to him as a fault which was the result of dire necessity, and they had the magnanimity to acknowledge his benefits, instead of reflecting on him for the present extinction of their hopes. "We are, in the bottom of our hearts, satisfied with your great king," writes Mary Beatrice to her friend madame Priolo. "He was beside himself to see us arrive at Fontainebleau at the same time with the courier who brought the news of the peace, and he testifies much friendship, pity, and even sorrow, for us. He had no power to act otherwise in this matter. In other things there is no alteration. Our residence at St. Germains appears fixed, from what he has told us,—I say that it appears, for in truth, after all that we see, how can we believe that any thing is sure in this world?[3] I have the promise of the king [Louis] that I shall be given my dower, and I have entreated him to be pleased to take upon himself the payments for me." In other words, for him to become the medium through which the money was to be transmitted by William and received by the consort of James. "For," pursues she, her lofty spirit rising above the exigencies of her circumstances, "I will

[1] St. Simon, vol. ii. [2] Ibid.

[3] Autograph letters of the queen of James II., in the archives of France.

demand nothing, nor receive aught from any other than from him, to whom I will owe entirely and solely the obligation." Louis having insisted on that article of the treaty as a *sine quâ non*, William signed it without the slightest intention of ever fufilling the obligation. The consort of his uncle might have spared herself the trouble of arranging any punctilios of ceremony as to the how, when, and where she was to receive her income from William; he scrupled not to deceive the British nation at the same time that he defrauded his aunt, by charging the annual sum of 50,000*l.* to that account, and applying it to his own purposes. Mary Beatrice, after unburthening her mind of the subject that was uppermost in her thoughts, experienced a sudden misgiving that she was acting with some degree of rashness, for she says, "I have been drawn on, without intending it, to enter into this matter, and not knowing what I may have said, I entreat you to burn my letter."[1]

Is it not sufficient comment on the imprudence of which this princess was habitually guilty, in writing long confidential letters on the most important subjects of her own and her unfortunate consort's private affairs, and afterwards those of her son, to her spiritual friends at Chaillot, to say that her request was *not* complied with? Her letters afford sufficient evidence that the consort of Midas was not the only queen in the world who felt an irresistible necessity to whisper her lord's secrets in a quarter where she flattered herself that they would be kept from the world. The holy sister had as little appearance of being a dangerous confidante as the marsh ditch in that memorable tale; but without accusing her of bad intentions, it is more than probable that she was no more fit to be trusted with a secret than her royal friend. She went not abroad to reveal that rash confidence it is true, but it is equally certain that the convent of Chaillot was the resort of busy and intriguing ecclesiastics. William, and his ambassador the earl of Manchester, had several priests in their pay,[2] and that such men would succeed in obtaining a sight of the

[1] Autograph letters of the queen of James II., in the archives of France.

[2] Reports of the earl of Manchester.

exiled queen of England's correspondence with her beloved friends at Chaillot, there can be little doubt, especially when letters, which ought never to have been written, were preserved, notwithstanding the royal writer's earnest request to the contrary.

It is a fact, no less strange than true, that by one of the secret articles of the peace of Ryswick, William III. agreed to adopt the son of his uncle, James II. and Mary Beatrice d'Este, as his successor to the British crown, provided James would acquiesce in that arrangement, and leave him in peaceful possession of the disputed realm for the term of his natural life.[1] One of William's eulogists, Dalrymple, calls his proffered adoption of his disinherited cousin "an intended piece of generosity towards the exiled family." There can be no doubt but that he would have been glad, under any pretence, to get the young prince into his own hands; by which means he would have held the son as a hostage against his own father, and at the same time kept Anne and her party in check as long as he lived, leaving them to fight the matter out after his death. The proposition contained in itself an acknowledgment of the falseness of the imputations William had attempted to throw on the birth of the son of James and Mary Beatrice,[2] and had they possessed the slightest portion of political wisdom, they would have entered into a correspondence with William on the subject, for the sake of exposing his duplicity to the people of England, and the little respect he paid to the act of parliament which had settled the succession on the princess Anne and her chil-

[1] Journal of James II. Treaty of Ryswick.

[2] One of the reasons alleged by him for his coming over with a foreign army, was "to cause," as he said, "inquiry to be made by parliament into the birth of a supposed prince of Wales." This inquiry he never made. "He dared not," says the duke of Berwick, "enter into the question, well knowing that no prince ever came into the world in the presence of so many witnesses. I speak," continues he, "from full knowledge of the facts, for I was present; and, notwithstanding my respect and my devotion to the king, I never could have lent a hand to so detestable an action as that of wishing to introduce a child to take the crown away from the rightful heirs; and after the death of the king, it was not likely that I should have continued to support the interests of an impostor: neither honour nor conscience would have permitted me."—Auto-biography of the Duke of Berwick.

dren. When, however, the project was communicated to James, Mary Beatrice, who was present, before he could speak, exclaimed with the natural impetuosity of her sex and character, "I would rather see my son, dear as he is to me, dead at my feet, than allow him to become a party to his royal father's injuries."[1] James said "that he could bear the usurpation of the prince of Orange and the loss of his crown with Christian patience, but not that his son should be instrumental to his wrongs;" and thus the matter ended.[2] James has been accused of pride and obstinacy in this business, but, as he has himself observed, he had no security for the personal safety of his son, and he had had too many proofs of the treachery of William's disposition to trust the prince in his keeping.

King William was piqued at the asylum that was afforded to the deposed king and queen at St. Germains. They were too near England to please him. He had laboured at the peace of Ryswick to obtain their expulsion from France, or at least to distance them from the court. Louis was inflexible on that point. The duke of St. Alban's, the son of Charles II. by Nell Gwynne, was sent to make a fresh demand when he presented the congratulations of William on the marriage of the duke of Burgundy, but it was negatived. St. Alban's was followed by William's favourite, Portland, attended by a numerous suite. At the first conference the Dutch-English peer had with the minister Torcy, he renewed his demand that James and his family should be chased from their present abode. Torcy replied "that his sovereign's pleasure had been very fully expressed at Ryswick, that it was his wish to maintain his present amicable understanding with king William, but that another word on the subject of St. Germains would disturb it." Portland was treated with all sorts of distinctions by the princes of the blood, and was invited to hunt with the dauphin several times at Meudon. One day, when he had come for that purpose, word was brought to the dauphin that it was the intention of king James to join him in the chase, on which he requested Portland to defer his sport till a future

[1] Nairne's Collection of Stuart Papers. [2] James's Journal.

occasion. Portland quitted the forest with some vexation, and returned to Paris with his suite. Portland was a great hunter, and he was surprised that he received no more attention from the duke de Rochefoulcault than common civility warranted. He told him he was desirous of hunting with the king's dogs. Rochefoulcault replied, drily, "that although he had the honour of being the grand-huntsman, he had no power to direct the hunts, as it was the king of England [James] of whom he took his orders. That he came very often; and as he never knew till the moment where he would order the rendezvous, he must go to attend his pleasure with great reverence;" and left Portland, who was much displeased.[1] What he had replied was out of pure regard for James, who at that time was not well enough to hunt; but he wished to show Portland that he was not one of the time-serving nobles whom he had been able to attach to his chariot wheels. Portland resolved to depart, and before he left Paris, hinted that the dower which, by one of the articles of the peace of Ryswick, had been secured to Mary Beatrice, would never be paid as long as king James persisted in remaining at St. Germains.[2] Prior, the poet, was at that time secretary to the English embassy. He saw the unfortunate James in his exile a few months before his troublous career was brought to a close, and in these words he describes the royal exiles to his master, Halifax: "The court is gone to see their monarch, Louis XIV., a cock-horse at Compiegne. I follow as soon as my English nags arrive. I faced old James and all his court the other day at St. Cloud. *Vive Guillaume!* You never saw such a strange figure as the old bully is, [James II.] lean, worn, and rivelled, not unlike Neale, the projector. The queen looks very melancholy, but otherwise well enough: their equipages are all very ragged and contemptible. I have written to my lord Portland the sum of several discourses I have had with M. de Lauzun, or rather they with me, about the pension which we were to allow the queen. Do we intend, my dear master, to give her 50,000*l.* per annum, or not? If we do not, I (or rather my lord Jersey) should now be furnished with some chicaning answers when we are pressed on that point, *for it*

[1] Dangeau. [2] Ibid.

was fairly promised; that is certain."[1] Prior, however brutally he expresses himself, was right as to fact, parliament had actually granted the dower, and England supposed it was paid; "but," as the duchess of Marlborough truly observes,[2] "it never found its way further than the pockets of William III."

In one of her letters, without date, the poor queen says,—

"I have been sick a whole month, and it is only within the last four or five days that I can call myself convalescent; even within the last two days I have had inflammation in my cheek and one side of my throat, which has incommoded me, but that is nothing in comparison to the other illness I have suffered, which has pulled me down, and rendered me so languid that I am good for nothing. In this state it has pleased God to allow me to remain all the time I have been at Fontainebleau. It is by that I have proved doubly the goodness and the patience of the king, which has exceeded every thing one could imagine. I have also been overwhelmed with kindness by every one. Monsieur and madame have surpassed themselves in the extreme friendship they have shown for me, which I can never forget while I live. Madame de Maintenon has done wonders with regard to me, but that is nothing new with her. After all, my dear mother, I agree with you, and I am convinced in the bottom of my heart, and never more so than at the present moment, that all is but vanity. I dare not allow myself to go on writing to you without reserve, but I will tell you every thing when I have the pleasure of conversing with you, which will be next Tuesday, I hope."[3]

One day, the princess of Conti said to the exiled queen, "the English don't know what they would be at. One party is for a republic, another for a monarchy." To which her majesty made this acute rejoinder, "they have had a convincing proof of the fallacy of a republic, and they are now trying to establish it under the name of a monarchy."[4]

Mary Beatrice, with the fond simplicity of maternal love, which makes mothers in humbler life fancy that every little incident or change that affects their offspring, must be no less interesting to their friends than to themselves, communicates the following details to her friend at Chaillot:—

"My son has had two great teeth torn out within the last twelve days; they were very fast, and he bore it with great resolution. They had caused him much pain, and prevented him from sleeping. My daughter's nose is still a little black from her fall; in other respects they are both well."[5]

The royal matron, whom nature, when forming her heart so entirely for the instincts of maternal and conjugal love, never intended for a politician, now proceeds, as a matter of

[1] Letters of Eminent Literary Men, by sir H. Ellis, p. 265: Camden Society.
[2] Conduct, duchess of Marlborough. Burnet.
[3] Chaillot MS. [4] MS. Memorials.
[5] Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice to sister Angelique Priolo, in the Chaillot collection, hôtel de Soubise.

minor moment, to speak of public affairs, and thus mentions the severe mortifications that had recently been inflicted on their great adversary, William III., in the dismissal of his Dutch guards :—

"In regard to business, the parliament of England have not had much complaisance for M. le P d'Orange, for they have deprived him of his army; and he has himself consented to it, and passed the bill, seeing plainly that he had no other resource."[1]

Mary Beatrice passes briefly over the affair of the Dutch guards as a mere matter of personal mortification to the supplanter of her lord in the regal office, not perceiving the importance of the political crisis that had been involved in the question of whether the Dutch sovereign of England were to be permitted to overawe a free people by a foreign standing army, paid with their gold. The fates of Stuart and Nassau were then poised in a balance, which William's refusal to acquiesce in the unwelcome fiat of those who had placed the regal garland on his brow would have turned in favour of the former. William, however, possessed a wisdom in which his luckless uncle was deficient, the wisdom of this world. He knew how to read the signs of the times; he felt the necessity of schooling his sullen temper into a reluctant submission, and kept his diadem.

The following interesting letter from Mary Beatrice to the abbess of Chaillot, though without any date of the year, appears to have been written some little time after the peace of Ryswick :—

"Fontainebleau, 25th September.

"I received your last letter, my dearest mother, just as we were starting from St. Germains, and could only read your letter in the coach, where, too, I read that from sister Angelique, which you had had copied in such fair and good writing, that it was really wonderful. The king and all my ladies were charmed with it, for I read the whole of it aloud. We put your basket of fruit into the coach, and found the contents so excellent, that we ate of them several times in the course of that day.

"Your own letter is admirable. Nothing can be more beautiful than your reflections on the cross. That cross follows me everywhere, and I have found it even here, having been ill for three or four days. My indisposition was occasioned, M. Fagon thinks, by the violent exercise of hunting, after having remained for a long time inactive; but, God be thanked, it is all over, and I have been twice to the chase since without suffering any inconvenience."

[1] Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice to sister Angelique Priolo, in the Chaillot collection, hôtel de Soubise.

The abbess of Chaillot's fine basket of fruit, which the royal party had such pleasure in discussing during their journey to Fontainebleau, had probably more to do with her majesty's illness than the fatigues of the chase, which she only followed in her coach, as she expressly notices in another letter. The devotion of Mary Beatrice to this amusement was not among the most amiable of her propensities. It was a passion with James, and almost the last pleasure in which he permitted himself to indulge. Again the exiled queen writes to her friend at Chaillot,—

"We are treated here, by the king and all his court, as in other years, and having said that, I can say no more, for you know in what manner I have always described it. With the permission of the king, we have named Thursday for the day of our departure, and to-morrow we go to Melun. I shall not go to Lis; you can divine the reason. . . . . It is two days since I commenced this letter, and I cannot finish it to-day, (the 27th). I was yesterday at Melun, and was very much pleased with our sisters there, and above all, with their mother. They are very good daughters; they were charmed with the king, my husband, whom I brought to see them.

"I am now about to write two words to our mother on the subject of the little Strickland, who is perhaps dead at this time; for Mr. Arthur has sent word to her mother that she was very ill, and it is several days since she has had any tidings of her. Adieu, my ever dear mother; I embrace you with all my heart at the foot of the cross. It is there where you will always find me. I will send you my news from St. Germains on Friday or Saturday next, if it pleases God, who alone knows what may happen between this and then. Alas! poor M. de Pompone, who was so well on Tuesday last, died yesterday evening. There is nothing more to tell you at present, for in this place they talk of nothing but the chase."

Endorsed—"2nd letter of the Queen, during the extremity of our little sister Strickland."[1]

This young lady, in whom the queen took almost a maternal interest, was the daughter of one of her faithful servants, who had forsaken every thing to follow her adverse fortunes. "La petite Strickland," as Mary Beatrice familiarly calls her, had, by the liveliness of her disposition, caused some anxiety to her parents and the nuns, though it appears, from a subsequent letter of the queen, that she died in what was considered by them an odour of sanctity, having received the white veil of a probationer from the hand of her royal mistress,—an honour of which all the ladies who destined themselves to a religious life in that convent were ambitious.

The English ambassador gives the following information,

[1] MSS. in the archives of France.

which he had collected by his spies, of the delusive expectations which flattered the exiled king and queen in the autumn of 1699. Also some curious particulars connected with the Jacobite cause :—

LORD MANCHESTER TO THE EARL OF JERSEY.

"Paris, Sept 30, 1699.

"At St. Germains they are still pleasing themselves with the hopes that the nation will recall them at last. One George Mills, living at the sign of the Ship in Charles-street, Westminster, came thither near three weeks ago. He says that he brought letters from fourteen parliament men : he is still at Fontainebleau, where he expects his despatches for England. I believe I shall know where he goes, and which way. One Thomas Johnson, too, who keeps the Cooks' Arms, a victualling house near Lockit's.

"Mrs. Evans is gone for England. She saw king James, and the queen was conducted by Berkenhead. It is believed that Mrs. Evans, who is the wife of a hair-merchant in the Old Bailey, brought and carried back letters. A sort of button has been invented, which every one that engages for king James wears on his coat. There is a small roll of parchment in the button, on which is written the first letter of each of these words, *God bless king James, and prosper his interest.* This will appear out of the button, if it be turned with an instrument like a screw, made on purpose."[1]

It is surprising what numbers of persons in humble life went to pay their homage to the king and queen at St. Germains, according to lord Manchester the ambassador's account, nor does he mention them as his spies.

"One Cockburn, an old quarter-master of James II.'s horse-guards, brought that king letters from the earls of T—— and H——. He was commissioned from the whole of the Jacobites of the south of Scotland. The old soldier was governor, in 1699, to the young earl of Seaton, whom he introduced at Fontainebleau, to kiss king James's hand."[2]

In the following November of 1699, Mary Beatrice was alarmed during one of her annual retreats to Chaillot, by a rumour that the king her husband was seriously indisposed. Without tarrying for the ceremonies of a formal leave-taking of the community, she hastened back on the wings of love and fear to St. Germains, and found his majesty in great need of her conjugal care and tenderness. She gives the following account of his sufferings and her own distress, in a confidential letter to the abbess of Chaillot, dated 28th of November : "Although I quitted you so hastily the other day, my dear mother, I do not repent of it, for the king was too ill for me to have been absent from him. He was surprised, and very glad to see me arrive. He has had very bad

[1] Manchester Despatches, edited by Christian Cole, envoy of Hanover, p. 52, called Memoirs of Affairs of State. [2] Ibid.

nights, and suffered much for three or four days; but, God be thanked, he is getting better, and has had less fever for some days, and yesterday it was very slight. I am astonished that it was not worse, for the disease has been very bad. Felix [one of Louis XIV.'s surgeons] says that it is of the same nature with that which the king, his master, had in the neck about two years ago. It suppurated three days ago, but the boil is not yet gone." Thus we see that king James's malady was not only painful, but loathsome,—even the same affliction that was laid on Job, sore boils breaking out upon him. His faithful consort attended on him day and night, and unrestrained by the cold ceremonial etiquettes of royalty, performed for him all the personal duties of a nurse, with the same tenderness and self-devotion with which the patient heroine of domestic life occasionally smooths the pillow of sickness and poverty in a cottage.

"It is only for the last two nights," she says, "that I have slept apart from the king on a little pallet-bed in his chamber. I experienced some ill consequences myself, before I would consent to this separation; and you may believe, my dear mother, that I have not suffered a little in seeing the king suffer so much. I hope, however, that it will do him great good, and procure for him a long term of health. My own health is good: God has not sent all sorts of afflictions at once. He knows my weakness, and he has disposed for me accordingly. It is His signal grace that the malady of the king has come to so rapid a conclusion, and without any relapse. Thank Him, my dear mother, for me, and pray that I may be rendered sufficiently thankful for this mercy, and for all that has been done for me, *mortificat et vivificat;* but he can never be sufficiently praised by you and me. I am yours, my dear mother, with all my heart. I recommend my son to your prayers: he will make his first communion at Christmas, if it please God."[1] The latter part of this letter is illegibly written, and in broken French, with a confusion of pronouns, which renders it difficult to translate. It bears evident traces of the restless nights and anxious days

[1] Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in Chaillot collect. Superscribed, "*A ma Sœur la Déposée.*"

which the royal writer had spent in the sick-chamber of her unfortunate consort, and the reader must remember that it was not the native language of the Modenese princess.

In another of her letters, Mary Beatrice speaks in a more cheerful strain of her husband's health: "The king, thank God, is better: he is not quite free of the gout yet, (that is but a trifle). His other complaint is quite cured, but the doctor would not permit him to go to Marli yesterday, as he had hoped, because it was too far to go in the coach for the first time. He has been out for the first time to-day to take the air, without the least inconvenience, so that we hope he may be able to accomplish the journey to Marli." She hastily concludes her letter with these words: "Adieu, my ever dear mother; I must finish, for the king calls me to come to supper." The king did not rally so fast as was anticipated by his fond consort. The season of the year was against him, and he had more than one relapse. Mary Beatrice was herself very far from well at this time, but all thoughts of her own sufferings were, as usual, swallowed up in her anxiety for her husband. "I have been for a long time indisposed," writes she to Angelique Priolo, "but my greatest pain has been the serious illness of the king; yet, God be thanked! he has been without fever for the last two days, and is now convalescent, as I am also." In the same letter, she requests her friend to ask the abbess of Chaillot to forward the bills of expenses for her own chamber, and for the young Scotch novice her *protégée*, whom she always designates as "*la petite sœur de Dumbarton*," for whose board in the convent of Chaillot she had made herself responsible. She also names the chamber of the ladies in waiting, who were accustomed to attend on her during her occasional retreats to the convent of Chaillot, some expenses having been incurred for their accommodation:—

"Adieu," she says, "my ever dear mother. *Sursum corda*, adieu! Let us, in all times and in all places, employ time for eternity. Amen."[1]

[1] Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Chaillot collection.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ill health of queen Mary Beatrice—Alarming symptoms—Princess Anne announces death of the duke of Gloucester—Letter of Mary Beatrice thereon—Her importunity for Chaillot—Rudeness of madame Maintenon to her—Queen's conversation with Louis XIV.—Visits Fontainebleau—Her escape from fire—Alarming illness of James II.—Distress of the queen—Her letter from his bedside—Their pecuniary difficulties—Queen accompanies the king to Bourbon baths—Her devoted attention—Anxiety to return to her children—Placability to her step-daughters—Decline of James II.—All business transacted by the queen—Hopes of her son's restoration—James II. struck with apoplexy—Her devoted attendance on his death-bed—His eulogium on her virtues—Violence of her grief—Watches unseen near him—Recognition of her son by Louis XIV. as heir to James II.—Queen's touching parting with James II.—His death—Queen's Widowhood—Her son proclaimed James III. at St. Germains—Queen's homage to him—She goes to Chaillot—Reception there—Obsequies of James II.—Anecdotes of the queen's sojourn at Chaillot—She returns to her children at St. Germains—Louis XIV.'s visit of condolence—James II.'s will—Appoints Mary Beatrice regent for their son—Her letter to princess Anne—Conferences with lord Belhaven—Refuses to send her son to Scotland—Her cabinet at St. Germains—In debt to the convent at Chaillot—Her letter.

The keen, bracing air of St. Germains was certainly inimical to Mary Beatrice, a daughter of the mild, genial clime of Italy, and she suffered much from coughs and colds, which often ended in inflammations of the lungs and chest. Her children inherited the same tendency to pulmonary affections, and their constitutions were fatally weakened by the erroneous practice of frequent and copious bleedings, to which the French physicians resorted on every occasion. Habitual sorrow and excitement of spirit, generally speaking, produce habits of valetudinarianism. Mary Beatrice seldom writes to her friends at Chaillot without entering into minute details on

the subject of health. That king James, prematurely old from too early exertion, broken-hearted, and practising all sorts of austerities, was an object of constant solicitude to her, is not wonderful, or that anxiety and broken rest, for which her delicate frame was ill suited, laid her in turn upon a bed of sickness; but she generally passes lightly over her own sufferings, to dwell on those of her beloved consort and their children. In one of her letters to Angelique Priolo, she says,—

"For myself, I have been more frightened than ill, for my indisposition has never been more than a bad cold, attended, for half a day, with a little fever. I am still a little *en rhumée*, but it is just nothing. My alarm was caused by the very serious illness of my son, in which, for thirteen or fourteen days, the fever never left him; and scarcely did he begin to amend a little, when the fever attacked the king. I declare to you that the thought of it overwhelmed me with affliction. But, God be thanked, he had only one fit of it, and a very bad cold, of which he is not yet quit. That one fit of the fever has weakened and depressed him very much, and he has not been out, as yet, further than the children's little chapel, and for this reason I would not leave him here alone to go to Chaillot. Since the last two days his cold has abated, and he is regaining his strength so well, that I hope to see him wholly recovered at the end of this week. My son is also very much pulled down and enfeebled, but he, likewise, has improved much during the last two days. He went, the day before yesterday, to mass, for the first time. My poor daughter had also a very severe cold and fever for two days, but it has left her for several days, and she is entirely recovered; so that, thank God, we are all out of the hospital. This morning the king and I united in an act of thanksgiving together for it, in the little chapel."[1]

The poor queen had also been suffering from a severe attack of the hereditary complaint of her family, gout in her hand, which had prevented her from holding her pen,—a great privation to so determined a letter-writer as she appears to have been. She says,—

"As to M. d'Autun, alas! I have not been in a condition to write to him. It is all I can do (and you can see it, without doubt, in the characters) to write to you, to-day,—to you, my dear mother, to whom I can assuredly write when I cannot to any other, for my heart conducts and gives power to my hand."[2]

In the same letter there is a proof of the delicacy of feeling with which Mary Beatrice conformed her wishes to the inclinations of her husband, when she perceived that they were likely to be opposed. "I had," says she, "a great desire to go to Chaillot before Christmas-eve, to make up for my journey at the presentation. I sounded the king upon it, but per-

[1] Autograph letters of the queen of James II.; Chaillot MSS. [2] Ibid.

ceiving that I should not be able to obtain his permission without pain, I would not press it."[1] It may be said that this was but a trifling sacrifice on the part of the queen; but it should also be remembered that she was in a state of personal suffering, attended with great depression of spirits, at that time, the result of a long illness, brought on by fatigue and anxiety during her attendance on her sick husband and children, and that she felt that desire of change of place and scene which is natural to all invalids; above all, it is the little every-day occurrences of domestic life that form the great test of good-humour. A person who is accustomed to sacrifice inclination in trifles, will rarely exercise selfishness in greater matters. "I shall not," says she on another occasion, "have the pleasure of seeing you before the vigil of the Ascension, for the king goes very little out of my chamber, and I cannot leave him. He will not even be in a state to go to La Trappe so soon, therefore I will not quit him till the eve of that feast."

The terrible malady of which Mary Beatrice died,—cancer in the breast, made its appearance, though possibly in an incipient state, during the life of her husband, king James, and notwithstanding the angelic patience with which all her sufferings, both mental and bodily, were borne, must have added a bitter drop to the overflowing cup of affliction of which she was doomed to drink. She mentions this alarming symptom to her friend, madame Priolo, in these words:—

"I cannot say that I am ill, but I have always this gland in my bosom undiminished; and three days ago I discovered another tumour in the same breast, near the first, but not so large. I know not what God will lay upon me, but in this, as in every thing else, I try to resign myself, without reserve, into his hands, to the end that he may work in me, and for me, and by me, all that it may please him to do."[2]

The sympathies of Mary Beatrice were not confined within the comparatively selfish sphere of kindred ties. She never went to the convent of Chaillot without visiting the infirmary, and endeavouring to cheer and comfort the sick. Once, when an infectious fever had broken out in the convent, and it was

[1] Autograph letters of the queen of James II., in the Chaillot MSS.
[2] Ibid.

considered proper for her to relinquish her intention of passing a few days there, she says,—

"For myself I have no apprehension, and if there were not some danger in seeing my children afterwards, I should come; but I believe the doctor is the only judge of that, and for that reason I wish to send you one of ours, that you may consult with him about the sickness, the time of its duration, and how far the sick are from my apartment; and after that, we must submit to his judgment."

The peace between England and France, however fatal in its terms to the cause of James II., was the means of renewing the suspended intercourse between him and his adherents, many of whom came to pay their homage to him and the queen at St. Germains, with as little regard to consequences as if it had been Whitehall. A still more numerous class, impelled by the national propensity which has ever prevailed among the English to look at celebrated characters, flocked to every place where they thought they might get a peep at their exiled king and queen, and their children. "Last Thursday, May 22, 1700," writes the British ambassador, the earl of Manchester, to the earl of Jersey, "was a great day here. The prince of Wales, as they call him, went in state to Nôtre Dame, and was received by the archbishop of Paris with the same honours as if the French king had been there himself. After mass, he was entertained by him; and your lordship may easily imagine that all the English that are here ran to see him."[1] Mary Beatrice, writing to her friend at Chaillot on the same subject, says,—

"That dear son, God be praised, appeared to me to make his first communion in very good dispositions. I could not restrain my tears when I witnessed it. I seem as if I had given him to God with my whole heart, and I entreat our heavenly Father only to permit him to live for his service, to honour and to love Him. The child appears to be well resolved on that. He has assured me, 'that he would rather die than offend God mortally.' Let us all say, from the depths of our hearts, Continue, O Lord, to work thus in him."[2]

The queen refers, in the same letter, with great satisfaction, to the religious impression that had lately been made on one of the young ladies in the convent of Chaillot:—

"We must," she says, "entreat God for its continuance. Our mother, her mistress, and yourself, will have great merit in his sight on account of it, for

[1] Cole's State-Papers.

[2] Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the Chaillot collection.

that child has tried your patience and your charity in the same manner as the little Strickland exercised that of others; and we have seen with our eyes the blessing of God on them both, for which may He be for ever praised, as well as for the cure of the king, which we may now call perfect, for the abscess is healed, and the gout is gone, but it will require time and repose to harden the skin, which is still very tender and delicate, but, with his patience, all will be well soon." [1]

The death of the young duke of Gloucester, the only surviving child of the princess Anne of Denmark, which occurred August 12, 1700, appeared to remove a formidable rival from the path of the son of Mary Beatrice. The news of that event was known at St. Germains two or three days before it was officially announced to the English ambassador, who was first apprized of it by one of his spies in the exiled court. This seems a confirmation of the assertion of Lamberty, that the princess Anne sent an express secretly to St. Germains, to notify the death of her son to her injured father. "In respect to the decease of the young prince," says Mary Beatrice, in one of her confidential letters to Angelique, "that does not as yet produce any visible change; but it must, of necessity, in the sequel, and perhaps rather sooner than they think in France. We follow our good rule of keeping a profound silence, and put our hopes in God alone. Pray to him, my dear mother, that he will be himself our strength."

"There was to have been a great hunting on the plains of St. Denis for the prince of Wales," writes the earl of Manchester, "in order that the English here might have seen him; but after this melancholy news, it was thought more decent to put it off,"—a proof of respect, at any rate, on the part of the exiled king and queen for the memory of his innocent rival, and of their consideration for the feelings of the princess Anne. Greatly were the outward and visible signs of respect paid by the court of France to the son of James II. augmented by the death of his nephew, Gloucester. "I shall only tell you," proceeds the earl of Manchester, "that the prince of Wales is to be at Fontainebleau for the first time, and an apartment is preparing for him." September 8th, Manchester writes "that the court of St. Germains is actu-

[1] Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the Chaillot collection.

ally in mourning, except the king and queen. One of the cabinet there was of opinion that they should be so far from expecting an official notification of the duke of Gloucester's death, that king James himself ought rather to notify it to all other princes." William's ambassador goes on to report, that "sir John Parsons, of Rygate, (one of the London aldermen,) and his son, have both been to make their court to the late king and queen; and he [Parsons] says, 'he hopes to receive them when he is lord mayor of London,' which he pretends is his right next year. The court of France goes to Fontainebleau on the 23rd instant, and the late king of England and the prince of Wales on the 27th. There are great numbers of English," continues his excellency, "and it is observed at St. Germains that they see every day new faces, who come to make their court there. There are a few of note who go; but I find some that come to me, and go there also."[1] Very accurate is the information of William's ambassador, as to the movements of the royal exiles of St. Germains.

The queen writes, on the 26th of September, to the abbess of Chaillot, to tell her that she had performed her devotions in preparation for her journey to Fontainebleau. "I renewed," says she, "my good resolutions; but, my God, how ill I keep them! Pray to him, my dear mother, that I may begin to-day to be more faithful to him. Alas! it is fully time to be so, since I am at the close of my forty-second year. . . . . Here is a sentence," continues the queen, "which comes from the mind, the hand, and, I believe I may say, the heart of my son. Give it to father Raffron from me, and recommend us all to his prayers." Her reverence of Chaillot, in all probability, did as she was requested, for the paper written by the young prince is not with his royal mother's letter.

The constant solicitation on the part of Mary Beatrice for some temporal advantage for her friends at Chaillot, subjected her at last to a rude repulse from madame de Maintenon; for that lady, while her majesty was speaking to her on the

[1] Cole's State-Papers.

subject, rose up abruptly and left the room, without troubling herself to return an answer. Mary Beatrice did not condescend to resent her ill-manners, though, in one of her letters to the abbess of Chaillot, she expresses herself with some indignation at her breach of courtesy. Her majesty was impolitic enough to endeavour to carry her point by a personal appeal to Louis XIV., and was unsuccessful. "I acquitted myself," she says, in one of her letters, "as far as was possible of the commission with which our dear mother had charged me, and which I undertook with pleasure; but I must confess to you that the king replied very coldly, and would scarcely allow me to speak thereupon. I had, however, sufficient courage to tell him a good deal of what I had purposed. I obliged him to answer me once or twice, but not in the manner I could have wished. He afterwards inquired after you. I told him you had been much distressed that his majesty could believe that the daughters of Chaillot had wished to deceive him; to which he frankly replied, 'Oh, I have never believed that;' and then he appeared as if he would have been glad to change the conversation, and I had not the boldness to prevent him a second time." The poor queen showed little tact in importuning the fastidious and ease-loving prince so perseveringly on a subject which appeared disagreeable to him. In this letter she begs her friend not to mention her having related the particulars of her conversation with Louis, as it might be taken amiss by him and madame de Maintenon. After having importuned madame de Maintenon for several years about the Chaillot business, till she obtained at last the object of her petition, Mary Beatrice, with strange inconsistency, forgot to express her personal thanks to that powerful mover of the secret councils of Versailles for the favour she had rendered to her *protégées* at her solicitation. Her majesty writes to the abbess of Chaillot in a tone of consternation about this omission:—

"You are already acquainted," she says, "with what I am about to tell you, for it is impossible but that M. de M—— must have expressed her surprise to you, that I conversed with her an hour and a half the other day without so much as mentioning the favours that she had obtained for you of the king, having been so full of thankfulness, on my own account, two days before. I, however, avow

this to you, and entreat your forgiveness, as I have done to herself in a letter which I have just been writing to her. It seems to me, that when we have the misfortune to commit faults, the best thing we can do is to repent of them, confess them, and endeavour, as far as we can, to repair them. Send me word," she says, in conclusion, "when you would like best that I should come and see you, and what day you would wish to see my son."

On the day of the Assumption, 1700, the queen attended the services of her church in the convent of Chaillot. Her majesty was accompanied by king James and their son: she presented them both to the abbess and the nuns. In the circular-letter of Chaillot for that year, the holy ladies give the following description of the disinherited heir of Great Britain: "He is one of the finest and best made princes of his age, and he has the most beautiful and happy countenance in the world; he has much wit, and is lively, bold, and most agreeable. He greatly resembles the queen, his mother, and is also like the late king Charles, his uncle." Portraits and medals of their son were sent by the deposed king and queen this year, not only to their adherents in England, but, in many instances, to noble families opposed in principles,[1] to show them how decidedly nature had vindicated his descent by stamping his countenance, not only with the unmistakable lineaments of a royal Stuart, but with a striking resemblance of the kindred Bourbons, Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. His visit to Fontainebleau gave great pleasure to the young prince, and to his fond mother also, whose maternal pride was, of course, highly gratified at the caresses that were lavished on her boy, and the admiration which his beauty and graceful manner excited. "My son," she says to her friend at Chaillot, "is charmed with Fontainebleau. They would make us believe that they are delighted with him. It is true that, for the first time, he has done well enough."[2]

The death of his nephew, William duke of Gloucester, who was only one year younger than the son of Mary Beatrice and James II., appeared to place that prince in a more favourable

[1] "Seven thousand medals of the pretended prince of Wales are to be stamped by Rottier, who is here, and sent to captain Cheney, who formerly lived at Hackney, but is now in some part of Kent."—Despatches of the earl of Manchester, August 1700.

[2] Autograph letters of the queen of James II., in the archives of France.

position than he had occupied since he had been deprived of his place in the royal succession. The decease of William III. was confidently expected to precede that of king James, who was accustomed to say, "that he would embark for England the instant the news of that event reached him, though three men should not follow him."[1]

Mary Beatrice was with her husband, king James, again at Fontainebleau in October, on a visit to the French court. She writes to her friend at Chaillot, on the 13th of the month, in a more lively strain than usual. "I have never," she says, "had such good health at Fontainebleau as this year. The king, my husband, has also been perfectly well. He has been hunting almost every day, and is growing fat. We have had the most beautiful weather in the world. The king [Louis], as usual, lavished upon us a thousand marks of his goodness, and of the most cordial regard, which has given us the utmost pleasure. The whole of his royal family followed his example, and so did all his court. To God alone be the honour and glory. . . . . I found my children," continues her majesty, "God be thanked, in perfect health on my return yesterday evening at half-past seven; they told me that you had not forgotten them during our absence. I thank our mother, all our sisters, and you, for it with all my heart."[2]

The queen's preservation from a frightful peril in which she was involved during her recent visit to the French court, excites all the natural enthusiasm of her character. "I experienced," she says, "when at Fontainebleau, the succour of the holy angels, whom you have invoked for me; for one evening, while I was saying my prayers, I set fire to my night cornettes, which were burned to the very cap, without singeing a single hair."[3] These cornettes were three high, narrow stages of lace, stiffened very much, and supported on wires placed upright from the brow one above the other, like a helmet with the visor up, only composed of point or Brussels lace, and with lappets descending on either side. A lady stood small chance indeed of her life if such a structure ignited on her head; therefore some allowance must be made for the

[1] Stuart Papers in Macpherson. [2] Chaillot collection. [3] Ibid.

pious consort of James II. imputing, not only her escape, but the wonderful preservation of her jetty tresses, under those circumstances, to the friendly intervention of the guardian angels, whom the holy *mère Déposée* of the convent of Chaillot had been endeavouring to interest in her favour. The fashion of the cornettes was introduced by madame de Maintenon, and was invariably adopted by ladies of all ages, though becoming to very few, from the ungraceful height it imparted to the forehead. Mary Beatrice not only wore the cornette head-tire both by day and night herself, but had her beautiful little girl, the princess Louisa, dressed in this absurd fashion when but four years old, as may be seen in a charming print in possession of Kirkpatrick Sharp, esq., from the original picture of the royal children at play in the parterre at St. Germains. The infantine innocence and arch expression of the smiling babe, who, hand in hand with the prince her brother, is in eager pursuit of a butterfly, give a droll effect to the formal appendage of Brussels lace cornettes and lappets on the little head. The following letter was written by the young princess, when in her eighth year, to the queen, her mother, during a temporary absence from St. Germains:—

"MADAME,

"I hope this letter will find your majesty in as good health as when I left you. I am at present quite well, but I was very tired after my journey. I am very glad to learn from my brother that you are well. I desire extremely your majesty's return, which I hope will be to-morrow evening, between seven and eight o'clock. M. Caryl begs me to inquire of you, if I ought to sign my letter to the nuncio 'Louise Marie, P.' I am impatient to learn if you have had any tidings of the king.

"I am, madame,

"Your majesty's very humble and obedient daughter,

"LOUISE MARIE.[1]

"St. G., this 21st of May, 1700."

Some secret intrigue appears to have been on foot at this time, for the purpose of inducing the son of James II. and Mary Beatrice to undertake the desperate enterprise of effecting a landing in some part of England unknown to his royal parents, if any credit is to be attached to the following mys-

[1] The original autograph is in French, written in a child's large-text hand, between ruled lines. It is preserved in the Chaillot collection.

terious passage in one of the earl of Manchester's ambassadorial reports, dated December 11th:—

"I cannot tell from whence they have, at St. Germains, an apprehension that the P. [prince of Wales] will be carried away into England with his own consent; and upon this, they have increased his guards. Whereas formerly he had six, he has now fourteen. They think their game so very sure, that there is no occasion he should take such a step."

If such a scheme were in agitation, it is possible that it originated with some of the Scotch magnates, who were anxious to defeat the project of the union, which was then contemplated by William. The notorious Simon Fraser, generally styled lord Lovat, made his appearance at the court of St. Germains about this time, with offers of services, which, in consequence of the horror expressed by Mary Beatrice of his general conduct and character, were rejected, and he received an intimation that his presence was unwelcome. It would have been well for the cause of the exiled family if, after James's death, she had continued to act according to her first impression regarding this unprincipled adventurer. If any judgment may be formed from the secret correspondence of the nobility and landed gentry of Great Britain with the court of St. Germains, it should seem that nearly the whole of Ireland, and a closely-balanced moiety of the people of England, weary of the oppressive taxation of the Dutch sovereign, sighed for the restoration of a dynasty, who, whatever were its faults, did not needlessly involve the realm in expensive continental wars, to the ruin of commerce and the decay of trade. In Scotland the burden of the popular song,—

"There's nae luck about the house, there's nae luck at a',
There's little pleasure in the house while our guid man's awa',"

is well known to have borne a significant allusion to the absence of the deposed sovereign.

The wisdom of the proverbial sarcasm, "Defend me from my friends, and I will take care of my enemies," was never more completely exemplified than in the case of king James. A letter, written by his former minister, the earl of Melfort, to his brother, the duke of Perth, stating "that there was a powerful party in Scotland ready to rise in favour of the exiled sovereign, and that it was fully the intention of that

prince to re-establish the Roman-catholic religion in England," being intercepted, was communicated by king William to parliament, and, of course, did more injury to the cause of the royal Stuarts than any thing that could have been devised by their foes. The king and queen were greatly annoyed, and Melfort was banished to Angers; but the mischief was irreparable. In the midst of the vexation caused by this annoying business to the king and queen, James was seized with an alarming fit of that dreadful constitutional malady, sanguineous apoplexy, of which he had manifested the first symptoms at the period of the Revolution. The attack, on this occasion, appears to have been produced by agitation of mind, under the following affecting circumstances. Their majesties were attending divine service in the chapel-royal at St. Germains on Friday, March 4th, 1701,—the anthem for that day being from the first and second verses of the last chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, "Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us: consider, and behold our reproach. Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens." These words, so applicable to his own case, touched too powerful a chord in the mind of the fallen monarch. His enfeebled frame was unable to support the climax of agonizing associations which they recalled; a torrent of blood gushed from his mouth and nose; he fainted, and was carried out of the chapel in a state of insensibility. A report of his death was generally circulated.[1] The terror and distress of the poor queen may readily be imagined; but she had acquired, during long years of adversity, that needful virtue of the patient heroine of domestic life, the power of controlling her own feelings for the sake of ministering to the sufferings of the beloved partner of her trials. Very touching is the account given by Mary Beatrice to her friend, Angelique Priolo, in a letter, dated December 13th, of the sufferings of her unfortunate consort, and her own despondence during her anxious attendance in his sick chamber.

"I seize this moment," she says, "while the king sleeps, to write a word to you by his bed-side. I have read your letter to him, and he has charged me to

[1] Somers' Tracts. Stuart Papers.

return his thanks to you, holy mother, and to all the sisters, for your prayers, and for the sympathy you express for his illness, which is not painful, but I fear dangerous; for he is extremely weak in the right hand and leg, which threatens paralysis. His other hand is not affected, God be thanked, but he trembles with apprehension lest it should mount to his head. I suffer far more than he does, from the anticipation of greater sufferings for him; and, throwing myself at the foot of the cross, my heart seems to tell me that this is not enough, for that it is the will of God that it should be pierced with a terrible wound."

The dread that the beloved of her heart would be taken from her with a stroke, fills her soul with unutterable anguish as a woman; but as a Christian, she submits, and only seeks to obtain the grace of resignation:—

"You know my weakness, my dear mother, and my little virtue, and therefore you may judge better than any other person the extreme need I have of prayers. I do not ask any thing in particular, for I feel a want of my former faith in devotion; but only a humble desire to be able to conform myself to the will of God. I request the fervent prayers of my dear mother and all our sisters, and of the other monastery. I ask yours, my good mother, who suffer for me and with me, and who know well the sad state in which I find myself. I do not hope to see you during the holy week; but we will be found at the foot of that cross, whither our crosses should be borne."[1]

The apprehensions entertained by the anxious consort of James that he was threatened with an attack of paralysis, were fully realized, and, as a last resource, he was ordered to the baths of Bourbon. "The late king," says William's ambassador, the earl of Manchester, in his official report of the 16th, "is very ill, having had a second fit of apoplexy,[2] which was violent, and has taken away the use of his limbs on one side of him." In another despatch, dated 26th, his excellency gives the following particulars to secretary Vernon of the melancholy state of their old master, of whose sufferings he invariably writes with more than diplomatic hardness: "What I wrote concerning James was a true account, which you may judge by his intending to go to Bourbon in November next. He is far from being well, and is very much broke of late, so that some think he cannot last long. His stay at Bourbon will be three weeks. He is to be eleven days in going, and as long coming back. They intend to pump his right arm, which he has lost the use of, and he is

[1] Chaillot collection.

[2] The ambassador uses this word erroneously two or three times, instead of paralysis. Several of the fits with which James was attacked during the last six months of his life were epileptic.

to bathe and drink the waters." The anguish of the poor queen was increased by the misery of pecuniary distress at this anxious period. Having no funds for the journey, she was compelled to appeal to Louis XIV. for a charitable supply. "They desired," says the earl of Manchester, "but 30,000 livres of the French court for this journey, which was immediately sent them in gold. I don't know but they may advise him after that to a hotter climate, which may be convenient enough on several accounts. In short, his senses and his memory are very much decayed, and I believe a few months will carry him off." Very kind attention and much sympathy were shown to James and his queen, on this occasion, by Louis XIV. He sent Fagon, his chief physician, to attend him at Bourbon, and charged d'Urfi to go with them, to pay all the expenses of the journey, and to arrange that they were treated with the same state as if it had been himself, although they had entreated that they might be permitted to dispense with all ceremonies.[1]

The waters and baths of Bourbon were, at that era, regarded as the most sovereign panacea in the world for paralytic affections and gout. King James, who was fully aware that he was hastening to the tomb, was only induced to undertake the journey by the tender importunity of his consort. They bade adieu to their children, and left St. Germains on the 5th of April, proceeding no farther than Paris the first day. Even that short distance, sixteen miles, greatly fatigued the king. They slept at the house of their old friend, the duke de Lauzun, where several persons of quality from England, who were then in Paris, came privily to inquire after king James's health, and to kiss his hand and that of his queen. So closely, however, were their proceedings watched by William's ambassador, that the intelligence, together with the initials of the names of the parties, was transmitted to the secretary of state in London.[2] The following day, their majesties had a meeting with Louis XIV. at the Louvre, and attended mass at Nôtre Dame. King James, says our autho-

[1] St. Simon, vol. iii. pp. 93, 94.

[2] Despatches of the earl of Manchester.

rity, walked without much difficulty, aided by the supporting arm of his faithful queen, who was constantly at his side.[1]

Among the papers at the hôtel de Soubise, are letters from various ecclesiastics to the queen's friend, la mère Priolo, tracing the progress of their journey to the baths of Bourbon, in which they made stages from one convent to another. The tender and devoted affection of Mary Beatrice for her unfortunate consort is touchingly manifested in a letter which she addressed, on the 20th of April, to her friend, madame Priolo, after they had accomplished their long, weary journey to the baths of Bourbon. The king was better, and her heart overflows with thankfulness to God; an unwonted strain of cheerfulness pervades her paper:—

"Bourbon, 20th April.

"At last, my dear mother," she says, "we arrived at this place on the fourteenth day after our departure from St. Germains, without any accident. God be thanked, the king is much better. He has had a little gout, which is now gone: his hand and knee are gaining strength. He eats and sleeps well, and I hope that we shall bring him back in perfect health. If God should grant us this mercy, instead of complaining of the journey, which I have assuredly found very long and uncomfortable, I shall call it the most agreeable and the happiest I have made in all my life. With regard to myself, too, I ought not to complain, for I am so well that I am astonished at it. Assist me, my dear mother, in rendering thanks to God for his mercy in sustaining me in all the various states in which it has pleased him to place me, and beseech him to grant me the grace to be more faithful and grateful to him."[2]

The British ambassador had accurate information, meantime, of the minutest particulars relating to the proceedings of Mary Beatrice and her suffering lord. In a despatch dated April 20th, he says: "The late king has the gout at Bourbon, so cannot drink the waters." Mary Beatrice, in her letter of the same date, mentions her visits to the nuns of Montargis, and other religious communities, being aware that such matters would prove of greater interest to her friends at Chaillot, than details of the company whom she met at the baths of Bourbon, or the business of the great world:—

"I have been much pleased with our sisters of Montargis, and above all, with the good mother, with whom I appeared to be well acquainted from the love I bear to her sister, whom she much resembles. They have also a *déposée*, who appears

[1] Inedited letter of the abbé de Roguette, dated May 2, 1701; in the archives of France, hôtel de Soubise.

[2] Autograph letter of the queen of James II.; Chaillot collection.

to have some merit. Those of Nevers gave me your dear letter. There was such a crowd when I received it, that I was not able to look over it as I could have wished, but the little I saw pleased me much. Our poor sisters of Moulins I have not seen, because we were taken by another road, at which I was much vexed; but, if it please God, before I quit this place, I will go one day expressly to see them. To-day they have sent their confessor to signify their chagrin at not having seen me."

The queen edified all the *religieuses* by the humility with which she followed the processions of the festival of the Holy Trinity on foot, "without *parasol*,[1] squire, or trainbearer, with a taper in her hand. The angelic modesty of her countenance made her the admiration of all beholders." The king was unable to walk without the supporting arm of his faithful consort, but he viewed the procession from a balcony. "We have had five queens here," says the superior of Moulins, "whom I remember very well, but not one comparable to this. Every one is equally charmed and edified by her." The waters and baths of Bourbon freed king James's arm from the rheumatic gout, and enabled him to walk and speak with less difficulty. The personal attentions of the queen to her suffering husband are mentioned with admiration by the writers of the numerous packets of letters from which we have gleaned this intelligence. Such instances of humanity and affectionate duty can be appreciated by every one; those who would turn away with disgust from the processions and trifling observances with which these letters are loaded, may nevertheless accord their sympathy to the fond wife and devoted nurse.

Contrary to all expectation, king James was able to commence his journey to St. Germains on the 4th of June. The queen, on her return from the baths of Bourbon, visited the convent of nuns in the town called 'La Charité,' on the Loire. She could not help observing the extreme poverty of the nuns. They told her "that this was occasioned by robbers, who often came and pillaged them of all that they possessed; but of late they had kept a rifle always loaded, in order to fire if the bandits came," which, indeed, the queen added, "that she had noticed, and had remarked to herself

[1] The remark proves that this article of luxury was in use in Louis XIV.'s reign.

that it was strange to see such a weapon in a cell of nuns."[1] She writes from Montargis the following cheering account of king James's health: "We are now within three days' journey of Paris, in good health, thank God. The king gains strength every day, and they assure us that, after a few days of rest, he will find himself much better than he has yet done. He has a very good appearance; he eats and sleeps very well; walks much better, and has begun to write. It is a great change for the better." In her postscript she adds,—"I must not forget to tell you that it will be impossible to stop at Chaillot at all; for the Tuesday, the last day of our journey, we have arranged to go straight by d'Essone to St. Germains, having, as you may believe, some impatience to embrace my dear children."[2]

During her anxious attendance on her sick consort at Bourbon, Mary Beatrice, from time to time, sent messengers to St. Germains, to inquire after the health and welfare of her children, who remained there under the care of the duke of Perth and the countess of Middleton. Very constant and dutiful had the prince and his little sister been in their correspondence with their royal parents at this period of unwonted separation. A packet of their simple little letters to the queen is still preserved, among more important documents of the exiled Stuarts, in the archives of France, containing interesting evidence of the strong ties of natural affection by which the hearts of this unfortunate family were entwined together. Mary Beatrice and James arrived at St. Germains in time for the celebration of the birthday fêtes of their son and daughter. The prince completed his thirteenth year on the 10th of June, and the princess her ninth on the 28th of the same month. Visits of congratulation were paid by the king of France, and all the members of the royal family, to the king and queen, on their return from Bourbon. Though Louis XIV. had been compelled to recognise William III. as king of Great Britain, he continued to treat the deposed king and queen with the same punctilious attention to all the ceremonials of state, as if they had retained their regality.

[1] Autograph letter of the queen of James II.; Chaillot MSS. [2] Ibid.

The improvement in the health of her beloved consort from the use of the Bourbon waters, which had filled the heart of Mary Beatrice with false hopes of his ultimate recovery, was but of temporary duration. The British ambassador, who kept, through his spies at St. Germains, a close watch on the symptoms of his deposed sovereign, gives the following account of his state in a despatch dated June 15 :—"King James is so decayed in his senses, that he takes care of nothing, all things going direct to the queen. They were both yesterday at Versailles to wait on the king, but they did not come till after five, so that I was gone."[1] The decay of king James's senses, of which his former liegeman speaks, was a failure of his physical powers, which had, as before noticed, been brought too early into action. Edward the Black Prince, John of Gaunt, Henry IV., and Henry VII., men of far greater natural talents than James II., all died in a pitiable state of mental atrophy, prematurely worn out, the victims of their precocious exertions. In addition to this cause, James had been heavily visited, in the last fourteen years of his life, with a burden of sorrow such as few princes have been doomed to bear. Calumniated, betrayed, and driven from his throne into exile and poverty by his loved and fondly-cherished daughters, the heart of the modern Lear of British history had, of course, been wrung with pangs no less bitter than those which that great master of the human heart, Shakspeare, has portrayed, goading the outraged king and father to madness ; but James bore his wrongs with the patience of a Christian, and instead of raving of "foul unnatural hags," and invoking the vengeance of Heaven on one and both of them, like the hero of the tragedy, he besought daily of God to pardon them. He was encouraged in his placable feelings by his consort. Mary Beatrice, deeply as she had been injured by her step-daughters and their husbands, never spoke an angry word of either, but was accustomed to check her ladies if they began to inveigh against them. "As we cannot speak of them with praise," she would say, "we will not make them a subject of discourse, since it only creates irritation, and gives rise to feel-

[1] Cole's State-Papers.

ings that cannot be pleasing to God. Let us rather look closely to ourselves, and endeavour to avoid those faults which we see in others."[1] Although a few fond superstitions, the result of education and association with her conventual friends, now and then peep out in the letters of Mary Beatrice, the fervency and depth of her piety and love of God, her patience and resignation under all her trials and afflictions, and her charitable forbearance from reviling those who had so cruelly injured and calumniated her, prove her to have been a sincere Christian. In one of her letters to her friend, Angelique Priolo, she says,—

"I supplicate the God of all consolation to fill my heart with his holy love, and then to do what He will with me; for I believe that a heart full of divine love is at peace and content in every kind of state, and cannot be otherwise than well. This is the only thing I would pray you to ask for me, my dear mother. It is the sole thing needful; without which one cannot be happy, either in this world or in the other; and with which, all that the world calls misfortunes and disgrace cannot render one miserable."

King James's sands of life were now ebbing fast. The earl of Manchester, in a despatch dated July 13th, says, "The late king was taken with another fit of apoplexy, and it was thought he would not have lived half an hour. His eyes were fixed, and I hear yesterday he was ill again. He is so ill decayed, that, by every post, you may expect to hear of his death." The skill of Fagon, who remained in constant attendance, and the tender care of his conjugal nurse, assisted the naturally strong constitution of James to make a second rally. He crept out once more, on fine sunny days, in the parterre, supported by the arm of his royal helpmate, accompanied by their children, and attended by the faithful adherents who formed their little court. Sometimes his majesty felt strong enough to extend his walk as far as the terrace of St. Germains, which, with its forest background and rich prospect over the valley of the Seine, bore a tantalizing resemblance to the unforgotten scenery of Richmond-hill and the Thames, with the heights of Windsor in the distance. The eyes of Mary Beatrice were at times perhaps suffused with unbidden tears at the remembrances they recalled; but the thoughts,

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Este.

the hopes, the desires of the dying king, her husband, were fixed on brighter realms. He who had learned to thank his God for having deprived him of three crowns, that He might lead him through the chastening paths of sorrow to a heavenly inheritance, regarded the kingdoms of this world, and their glories, with the eye of one who stands on the narrow verge between time and eternity.

The terrace at St. Germains was a public promenade, and many of the English who visited France, after the peace of Ryswick, incurred the risk of being treated as Jacobites on their return home by resorting thither. Some, doubtless, sought that prohibited spot to gratify a sort of lingering affection for James and his queen, which they dared not acknowledge even to themselves; but the greater number came for the indulgence of their idle curiosity to see the exiled court. Few even of the latter class, however, except the hireling spies of the Dutch cabinet, who were always loitering in the crowd, could behold without feelings allied to sympathy the wasted form of him who had been their king, bowed earthward with sorrow rather than with years, his feeble steps supported by his pale, anxious consort, their once-beautiful queen; her eyes bent with fond solicitude on his face, or turned with appealing glances from him to any of their former subjects whom she recognised, and then with mute eloquence directing their attention to her son. It was not every one who could resist her silent pleading; and it is noticed by lord Manchester, that the hopes of the Jacobites of St. Germains of the restoration of the royal family were never more sanguine than at that period, when every thing in the shape of business was transacted by the queen.

The tender solicitude of Mary Beatrice for her children, led her to bestow much of her personal attention on them when they were ill. On one occasion, when they were both confined to their chambers with severe colds, she describes herself as "going from one to the other all day long."[1] The early deaths of her four elder children rendered her naturally apprehensive lest these beloved ones should also be snatched

[1] Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

away; yet her maternal hopes were so confidently fixed on her son, that one day, when he was so seriously ill that apprehensions were entertained for his life, she said, "God, who has given him to me, will, I hope, preserve him to me. I doubt not that he will rule, one day, on the throne of his fathers. God can never permit the legitimate line of princes to fail." It was the personal influence of the woman, a queen now only in name, that gave vitality to the Stuart cause at a time when every passing day brought king James nearer to the verge of the tomb. It was her impassioned pleading that, enlisting the dauphin and his generous son the duke of Burgundy, and madame de Maintenon on her side, obtained from Louis XIV. the solemn promise of recognising her son's claim to the style and title of king of England when his father should be no more.[1]

King James continued to linger through the summer, and was occasionally strong enough to mount his horse. Mary Beatrice began to flatter herself with hopes of his recovery; and weary as he was of the turmoil of the world, there were yet strong ties to bind him to an existence that was endeared by the affection of a partner who, crushed as he was with sorrow, sickness, and infirmity, continued, after a union of nearly eight-and-twenty years, to love him with the same impassioned fondness as in the first years of their marriage. It was hard to part with her and their children, the lovely, promising, and dutiful children of his old age, whom nature had apparently well qualified to adorn that station of which his rash and ill-advised proceedings had been the means of depriving them. A political crisis of great importance appeared to be at hand. The days of his rival, William III., were numbered as well as his own; both were labouring under incurable maladies. The race of life, even then, was closely matched between them; and if James ever desired a lengthened existence, it was that, for the sake of his son, he might survive William, fancying,—fond delusion! that his daughter Anne would not dare to contest the throne with him. The clear-sighted diplomatist who represented William at the court of

[1] Earl of Manchester's despatches, in Cole.

France, feeling the importance of unremitting attention to the chances in a game that was arriving at so nice a point, kept too keen a watch on the waning light of his old master's lamp of life to be deceived by its occasional flashes. In his despatch of the 31st of August, 1701, he says, "The late king hopes still to go to Fontainebleau; but I know this court will prevent it, because he might very likely die there, which would be inconvenient."[1]

The event alluded to in these humane terms, appears to have been hastened by a recurrence of the same incident which caused king James's first severe stroke of apoplexy in the preceding spring. On Friday, September 2nd, while he was at mass in the chapel-royal, the choir unfortunately sung the fatal anthem again, "Lord, remember what is come upon us; consider, and behold our reproach," &c. The same agonizing chord was touched as on the former occasion, with a similar effect. He sank into the arms of the queen, in a swoon, and was carried from the chapel to his chamber in a state of insensibility. After a time, suspended animation was restored; but the fit returned upon him with greater violence. "A most afflicting sight for his most disconsolate queen, into whose arms he fell the second time."[2] Mary Beatrice had acquired sufficient firmness in the path of duty to be able to control her own agonies on this occasion, for the sake of the beloved object of her solicitude. She had inherited from her mother the qualifications of a skilful nurse, and her queenly rank had never elevated her above the practical duties of the conjugal character. She could not deceive herself as to the mournful truth which the looks of all around her proclaimed; and her own sad heart assured her that the dreaded moment of separation between them was at hand. Contrary, however, to all expectation, nature made another rally; her husband recovered from his long deathlike swoon, and all the following day appeared better; but he, looking death steadily in the face, sent for his confessor on the Sunday

[1] Earl of Manchester's despatches, in Cole.

[2] Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers; edited by Stanier Clark, historiographer to George IV.

morning, and had just finished his general confession when he was seized with another fit, which lasted so long that every one believed him to be dead. His teeth being forced open, a frightful hemorrhage of blood took place,—a recurrence for the third time, only in a more aggravated form, of the symptoms of sanguineous apoplexy with which he was threatened when with the army at Salisbury, and which so effectually fought the battles of his foes against him, by precluding him from the possibility of either bodily or mental exertion.

The distress and terror of the queen nearly overpowered her on this occasion, but she struggled with the weakness of her sex, and refused to leave her suffering husband in his extremity. James himself was calm and composed, and as soon as the hemorrhage could be stopped, expressed a wish to receive the last rites of his church, but said he would see his children first, and sent for his son. The young prince, when he entered the chamber and saw the pale, deathlike countenance of his father, and the bed all covered with blood, gave way to a passionate burst of grief, in which every one else joined except the dying king, who appeared perfectly serene. When the prince approached the bed, he extended his arms to embrace him, and addressed his last admonition to him in these impressive words, which, notwithstanding the weakness and exhaustion of sinking nature, were uttered with a fervour and a solemnity that astonished every one:[1] "I am now leaving this world, which has been to me a sea of storms and tempests, it being God Almighty's will to wean me from it by many great afflictions. Serve Him with all your power, and never put the crown of England in competition with your eternal salvation. There is no slavery like sin, no liberty like his service. If his holy providence shall think fit to seat you on the throne of your royal ancestors, govern your people with justice and clemency. Remember, kings are not made for themselves, but for the good of the people. Set before their eyes, in your own actions, a pattern of all manner of virtues; consider them as your children. You are the child of vows

[1] Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers.

and prayers, behave yourself accordingly. Honour your mother, that your days may be long; and be always a kind brother to your dear sister, that you may reap the blessings of concord and unity."[1] Those who were about the king, apprehending that the excitement of continuing to speak long and earnestly on subjects of so agitating a nature would be too much for his exhausted frame, suggested that the prince had better now withdraw; at which his majesty was troubled, and said, "Do not take my son away from me till I have given him my blessing, at least."

The little princess Louisa was brought to the bedside of her dying father, bathed in tears, to receive, in her turn, all that Heaven had left in the power of the unfortunate James to bestow on his children by Mary Beatrice,—his paternal benediction and advice. It was, perhaps, a harder trial for James to part with this daughter than with his son: she was the child of his old age, the joy of his dark and wintry years. He had named her *la Consolatrice* when he first looked upon her, and she had, even when in her nurse's arms, manifested an extraordinary affection for him. She was one of the most beautiful children in the world, and her abilities were of a much higher order than those of her brother. Reflective and intelligent beyond her tender years, her passionate sorrow showed how deeply she was touched by the sad state in which she saw her royal father, and that she comprehended only too well the calamity that impended over her. "Adieu, my dear child," said James, after he had embraced and blessed her, "adieu! Serve your Creator in the days of your youth: consider virtue as the greatest ornament of your sex. Follow close the steps of that great pattern of it, your mother, who has been, no less than myself, overclouded with calumnies; but Time, the mother of Truth, will, I hope, at last make her virtues shine as bright as the sun."[2] This noble tribute of the dying consort of Mary Beatrice to her moral worth, doubly affecting from the circumstances under which it was spoken, is the more interesting, because the prediction it contained is fulfilled by the discovery and publication of docu-

[1] Somers' Tracts, vol. xi. p. 342. [2] Ibid.

ments verifying the integrity of her life and actions, and exposing the baseness of the motives which animated the hireling scribblers of a party to calumniate her. The observation of human life, as well as the research of those writers who, taking nothing on trust, are at the trouble of first searching out and then investigating evidences, will generally prove that railing accusations are rather indicative of the baseness of the persons who make them, than of want of worth in those against whom they are brought.

James did not confine his death-bed advice to his children; he exhorted his servants and friends to forsake sin, and lead holy and Christian lives. After he had received the last sacraments from the curé of St. Germains, he told him that he wished to be buried privately in his parish church, with no other monumental inscription than these words, "Here lies James, king of Great Britain." He declared himself in perfect charity with all the world; and, lest his declaration that he forgave all his enemies from the bottom of his heart should be considered too general, he named his son-in-law the prince of Orange, and the princess Anne of Denmark, his daughter.

All this while, the poor queen, who had never quitted him for a moment, being unable to support herself, had sunk down upon the ground by his bed-side, in much greater anguish than he, and with almost as little signs of life. James was sensibly touched to see her in such excessive grief. He tried all he could to comfort and persuade her to resign herself to the will of God in this as in all her other trials; but none had appeared to Mary Beatrice so hard as this, and she remained inconsolable, till a visible improvement taking place in the king's symptoms, she began to flatter herself that his case was not desperate.[1] James passed a better night, and the next day Louis XIV. came to visit him. Louis would not suffer his coach to drive into the court, lest the noise should disturb his dying kinsman, but alighted at the iron gates the same as others. James received him with the same ease and composure as though nothing extraordinary were the

[1] Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers.

matter. Louis had a long private conference with Mary Beatrice, for whom he testified the greatest sympathy and consideration. On the following Sunday his majesty of France paid a second visit, and the whole of that day the chamber of king James was thronged with a succession of visitors of distinction, who came to harass him and the queen with complimentary marks of attention on this occasion. No wonder that he sank into a state of exhaustion on the following day, that his fever returned, and all hopes of his recovery vanished.[1]

When this fatal change appeared, the queen, who was as usual by his bedside, gave way to an irrepressible burst of anguish. This distressed the king, who said to her, "Do not afflict yourself. I am going, I hope, to be happy."—"I doubt it not," she replied; "it is not for your condition I lament, but for my own," and then her grief overpowering her, she appeared ready to faint away, which he perceiving, entreated of her to retire, and bade those who were near him lead her to her chamber.[2] The sight of her grief was the only thing that shook the firmness with which he was passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death. As soon as the queen had withdrawn, James requested that the prayers for a departing soul should be read. Mary Beatrice, having recovered herself a little, was only prevented by the injunctions of her spiritual director, and the consciousness that, worn out as she was by grief and watching, she would be unable to command her feelings, from returning to her wonted station by the pillow of her dying lord. But she came softly round by the back stairs, and knelt unseen in a closet behind the alcove of the bed, where she could hear every word and every sigh that was uttered by that dear object of a love which, for upwards of seven-and-twenty years, had been the absorbing principle of her existence. There she remained for several hours, listening with breathless anxiety to every sound and every motion in the alcove. If she heard the king cough, or groan, her heart was pierced at the thought of his

[1] Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers; edited by Stanier Clark.

[2] Ibid.

sufferings, and that she was no longer permitted to support and soothe him; and if all were silent, she dreaded that he had ceased to breathe. James sank into a sort of lethargy, giving for several days little consciousness of life, except when prayers were read to him, when, by the expression of his countenance and the motion of his lips, it was plain that he prayed also.[1]

Meantime, the momentous question of what should be done with regard to acknowledging the claims of the youthful son of James II. and Mary Beatrice to the title of king of Great Britain, after the decease of the deposed monarch, was warmly debated in the cabinet council of Louis XIV. All but seven were opposed to a step in direct violation to the treaty of Ryswick, and which must have the effect of involving France in a war for which she was ill prepared. Louis, who had committed himself by the hopes he had given to Mary Beatrice, listened in perturbed silence to the objections of his council, in which his reason acquiesced; but the dauphin, being the last to speak, gave a strong proof of the friendship which, in his quiet way, he cherished for the parents of the disinherited heir of England, for rising in some warmth, he said "it would be unworthy of the crown of France to abandon a prince of their own blood, especially one who was so near and dear to them as the son of king James; that he was, for his part, resolved to hazard not only his life, but all that was dear to him for his restoration." Then the king of France said, "I am of monseigneur's opinion;" and so said the duke of Burgundy and all the princes of the blood.

"It was," said Mary Beatrice, when subsequently speaking to her friends of this decision,[2] "a miraculous interposition, in which, with a heart penetrated with a grateful sense of his goodness to us, I recognise the hand of the Most High, who was pleased to raise up for us a protector in his own good time, by disposing the heart of the greatest of kings to take compas-

[1] Circular-letter of the convent of Chaillot, on the death of Mary Beatrice of Modena, late queen of England.

[2] Recital of the death of James II., by his queen; Chaillot MS., archives of France.

sion on the widow and orphans of a king, whom it had pleased God to cover with afflictions here below. We can never cease to acknowledge the obligations that we owe to the king; for not only has he done all that he could for us, but he did it in a manner so heroic and touching, that even our enemies cannot help admiring him for it. He came twice to see my good king during his illness, and said and did every thing with which generous feeling could inspire a noble heart for the illustrious sufferer. He could not refrain from shedding tears, more than once, on seeing the danger of his friend. He spared neither care nor pains to procure every solace, and every assistance that was considered likely to arrest the progress of the malady. At last, on the Tuesday after the king my husband had received the *viaticum* for the second time, and they had no longer any hopes of him, this kind protector did me the honour of writing with his own hand a note to me, to let me know that he was coming to St. Germains to tell me something that would console me. He then came to me in my chamber, where he declared to me, with a thousand marks of friendship, the most consolatory that could be under the circumstances, 'that after due reflection, he had determined to recognise the prince of Wales, my son, for the heir of the three kingdoms of Great Britain whensoever it should please God to remove the king, and that he would then render the same honours to him as he had done to the king his father.' I had previously implored this great monarch, in the presence of the king my husband, to continue his protection to my children and me, and entreated him to be to us in the place of a father. I made him all the acknowledgments in my power, and he told me that 'I could impart these tidings to the king my husband when and how I thought best.' I entreated him to be the bearer of them himself."[1]

Louis, being desirous of doing every thing that was likely to alleviate her affliction, proceeded with her to king James's chamber. Life was so far spent with that prince, that he was not aware of the entrance of his august visitor, and when

[1] Recital of the death of James II., by his queen; Chaillot MS., archives of France.

Louis inquired after his health, he made no answer, for he neither saw nor heard him.[1] When one of his attendants roused him from the drowsy stupor in which he lay, to tell him that the king of France was there, he unclosed his eyes with a painful effort, and said, "Where is he?"—"Sir," replied Louis, "I am here, and am come to see how you do." "I am going," said James, quietly, "to pay that debt which must be paid by kings, as well as by their meanest subjects. I give your majesty my dying thanks for all your kindnesses to me and my afflicted family, and do not doubt of their continuance, having always found you good and generous."[2] He also expressed his grateful sense of the attention he had been shown during his sickness. Louis replied, "that was a small matter indeed, but he had something to acquaint him with of more importance," on which the attendants of both kings began to retire. "Let nobody withdraw," exclaimed Louis. Then turning again to James, he said, "I am come, sir, to acquaint you, that whenever it shall please God to call your majesty out of this world, I will take your family under my protection, and will recognise your son, the prince of Wales, as the heir of your three realms." At these words all present, both English and French, threw themselves at the feet of the powerful monarch, who was at that time the sole reliance of the destitute and sorrowful court of St. Germains.[3] It was perhaps the proudest, as well as the happiest moment of Louis XIV.'s life, that he had dared to act in compliance with the dictates of his own heart, rather than with the advice of his more politic council. The scene was so moving, that Louis himself could not refrain from mingling his tears with those which were shed by those around him. James feebly extended his arms to embrace his royal friend, and strove to speak; but the confused noise prevented his voice from being heard beyond these words, "I thank God I die with a perfect resignation, and forgive all the world, particularly the emperor and the prince of Orange."

[1] Life of James II., from the Stuart Papers. St. Simon.
[2] Somers' Tracts. Stuart Papers. St. Simon.
[3] St. Simon. Stuart Papers.

He might have added, the empress Eleanor Magdalen of Newburgh, whose personal pique at the preference which his matrimonial ambassador the earl of Peterborough had shown for the beautiful Mary Beatrice of Modena eight-and-twenty years before, was one of the unsuspected causes of the ill offices James, and afterwards his widow and son, experienced from that quarter.

James begged, as a last favour, "that no funeral pomp might be used at his obsequies." Louis replied, "that this was the only favour that he could not grant." The dying king entreated "that he would rather employ any money that he felt disposed to expend for that purpose, for the relief of his destitute followers." These he pathetically recommended to his compassionate care, with no less earnestness than he had done Mary Beatrice and her children. Having relieved his mind by making these requests, he begged his majesty "not to remain any longer in so melancholy a place."[1] The queen having, meantime, sent for the prince her son, brought him herself through the little bedchamber into that of his dying father, that he might return his thanks to his royal protector. The young prince threw himself at Louis' feet, and embracing his knees, expressed his grateful sense of his majesty's goodness. Louis raised, and tenderly embracing him, promised to act the part of a parent to him. "As this scene excited too much emotion in the sick," says the queen, "we passed all three into my chamber, where the king of France talked to the young prince my son. I wish much I could recollect the words, for never was any exhortation more instructive, more impressive, or fuller of wisdom and kindness."[2]

The earl of Manchester, in his private report of these visits of Louis XIV. to the sorrowful court of St. Germains, and his promises to the queen and her dying husband in behalf of their son, mentions the resignation of king James; and then speaking of the prince his son, says, "I can tell you that the moment king James dies, the other will take the title of

[1] Duke of Berwick's Memoirs.

[2] Recital of the death of James II.; Chaillot MS.

king of England, and will be crowned as such by those of St. Germains. The queen will be in a convent at Chaillot till the king be buried, and the P. [prince] at the duke of Lauzun's at Paris; and after that, they will return to St. Germains. I doubt not but the French will call him *roi d'Angleterre*. September 14. It was expected that king James would have died last night; but he was alive this morning, though they expect he will expire every moment, being dead almost up to his stomach, and he is sensible of no pain."[1] James retained, however, full possession of his mental faculties, and when his son entered his chamber, which was not often permitted, because it was considered to occasion too much emotion in his weak state, he stretched out his arms to embrace him, and said, "I have not seen you since his most Christian majesty was here, and promised to own you when I should be dead. I have sent my lord Middleton to Marli to thank him for it." The same day, the duke and duchess of Burgundy came to take their last leave of him, when he spoke with composure to both, and begged that the duchess would not approach the bed, fearing it might have an injurious effect on her health.[2]

The duke of Berwick, who was an attendant on the deathbed of his royal father, James II., says that his sight was weakened, but sense and consciousness remained with him unimpaired to his last sigh. "Never," continues Berwick,[3] "was there seen more patience, more tranquillity, and even joy, than in the feelings with which he contemplated the approach of death, and spoke of it. He took leave of the queen with extraordinary firmness; and the tears of this afflicted princess did not shake him, although he loved her tenderly. He told her to restrain her tears. "Reflect," said he to her, "that I am going to be happy, and for ever."[4] Mary Beatrice told him that the nuns of Chaillot were desirous that he should bequeath his heart to their community, to be placed in the same tribune with that of their royal

[1] Despatches of the earl of Manchester.
[2] Life of James II. Stuart Papers.
[3] Memoirs of the Duke of Bedford.
[4] Ibid.

foundress, queen Henrietta, his mother, and her own, when it might please God to shorten the term of their separation by calling her hence." James thanked her for reminding him of it. He gave her some directions about their son, and requested her to write to the princess Anne, his daughter, when he should be no more, to assure her of his forgiveness, and to charge her, on his blessing, to endeavour to atone to her brother for the injuries she had done him. Soon after, his hands began to shake with a convulsive motion, and the pangs of death came visibly upon him. His confessor and the bishop of Autun told the queen "that she must withdraw, as they were about to offer up the services of their church for a departing soul, and that the sight of her agony would disturb the holy serenity which God had shed upon the heart of the king." She consented, as a matter of conscience, to tear herself away; but when she kissed his hands for the last time, her sobs and sighs roused the king from the lethargic stupor in which exhausted nature had sunk, and troubled him. "Why is this?" said he tenderly to her. "Are you not flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone? are you not a part of myself? How is it, then, that one part of me should feel so differently from the other,—I in joy, and you in despair? My joy is in the hope I feel that God in his mercy will forgive me my sins, and receive me into his beatitude, and you are afflicted at it. I have long sighed for this happy moment, and you know it well; cease, then, to lament for me. I will pray for you. Farewell."[1]

This touching adieu took place four-and-twenty hours before James breathed his last. They forbade the queen to enter the chamber again, though he asked for her every time he awoke. Mary Beatrice being informed of this, implored so passionately, the evening before his death, to be permitted to see him once more, promising not to allow any thing to escape her that should have the effect of agitating him, that she was permitted to approach his bed. She struggled to feign a composure that she was far from feeling; but James, although his eyes were now waxed dim, and his ear dull, per-

[1] Recital of the death of James II., by his widow; Chaillot MSS.

ceived the anguish of her soul, and when she asked him if he suffered, replied, "I suffer, but it is only because I see how much you suffer. I should be well content if you were less afflicted, or could take some share in my happiness."[1] She asked him to request of God for her the grace of love and perfect resignation to his will. They compelled her to withdraw, and she passed the awful interval in fasting, watching, and prayer alone in her chamber. When all was over, her confessor, father Ruga, came to seek her, no one else venturing to announce to her the fact that her husband had breathed his last. Even he shrank from the task of telling her so in direct words; but requesting her to unite with him in offering up some prayers for the king, he commenced with *Subvenite, sancte Dei.* "Oh, my God, is it then done?" exclaimed the queen, throwing herself upon the ground in an agony of grief; for she knew, too well, that this was part of the office appointed by their church for a soul departed, and pouring out a torrent of tears, she remained long unable to utter a word.[2] Father Ruga exhorted her to resign herself to the will of God, and, in token of her submission to his decrees, to say, *Fiat voluntas tua:* 'Thy will be done.' Mary Beatrice made an effort to obey her spiritual director, but at first she could only give utterance to the word 'Fiat.' The blow, though it had so long impended over her, was hard to bear; for, in spite of the evidences of her own senses to the contrary, she had continued to cherish a lingering hope that the separation might yet be delayed, and she scarcely knew how to realize the fact that it was irrevocable. "As there never was a more perfect and more Christian union than that which subsisted between this king and queen, which for many years had been their mutual consolation," says a contemporary, who was well acquainted with them both, "so there never was a more bitter sorrow than was felt by her, although her resignation was entire and perfect."[3]

King James departed this life at three o'clock in the after-

[1] Recital of the death of James II., by his widow; Chaillot MSS.

[2] Chaillot MS.; Records of the death of James II.

[3] Narrative of the death of king James, written by an eye-witness for the nuns of Chaillot.

noon: he died with a smile on his countenance.[1] The bitterness of death had long been passed, and he had requested that his chamber door might be left without being guarded, so that all who wished to take a last look of him might freely enter. His apartments were crowded both with English and French, of all degrees, and his curtains were always open. "The moment after he had breathed his last," says the duke of Berwick, "we all went to the prince of Wales, and saluted him as king. He was, the same hour, proclaimed at the gates of the château of St. Germains by the title of James III., king of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France." The earl of Manchester affirms that there was no other "ceremony than that the queen waited on him, and treated him as king. What was done in the town," continues his excellency, "was done in a tumultuous manner. Some say there was a herald, an Irishman. Lord Middleton, &c. did not appear, because they could not tell how the title of France would be taken here, had they done it in form. Lord Middleton brought the seals to him, which he gave him again. Others did the like. I am told that, before the French king made this declaration, he held a council at Marli, where it took up some time to debate whether he should own him or no; or if he did, whether it ought not to be deferred for some time. The secret of all this matter is, that in short there was a person who governs here who had, some time since, promised the queen that it should be done.[2] So that whatever passed in council, was only for form's sake."

When the royal widow came, in compliance with the ceremonial which their respective positions prescribed, to offer the homage of a subject to her boy, she said to him, "Sir, I acknowledge you for my king, but I hope you will not forget that you are my son;" and then, wholly overpowered by grief, she was carried in a chair from the apartment, and so conveyed to her coach, which was ready to take her to the convent at Chaillot, where she desired to pass the first days of her widowhood in the deepest retirement, declaring that

[1] Narrative of the death of king James, written by an eye-witness for the nuns of Chaillot.

[2] Madame de Maintenon.

she would neither receive visits nor compliments from any one.[1]

Mary Beatrice left St. Germains about an hour after her husband's death, attended by four ladies only, and arrived at Chaillot a quarter before six. The conventual church of Chaillot was hung with black. As soon as her approach was announced the bells tolled, and the abbess and all the community went in procession to receive her at the convent gate. The widowed queen descended from her coach in silence, with her hood drawn over her face, followed by her four noble attendants, and apparently overwhelmed with the violence of her grief. The nuns gathered round her in silence; no one offered to speak comfort to her, well knowing how tender had been the union that had subsisted between her and her deceased lord. The abbess kissed the hem of her robe, some of the sisters knelt and embraced her knees, and others kissed her hand; but no one uttered a single word, leaving their tears to express how much they felt for her affliction. The tragedy of real life, unlike that of the stage, is generally a veiled feeling. "The queen," says our authority,[2] "walked directly into the choir, without a sigh, a cry, or a word, like one who has lost every faculty but the power of motion. She remained in this mournful silence, this stupefaction of grief, till one of our sisters"—it was the beloved Françoise Angelique Priolo—"approached, and kissing her hand, said to her in a tone of tender admonition, in the words of the royal Psalmist, 'My soul, will you not be subject to God?' '*Fiat voluntas tua,*' replied Mary Beatrice, in a voice stifled with sighs. Then advancing towards the choir, she said in a firmer tone, 'Help me, my sisters, to thank my God for his mercies to that blessed spirit, who is, I believe, rejoicing in his beatitude. Yes, I feel certain of it in the depth of my grief.' The abbess told her she was happy in having been the wife of such a holy prince. 'Yes,' answered the queen, 'we have now a great saint in

[1] Stuart and Chaillot MSS. Auto-biography of the Duke of Berwick.

[2] MS. Narrative of the visit of the widow of James II. to Chaillot, by one of the nuns, in the archives of France.

heaven.' She was then conducted into the choir, and all the sisters followed her. She prostrated herself before the altar, and remained long in prayer." Having eaten nothing since the night before, she was so weak that the nuns, apprehending she would faint, begged her to be carried to her chamber in a chair; but, out of humility, she chose to walk. "My blessed Saviour," she said, "was not carried up the painful ascent to Mount Calvary, but walked to the consummation of his adorable sacrifice, bearing the burden of his cross for our sins; and shall I not imitate his holy example?" The abbess and two or three of the nuns attended their royal guest to her chamber, and entreated her to suffer herself to be undressed and go to bed; but she insisted on listening to more prayers, and complained bitterly that the solace of tears was denied her. She could not weep now,—she who had wept so much during the prolonged agony of her husband's illness.[1]

"She sighed often," says the nun who has preserved the record of this mournful visit of the widow of James II. to the convent of Chaillot. "Her sighs were so heavy and frequent, that they pierced all our hearts with a share of those pangs that were rending her own. She was seized with fits of dying faintness, from the feebleness and exhaustion of her frame; but she listened with great devotion to the abbess, who knelt at her feet, and read to her appropriate passages from the holy Scriptures for her consolation. Then she begged the community to offer up prayers for the soul of her husband, for 'oh!' said she, 'a soul ought to be very pure that has to appear in the presence of God, and we, alas! sometimes fancy that persons are in heaven, when they are suffering the pains of purgatory;' and at this thought the sealed-up fountain of her grief was opened, and she shed floods of tears. Much she wept, and much she prayed, but was at last prevailed on to take a little nourishment and go to bed, while the nuns returned to the choir, and sang the vespers for the dead.[2] Then the prayers for the dead were repeated in

[1] Narrative of the visit of the queen to the convent of Chaillot after the death of James II., by a nun of Chaillot.

[2] The author of this biography does not consider herself in any way responsible for the sentiments and theology of either James II. or his queen. She is herself

her chamber, in which she joined, repeating the verses of every psalm, for she knew them all by heart. She begged that a prayer for the conversion of England might be added for her sake, observing, 'that for the last twelve years she had been at St. Germains, she had never omitted that petition at her private evening devotions.'"

"At seven in the evening the queen sent for her almoner, and after she and her ladies had united in their domestic worship for the evening, she begged that the writer of this record, who was her particular friend, and another of the sisters of Chaillot would remain with her, for she saw that her ladies in waiting and her *femme de chambre* were worn out with fatigue and watching, and made them all go to bed. The nuns read to her from the book of Wisdom, and the description of the new Jerusalem in the Apocalypse, the occupation of the blessed in that holy city, and several other passages from holy writ, that were considered applicable to the time and circumstances. The queen listened, sometimes with sighs, and sometimes with elevation of the soul to God and submission to his decrees; but her affliction was inconceivable, and would scarcely permit her to taste a few moments of repose." During the whole of the Saturday she continued to pray and weep, and from time to time related the particulars of the illness of the late king her husband, and his patience. "Never," said her majesty, "did the illustrious sufferer give utterance to a word of complaint, nor make a gesture of impatience, although his pains were sharp, and lasted more than fifteen days. He accepted his sufferings as a punishment for his sins. He took all the remedies that were prescribed, however disagreeable they might be, observing, 'that he was willing to live as long as it pleased God's providence to appoint, although he desired with ardour to die, that he might be united to Jesus Christ without the fear of offending him any more.' So entirely was my good king detached from earthly things," continued the royal widow,

a member of the church of England, and relates things as she finds them, that being the duty of a biographer, notwithstanding differences of opinion on many important points.

"that notwithstanding the tenderness I have always had for him, and the love he bore to me, and the grief that I must ever feel for his loss during the rest of my days, I assure you that if I could recall his precious life by a single word, I would not pronounce it, for I believe it would be displeasing to God."

After the royal widow had departed from St. Germains to Chaillot, about six o'clock in the evening, the public were permitted to view the body of king James in the same chamber where he died. The clergy and monks prayed and chanted the dirge all night. When the body was opened for embalming, the heart and the brain were found in a very decayed state. James had desired, on his death-bed, to be simply interred in the church of St. Germains, opposite to the château; but when his will was opened, it was found that he had therein directed his body to be buried with his ancestors in Westminster-abbey. Therefore the queen resolved that his obsequies only should be solemnized in France, and that his body should remain unburied till the restoration of his son, which she fondly hoped would take place; and that, like the bones of Joseph in holy writ, the corpse of her royal husband would accompany his children when they returned to the land of their ancestors. The body was destined to await this expected event in the church of the Benedictines, fauxbourg de St. Jacques, Paris, whither it was conveyed on the Saturday after his demise, about seven in the evening, in a mourning carriage, followed by two coaches, in which were the officers of the king's household, his chaplains, and the prior and curate of St. Germains. His guard carried torches of white wax around the hearse. The obsequies being duly performed in the convent church of the Benedictines, the body was left under the hearse, covered with the pall, in one of the chapels. So it remained during the long years that saw the hopes of the Stuart family wither, one after the other, till all were gone; still the bones of James II. remained unburied, awaiting sepulture.

But to return to Mary Beatrice, whom we left in her sorrowful retreat at Chaillot, endeavouring to solace her

grief by prayers and devotional exercises.[1] "On the evening of Saturday, September 17th, the second day of her widowhood, her majesty," continues the sympathizing recluse, who had watched beside her on the preceding night, "did me the honour of commanding me to take some repose, while sister Catharine Angelique took my place near her. At the second hour after midnight I returned to the queen. As soon as she saw me, she cried out, 'Ha! my sister, what have I suffered while you were away! It is scarcely possible to describe my feelings. I fell asleep for a few moments, but what a sleep it was! It seemed to me as if they were tearing out my heart and rending my bowels, and that I felt the most horrible pains.' I made her majesty take some nourishment, and read to her the soliloquies in the Manual of St. Augustin, and she slept again for a few moments. Then my sister, Catharine Angelique, told me that, during my absence, her majesty had done nothing but sigh, lament, and groan, and toss from one side of the bed to the other, and bemoan herself as if in the greatest pain. We, who had seen the queen so resigned in the midst of her affliction, were surprised at this extreme agitation; but," continues the simple nun, "our surprise ceased when they told us, privately, that the body of the late king had been opened and embalmed at the precise time that the queen was thus disquieted in her sleep. That same night they had conveyed his bowels to the English Benedictines, and his heart to us, without any pomp or noise, as secretly as possible, for fear the queen should hear of it, and be distressed. Our mother had received particular orders on that subject from our king [Louis XIV.], prohibiting her from either tolling her bells or chanting at the reception of king James's heart within the convent of the Visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot, lest it should agitate the royal widow. The young king of England, too, had expressly recommended us, by milord Perth, to take every possible precaution to prevent the queen, his mother, from having the slightest idea of the time of its arrival; but the sympathy of

[1] MS. Recital of the death of James II., and the visit of the queen to the convent of Chaillot.

the queen defeated all our precautions. The late king had good reason to say to his august spouse 'that she was flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone;' for when death had rendered his body insensible of the wound, the queen had felt all the pain in her own living frame; and this was the more to be remarked, since she knew nothing of what was then doing." The good sister of Chaillot, being of a marvellous temperament, has made a miracle of a coincidence very easy to be accounted for by natural causes. The poor queen had scarcely closed her eyes in sleep for upwards of a fortnight, during which time she was in a state of the most distressing excitement; while the occasional deceptive amendments in the king's symptoms, by kindling the "hope that keeps alive despair," had added the tortures of suspense to her other sufferings, and kept her nerves on a perpetual stretch. Every one knows the distressing sensations that attend the first perturbed slumbers into which exhausted nature sinks, after either nurse or patient has passed many nights of continuous vigils.

Early on the Sunday morning the queen asked many questions, which the nuns considered a confirmation of the presentiment she had had of the arrival of the heart of her departed lord. She said she knew that it was near her; and at last they acknowledged that it was already enshrined in their tribune, near that of the queen, his mother. She spoke much, and eloquently, that day of James. She said "that he had felt his humiliation, and above all, the injustice he had experienced, very keenly; but that his love of God had changed all his calamities into blessings. She compared him to St. Stephen, who saw the heavens opened while they were stoning him." While the queen was at Chaillot, they read to her some passages from the life of the reverend mother, Anne Marie d'Epernon, the superior of the great Carmelite convent at Paris, who had recently departed this life with a great reputation for sanctity. Her majesty had been well acquainted with this *religieuse*, whom both the late king and herself had been accustomed to visit, and held in great esteem. Mary Beatrice appeared much interested in the records of her

departed friend, who, before she took the habit, had refused the hand of the king of Poland, and preferred a life of religious retirement to being a queen. "Ah!" exclaimed the royal widow, "she was right; no one can doubt the wisdom of the choice, when we are at liberty to make it." Her majesty told the community that she had herself passionately desired to take the veil, and that it was only in compliance with her mother's commands that she had consented to marry her late lord. "If it were not for the sake of my children," said she, "I would now wish to finish my days at Chaillot." Other duties awaited her.

The king of France had commanded the exempt of the guard of honour, by whom her majesty was escorted to Chaillot, and who remained on duty during her stay, not to admit any person whatsoever to intrude upon her grief during her retirement there, not even the princesses of the blood, though Adelaide duchess of Burgundy was king James's great-niece. Among the rest cardinal Noailles was refused admittance, at which the queen expressed regret, having a wish to see him. When his eminence was informed of this, he returned, and they had a long conference.

On the third day after her arrival, being Monday, Mary Beatrice assumed the habit of a widow; "and while they were thus arraying her," continues our good nun, "her majesty, observing that I was trying to look through her eyes into her soul, to see what effect this dismal dress had on her mind, assured me 'that those lugubrious trappings gave her no pain, because they were in unison with her own feelings, and that it would have been very distressing to herself to have dressed otherwise, or, indeed, ever to change that garb. For the rest of my life,' said her majesty, 'I shall never wear any thing but black. I have long ago renounced all vanities, and worn nothing, in the way of dress, but what was absolutely necessary; and God knows that I have not put on decorations except in cases where I was compelled to do so, or in my early youth.'"[1] When the melancholy toilet of Mary Beatrice was fully completed, and she was dressed

[1] Chaillot MS.

for the first time in widow's weeds, she seated herself in a *fauteuil*, and all the ladies in the convent were permitted to enter, to offer her their homage and condolences. But every one was in tears, and not a word was spoken; for the queen sat silent and motionless as a statue, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, apparently too much absorbed in her own unspeakable grief to be conscious of any thing. "I had the boldness," says our simple nun, "to place the crucifix where her majesty's regards were absently directed, and soon all her attention was centered on that model of patience in suffering. After a quarter of an hour, I approached to give her an account of a commission with which she had charged me. She asked what hour it was? I told her that it was half-past four o'clock, and her carriages were come; that the community were waiting in the gallery, and a chair and porters were in attendance to convey her to her coach." She rose and said, "I have a visit to make before I go." Then bursting into a passion of tears, she cried, "I will go and pay my duty to the heart of my good king. It is here; I feel that it is, and nothing shall stop me from going to it. It is a relic that I have given you, and I must be allowed to venerate it."[1]

The more enlightened tastes of the present age incline us to condemn, as childish and superstitious, this fond weakness of an impassioned lover, in thus clinging to a portion of the earthly tabernacle of the beloved after his spirit had returned to God who gave it; but it was a characteristic trait, both of the times, the religion, and the enthusiastic temperament of the countrywoman of Petrarch, of Ariosto and Tasso. Every one, in the church of St. Marie de Chaillot at any rate, sympathized with her, and felt the tragic excitement of the scene, when the disconsolate widow of James II. in her sable weeds, covered with her large black veil, and preceded by the nuns singing the *De Profundis*, approached the tribune where the heart of her beloved consort was enshrined in a gold and vermeil vase. "She bowed her head, clasped her hands together, knelt, and kissed the urn across the black crape that covered it; and after a silent prayer, rose, and having asperged it with

[1] Chaillot MS.

the holy water without a tear or sigh, turned about in silence to retire, apparently with great firmness, but before she had made four steps from the spot, she fell into a fainting fit, which caused us," continues the recording nun, "some fears for her life. When, at last, she recovered, she was, by the order of her confessor, placed in a chair, and so carried to her coach. It was impossible for her to stay longer at Chaillot, because the young prince and princess, her children, had need of her presence at St. Germains. . . . . We have seen all this with our own eyes," observes the nun, in conclusion, "and the queen herself confirms what we have said here, as our mother and all the community judged it proper that an exact and faithful narrative of the whole should be made, to the end that it might be kept as a perpetual memorial in our archives, and for those who may come after us."

Mary Beatrice returned to her desolate palace at St. Germains on Monday, September 19th. In the evening, the prince and princess rejoined her from Passy, where they had passed the mournful interim in deep retirement: at the country-house of the duc de Lauzun a tender re-union took place between the sorrowful family and their faithful adherents. The next day, Louis XIV. came in state to pay his visits of condolence to the royal mother and son. The widowed queen received him in her darkened chamber hung with black, lying on her bed of mourning, according to the custom of the French queens. Louis said every thing he could to mitigate her affliction, and comforted her with the assurances of his protection to her and her son. William's ambassador, who kept a jealous eye on all the proceedings of the French sovereign with regard to the widow of James II. and her son, gives the following notices in his reports to his own court: "I did not go to Versailles yesterday. I was satisfied that the whole discourse would be of their new *roi d'Angleterre*, and of the king's going to make him the first visit at St. Germains, which he did that day. He stayed but little with him, giving him the title of 'majesty.' He was with the queen a considerable time. The rest of the court made their compliments the same day.—September 23. The French king made

the P. [prince] the first visit. Next day the P. [prince] returned the visit at Versailles. All the ceremonies passed to the entire satisfaction of those at St. Germains, and in the same manner as it was observed with the late king.—September 24th. I can perceive from M. de Torcy, that the French king was brought to do this at the solicitation of the queen at St. Germains. It is certain that M. de Torcy, as well as the rest of the ministers, was against it, and only the dauphin and madame de Maintenon, whom the queen had prevailed with, carried this point, which I am satisfied they may have reason to repent of.—September 26th. The will of the late king James is opened, but not yet published, but I hear it is to be printed. What I have learned of it is, that the queen is made regent; the French king is desired to take care of the education of the P. [prince]; that in case he be restored, the queen is to be repaid all that she has laid out of her own; that all other debts which they have contracted since they left England, and what can be made out, shall be paid; that the new king shall not take any revenge against his father's enemies, nor his own; that he shall not use any force in matters of religion, or in relation to the estates of any persons whatsoever. He recommends to him all those that have followed him. I am told, that lord Perth is declared a duke, and Caryl a lord."[1]

The information touching the will of king James was true, as far as regards the power given to Mary Beatrice; but this document was dated as far back as November 17th, 1688, having been made by him after the landing of the prince of Orange, when he was on the eve of leaving London to join the army at Salisbury. By that document he bequeaths his soul to God, in the confident assurance of eternal salvation, through the merits and intercession of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, without a word of the Virgin Mary, or any other saint. "Our body," he says, "we commit to the earth, and it is our will that the same be privately interred in our royal chapel, called Henry VII.'s chapel." After mentioning the settlements which he had made,—first, as duke of York,

[1] Cole's State-Papers.

out of his personal property, and afterwards when king, as a provision for his entirely beloved consort, queen Mary,—he constitutes his dear son, James prince of Wales, his sole heir, both of his three kingdoms and his personal property, with the exception of certain jewels, plate, household furniture, equipages, and horses, which are left to the royal widow. "And we will and appoint that our said dearest consort," continues his majesty, "have the sole governance, tuition, and guardianship of our said dear son, till he shall have fully completed the fourteenth year of his age."

It is a curious fact that James, after thus constituting Mary Beatrice as the guardian of their son and executrix of his last will and testament, appoints a council to assist her in this high and responsible charge, composed of the persons in whom he, at that date, reposed the most especial trust and confidence; and at the head of this list stood, uncancelled, the name of his son-in-law, prince George of Denmark! The duke of Newcastle, the earl of Nottingham, the duke of Queensbury, Cromwell's son-in-law, viscount Fauconberg, and lord Godolphin are there, united with the names of some of the most devoted of James's friends, who, with their families, followed him into exile,—the true-hearted earl of Lindsay, the marquess of Powis, the earls of Perth and Middleton, and sir Thomas Strickland, besides several of those who played a doubtful part in the struggle, and others, both friend and foe, who had gone to their great account before the weary spirit of the last of the Stuart kings was released from its earthly troubles. In virtue of this will, the only one ever made by James II., Mary Beatrice was recognised by the court and council of her deceased lord at St. Germains as the acting guardian of the prince their son, and took upon herself the title of queen-regent of Great Britain. She was treated by Louis XIV. and his ministers with the same state and ceremony as if she had been invested with this office in the only legal way,—by the parliament of this realm.

The first care of the widowed queen was to obey the death-bed injunctions of her deceased consort, by writing to his daughter, the princess Anne of Denmark, to communicate his

last paternal message and admonition. It was a painful duty to Mary Beatrice, perhaps the most painful to her high spirit and sensitive feelings that had ever been imposed upon her, to smother her indignant sense of the filial crimes that had been committed by Anne, the slanders she had assisted in disseminating against herself, and, above all, the base aspersions that princess had endeavoured to cast on the birth of the prince her brother, for the purpose of supplanting him in the succession to the throne of the Britannic empire. Mary Beatrice had too little of the politician, too much of the sensitive feelings of the female heart in her character, to make deceitful professions of affection to the unnatural daughter of her heart-broken husband. Her letter is temperate, but cold and dignified; and though she does not condescend to the language of reproachful accusation, it clearly implies the fact that she regarded Anne in the light of a criminal, who, without effective repentance, and the fruits of penitence,—sincere efforts to repair her offences against her earthly parent, must stand condemned in the sight of her heavenly Father.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA TO THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK.[1]

"I think myself indispensably obliged to defer no longer the acquainting you with a message, which the best of men, as well as the best of fathers, has left with me for you. Some few days before his death, he bid me find means to let you know that he forgave you from the bottom of his heart, and prayed God to do so too; that he gave you his last blessing, and prayed to God to convert your heart, and confirm you in the resolution of repairing to his son the wrongs done to himself; to which I shall only add, that I join my prayers to his herein with all my heart, and that I shall make it my business to inspire into the young man who is left to my care the sentiments of his father, for better no man can have.

"Sept. 27, 1701."

If Mary Beatrice expected any good effects to be produced by the stern sincerity of such a letter, she knew little of the human heart, to which nothing is so displeasing, in its unregenerate state, as the prayers of another for its amendment.

A few days after the date of this letter, Mary Beatrice completed her forty-third year. The anniversary of her birth had always been kept as a fête by the exiled court at St. Germains, but this year, in consequence of the melancholy

[1] From the copy in Stanier Clark's Life of James II.; printed from the Stuart MSS. in George IV.'s possession.

bereavement she had so recently sustained, it was observed by her in a different manner. She gives the following account of herself, in her first letter to the superior of Chaillot on her return to St. Germains: it is dated October 6th, just three weeks after the death of king James.[1] "My health," she says, "is good beyond what I ever could have hoped in the state in which I find myself; for I avow, frankly, that my heart and my soul are sad even unto death, and that every passing day, instead of diminishing, appears to augment my grief. I feel more and more the privation and the separation from him who was dearer to me than my own life, and who alone rendered that life sweet and supportable. I miss him, every day more and more, in a thousand ways. In my first grief, I felt something like a calm beneath; but now, although, perhaps, it does not appear so much outwardly, I feel a deeper sorrow within me. Yesterday, the day of my birth, I made a day of retreat, [spiritual retirement for self-recollection and religious exercises,] but with so much pain, and weariness, and tedium, that, so far from finding it a solace, I was oppressed and crushed down with it, as I am also with the weight of business; so much so, that in truth my condition is worthy of compassion. I hope the God of mercy will have pity on me, and come to my help; but here I feel it not, nor is it permitted me to find comfort, either in earth or heaven. Never," she says in conclusion, "never had any one so great a want of prayers as I have. I entreat of God to hear those which you make to Him for me, and that he will deign to pity and take care of me."

Mary Beatrice was now a widow without a dower, a regent without a realm, and a mother, whose claims to that maternity which had deprived herself and her husband of a throne were treated by a strong party of her former subjects with derision. Although the subsequent birth of the princess Louisa had sufficiently verified that of her son, rendering, withal, the absurdity manifest of the supposition of the widowed queen upholding the claims of an alien to her blood

[1] Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, widow of James II., king of England, in the archives of France.

to the prejudice of her own daughter, who might otherwise expect to be recalled to England as the next in the royal succession to the princess Anne of Denmark, there were, indeed, those—Burnet for instance—who talked of a second imposition in the person of the young Louisa; but the striking likeness between the royal brother and sister sufficiently indicated that their parentage was the same. Mary Beatrice gives the following brief account of their health and her own, together with a touching allusion to her departed husband, in her letter to the abbess of Chaillot at the commencement of a sorrowful new year, dated,

"St. Germains, Jan. 7th, 1702.

"My health is good, and that of the king my son, and my daughter, perfect, God be thanked! I have bad nights myself, but that does not prevent me from going on as usual every day. I have great want of courage and of consolation. God can grant me these when it pleases him. I hope that your prayers will obtain them for me, joined with those of that blessed spirit whose separation from mine is the cause of all my pain."[1]

The first step taken by Mary Beatrice in the capacity of guardian to the prince, her son, was to publish a manifesto in his name, setting forth his claims to the crown of Great Britain as the natural heir of the deceased king, his father. This manifesto produced no visible effects in favour of the young prince in England. In Scotland, the party that was secretly opposed to William's government, and openly to his favourite project of the union of the two realms, perceived how powerful an instrument might be made of the youthful representative of the royal Stuarts, if they could bring him forward as a personal actor on the political arena. The duke of Hamilton and the confederate lords having organized their plans for a general rising, sent lord Belhaven on a secret mission to St. Germains, to communicate their design to the queen-mother, and to endeavour to prevail on her to intrust them with her son. From a very curious contemporary document in the lately discovered portfolio in the Bibliothèque du Roi,

[1] Chaillot MSS.

[2] MS. in the St. Germains collection. This record is endorsed, "Papers of my lord Belhaven." It is enclosed in the following brief note, addressed to the earl of Seafield: "My lord,—The paper that I send you is the same of which I spoke to you yesterday. I am, my lord, &c. C. Hedges." As Hedges was one of king William's secretaries of state, and the earl of Seafield principal

it appears that, in November 1701, lord Belhaven came to Paris on this errand, where he remained three months. He had several conferences with the earl of Middleton, to whom he was introduced by his brother-in-law, captain John Livingston. Lord Belhaven was naturally regarded, at first, with feelings of distrust by the exiled queen and her cabinet, having been one of the most subtle of all the instruments employed by William in bringing about the revolution of 1688. He succeeded, however, in removing the unpleasant impression created by his former political conduct, by professing the most determined hostility against the Dutch sovereign, who, instead of paying the debt of gratitude with the rewards and honours to which he conceived that his extraordinary services entitled him, had neglected and slighted him, and performed none of his pledges with regard to Scotland. "I remember," says our authority,[1] "that my lord [Belhaven] said, 'that he had sent letters to the duke of Hamilton, and that he acted by his instructions, the duke having become the head of those who were faithful to the interests of their country; that he had himself been hated and ill treated by king William, and that he had now an aversion to the cause of a prince who had so greatly deceived the nation; that the yoke which bound Scotland to England,—for he could not call it a union,—had been the ruin of his country; that he, for one, was for setting up the claims of the prince of Wales in so decided a manner, as to compel the reigning king to acknowledge him; and that would keep him in check, and make him pay more attention to the interests of the ancient realm of his ancestors.' "

On the 2nd of February, 1702, his lordship had a private audience of the queen in her palace of St. Germains, to whom he repeated all he had said to the earl of Middleton of the favourable intentions of his party in behalf of her son. He

secretary of state for Scotland, there can be no doubt of the authenticity of this document, which must have been transmitted to Hedges by some traitor in the cabinet of Mary Beatrice, and afterwards intercepted on its way to the earl of Seafield, and brought back to St. Germains, whence it has finally found its way into the Bibliothèque du Roi.

[1] St. Germains MS. on lord Belhaven's Secret Mission; Bibliothèque du Roi.

told her, that "If the prince could be induced to embrace the Protestant religion, it would be easy to obtain his recall, even by the parliament, as the recognised successor of king William." He represented to her how desirable this would be; "for," said he, "England is so superior in force to Scotland, both by sea and land, that unless he had a strong party in England, he would not, as king of Scotland, be able to conquer England. The prince of Wales," continued he, "has not only a strong party in England, but a bond of alliance in France to support him in his claims."[1] Mary Beatrice was inexorable on the subject of religion. Even when lord Belhaven assured her, "that if her son would declare himself a Protestant, the duke of Hamilton and his party would proclaim him king of Scotland without waiting either for the death of William or the consent of the English parliament," her majesty, with uncompromising sincerity, replied, "that she would never be the means of persuading her son to barter his hopes of heaven for a crown; neither could she believe that any reliance could be placed by others on the promises of a prince who was willing to make such a sacrifice to his worldly interests." Lord Belhaven, after expressing his extreme regret at her stiffness on this important point, next proposed to her majesty, on the part of the duke of Hamilton and the confederate Scottish lords, "that if the prince adhered to his own religion, he should at least make a compact not to suffer more than a limited number of Romish priests in his kingdom, and engage to make no attempt to alter the established religion in either realm." This the queen freely promised for the prince her son; and then his lordship engaged, in the name of his party, that they would do all in their power to oppose the English parliament in the act of settlement regarding the Hanoverian succession.[2]

It is interesting to be able to unveil some of the secret feelings that had agitated the heart of the royal mother at this epoch. In a letter to her friend the abbess of Chaillot, dated February 1st, she says, "I am ashamed to tell you, that for several days past I have slept less, and wept more, than

[1] St. Germains MS., Bibliothèque du Roi. [2] St. Germains MS.

I have done for some time. I find myself utterly overwhelmed, without power to find consolation either in heaven or earth."[1] She goes on to speak of the publication of some of king James's letters, and of the funeral oration that had been made for him in the pope's chapel at Rome, where her kinsman, cardinal Barberini, chanted the mass, and the pope himself sang the *Libera*. "My health," continues she, "thanks to God, is wonderfully good, and I beg of him to give me grace to employ all his gifts for his sole service." In conclusion she says, and this has clearly reference to the propositions made to her by the confederate Scotch lords, through lord Belhaven,—

"I request some particular prayers, to obtain the enlightenment and blessing of God on the business which we have at present on the tapis, and, when it is put home to me, is likely to augment my troubles. This is to yourself alone."[2]

Lord Belhaven had several interviews with the queen, to whom he continued unavailingly to urge the desirableness of the prince conforming to the prevailing religion of the realm, over which she flattered herself he might one day reign. The queen declared, "that her son, young as he was, would rather die than give up his religion; but that neither he, nor the late king his father, or herself, entertained any designs to the prejudice of the church of England. All they desired was, toleration for those of their own way of thinking, which," she said, with some emotion, "she considered was only reasonable."[3] His lordship then communicated the earnest desire of the duke of Hamilton and his party "that she would send the prince to Scotland, in which case they were willing to raise his standard, and rally their followers. At present, his name was all that was known of him; but if he were once seen among them, he would be recognised as the representative of their ancient sovereigns, and the people would be ready to fight in his cause."[4] The maternity of Mary Beatrice was of too absorbing a nature to allow her to entertain this proposition. "Her son was a minor," she said, "and as his guardian, she stood responsible to the late king his father, and also

[1] Chaillot MSS. [2] Ibid. [3] MS. Bibliothèque du Roi.
[4] State-Papers in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

to the people of England, who would, she doubted not, one day recall him to the throne of his forefathers; but, in the interim, she would not consent to his incurring so great a peril on her own responsibility." She had been persuaded, that it was the intention of the party who had placed the prince of Orange on the throne to assassinate her boy at the time she fled with him from England thirteen years before, and this idea returned so forcibly to her mind on the present occasion, that she could not conceal her uneasiness when the proposition was made to her; and thus an opportunity that seemed to promise much was lost, for she preferred the personal safety of her son to the advancement of his interests.

Mary Beatrice gave much of her confidence at this period to lord Caryl, who had been her secretary when duchess of York, had followed her into exile, and sacrificed all his property in England for the sake of his principles. She had induced king James to advance him to the post of secretary of state, being well persuaded of his fidelity. He was a person of a very elegant mind, and had been the friend and earliest patron of Pope. It was to the suggestions of Caryl that Pope was indebted for the idea of the unique and graceful poem of the Rape of the Lock. He was also the friend and assistant of Dryden. His talents as a statesman were not equal to the difficulties of his position at the court of St. Germains, where he was crossed by the intrigues and jealousies of weak, violent, and wrong-headed rivals. The queen esteemed and trusted him, and that was sufficient to entail upon him the envy and ill-will of the rest of the cabinet, who ascribed all the miscarriages of the Jacobite cause to his influence. It is strange, that among persons who had sacrificed every thing for their principles so much disunion should exist, especially in a court without an exchequer, where all service was performed *con amore*.

Lord Middleton professed to be a Protestant, but in his hours of relaxation declared that he believed in no religion. After the death of his royal master, he fell into disgrace with the queen. He regained her confidence in the following manner: He had been ill some time, or affected to be so.

One morning, in great agitation, he demanded audience of the queen at St. Germains, and when she granted it, he told her "that by a miracle his health was perfectly restored; for he had seen a vision of his lost master, king James, in the night, who told him he would recover; but that he owed his health to his prayers, and that he must become a Catholic." Middleton concluded this scene by declaring his conversion.[1] This was attacking the poor widow of James on the weak point of her character; she burst into tears of joy, and received Middleton into her confidence. He abjured the Protestant faith, took the Catholic sacraments immediately, and soon after ruled all at St. Germains. The news of this conversion was communicated by Mary Beatrice to her friend Angelique Priolo in terms which, though they may elicit a smile from persons of a calmer and more reflective turn of mind, were perfectly consistent with the enthusiastic temperament of her own:—

"I defer not a moment, my dear mother, to send you the good news of the conversion of milord Middleton, which I have known for several days, but it was not in my power till yesterday to declare that to you which has given me such great pleasure; the only one, in truth, of which I have been sensible since the death of our sainted king, to whose intercession I cannot but attribute this miracle,—the greatest, in my opinion, that we have seen in our day. Entreat our mother [the abbess of Chaillot] and all our sisters, from me, to assist me in returning thanks to God, and in praying to him for a continuance of his grace and his mercies, which are admirable and infinite. I will tell you the particulars of this when we meet, but at present you must be content with learning that he left us at seven o'clock yesterday morning to go to Paris, to put himself into the hands of the superior of the English seminary there (who is a holy man) for some weeks. I am about to send this news to madame de Maintenon, but I hope to see her to-morrow, or the day after, at St. Cyr. Let us confess that God is good, my dear mother, and that he is true; that his mercies are above all and through all his works, and that he ought to be blessed for ever. Amen."[2]

At the time of king James's death, Mary Beatrice was in arrears to the convent of Chaillot a large sum for the annual rent of the apartments occasionally occupied by herself, her ladies, and their attendants. The money that she would fain have appropriated to the liquidation of this debt by instalments, was constantly wrung from her by the craving misery of the starving families of those devoted friends who had given up every thing for the sake of their old master, king

[1] St. Simon, vol. vi. 124, et seq. [2] Chaillot MSS.

James; and she knew that their necessities were more imperative than the claims of the compassionate nuns, who were willing to wait her convenience. Sometimes she was able to gratify them with gifts from the poor remnants of her former splendour for the decoration of their church. Their gratitude, on one of these occasions, when they addressed a letter of thanks to her, signed by the superior and all the sisterhood, appeared to her sensitive delicacy so much more than was her due, that she addressed the following affectionate letter of reproof to her beloved friend Angelique Priolo on this subject. It is, like too many of hers, without date:—

"Is it possible, my dear mother, that all your good sense, and the friendship you bear me, should not have led you to prevent all the thanks from our mother and the rest of the community for so trifling a thing, and have spared me this shame? I expected that of you; instead of which you have seriously put your name among the others, to augment my confusion. You know my heart, my dear mother, and the desire I have to do much for you and others, to whom I owe much, and the pain I feel at doing so little. In truth, my poverty is never more keenly felt by me than when I think of Chaillot, and if I ever become rich, assuredly you would all be the first to feel it."

Her majesty laments that it will be a month before she can see her friend again.

"In the mean time," she says, "I send my children to you. It is my daughter who will give you this letter: say something to her for her good, and give her some instruction. Ah! how happy I should esteem myself if I could put her into the hands of a person who had all your good qualities. Beg of God to inspire me with what I ought to do for the benefit of this dear daughter."[1]

[1] Autograph. letters of the queen of James II.; Chaillot MSS.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IX.

Queen Mary Beatrice—Deceptive hopes for her son—Fuller's libels on her republished—Censured by parliament—Bill of attainder against her son—Attempts of the lords to attaint Mary Beatrice—Resisted by the commons—Her pathetic letters—Abjuration of the young prince—Death of king William—Accession of queen Anne—Dangerous illness of Mary Beatrice—Her letters—Her poverty—Alarming progress of organic malady—Her patience—Her timorous policy—Maternal weakness—Her devotion to king James's memory—Pretended miracles—Queen cajoled by lord Lovat—Sells her jewels to equip troops—Distrusts lord Middleton—Her sufferings—Consults a cancer doctress—Her letter—She prints a life of king James—Sickness of her son—Deaths in her household—Duke of Berwick's opinion of the queen—Her kindness to him—Respect paid to her by Louis XIV.—Sickness of her son—His recovery—Early promise of the princess—Grand ball at Marli—Respect paid to the royal exiles—Return of the queen's malady—Dangerous symptoms—Her letters—Secret correspondence with Marlborough and Godolphin—The prince attains his majority—Life at St. Germains—Merry pilgrims—Royal haymakers—Carnival at St. Germains.

It would not have been difficult for a mind so deeply impressed with the vanity of earthly greatness as that of Mary Beatrice, to have resigned itself to the all-wise decrees of "Him by whom kings do reign," if the fact could have been made apparent to her, that the sceptre had passed from the royal house of Stuart for ever. But, in common with those who perilled their lives and fortunes in the cause of her son, she beheld it in a different light from that in which the calm moralist reviews the struggle, after time has unveiled all mysteries, and turned the dark page of a doubtful future into the records of the irrevocable past. The devoted partisans of legitimacy, by whom Mary Beatrice was surrounded at St. Germains, persuaded her that a peaceful restoration of their

exiled prince was at hand; they fancied they recognised the retributive justice of Heaven in the remarkable manner in which his rivals had been swept from the scene. The fact was no less strange than true, that in consequence of the premature death of the childless Mary, the utter bereavement of the princess Anne, and the inevitable failure of the Nassau-Stuart line with William III., the son of James II. had become the presumptive heir of those on whom parliament had, in the year 1689, settled the regal succession. The events of a few months, of a week, a day—nay, the popular caprice of an hour, might summon him to ascend the throne of his ancestors.

Who can wonder if the heart of the widowed queen occasionally thrilled with maternal pride when she looked on her two fair scions, in the fresh-budding spring of life and promise, and thought of the sere and barren stems that intervened between them and a regal inheritance? The nearest Protestant to Anne in the line of succession, Sophia electress of Hanover, had, with a magnanimity rarely to be met with where a crown is in perspective, declared herself reluctant to benefit by the misfortunes of her royal kindred, generously expressing a desire that the nation would take into consideration "the unhappy case of *le pauvre prince de Galles*," as she styled the son of James II.; "that he might rather be thought of than her family, since he had learned and suffered so much by his father's errors that he would certainly avoid them all, and make a good king of England."[1] Sophia had, it is true, acceded to the flattering wish of parliament that the Protestant succession should be settled on her and her family; but her scruples, and the avowed reluctance of her son, prince George, to quit his beloved Hanover to reside in England, inspired Mary Beatrice with a sanguine hope that little contest was to be apprehended from that quarter. The sentiments expressed by the electress regarding her youthful cousin,

[1] Letter of the electress Sophia of Hanover to Mr. Stepney, envoy to the court of Brandenburgh, quoted in one of speaker Onslow's marginal notes to Burnet's History of his Own Times, octavo edition, vol. iv. pp. 489–491, from the original letter in the collection of lord Hardwicke, generally called "the electress Sophia's Jacobite letter."

were frequently heard in England at the commencement of the last century, not only from the lips of those with whom attachment to hereditary monarchy was almost an article of faith, but from many who dreaded the horrors of civil war. Sympathy for the calamities of royalty has always been a characteristic of the English, and there was a romantic interest attached to the situation of the widow and orphans of James II. which appealed so powerfully to the sensibilities of kind and generous hearts, that the Anglo-Dutch cabinet resorted once more to calumny and forgery for the purpose of counteracting the revulsion of popular feeling, which was far more to be dreaded than the intervention of France. Scarcely had James II. been dead a month, when the notorious William Fuller[1] publicly presented to the lords justices, the lord mayor, and several ministers of state a book, entitled—

"A full demonstration that the pretended prince of Wales was the son of Mrs. Mary Gray, undeniably proved by original letters of the late queen and others, and by depositions of several persons of worth and honour, never before published; and a particular account of the murther of Mrs. Mary Gray at Paris. Humbly recommended to the consideration of both houses of Parliament. By William Fuller, gent."[2]

William Fuller had, for many years, earned a base living, by devoting both tongue and pen to the fabrication of falsehood for political purposes. He was a kindred spirit with Oates, Bedloe, and Speke, and was employed by persons of similar principles to those who had paid and encouraged them. The book which peers, magistrates, and ministers of state were found capable of receiving, was the reprint of a libel on the exiled queen, Mary Beatrice, and her unfortunate son, the malignity of which was only equalled by its absurdity, being a new and very marvellous version of the old tale of her imposing a spurious child on the nation, who, instead of being the child of "*de brick-bat woman,*" as before assumed, was, he now pretended, the son of the earl of Tyrconnel by a handsome gentlewoman called Mrs. Mary Gray, whom lady Tyrconnel was so obliging as to take the trouble of *chaperon-*

[1] London Post; October 17th, 1701.

[2] Sold by A. Baldwin, at the Oxford Arms, in Warwick-lane.

ing from Dublin to St. James's-palace, where she was secretly brought to bed of the pretended prince of Wales;" adding, "that the said Mrs. Mary Gray was conducted to France, and there murdered by the command of Louis XIV., with the consent of her majesty, during the absence of king James in Ireland." In support of this romance he subjoined various forged letters, especially one in the name of the exiled queen, which he introduces with the following preamble: "I shall first set down the true copy of a letter writ by the late queen to king James in Ireland, taken from Mr. Crane when he was apprehended for high treason at the Ship tavern in Gracechurch-street, on the 5th of March, 1690; and being writ obscurely, I had the honour to make the writing apparently appear to his present majesty, his royal consort, and several noble lords then present in the king's closet at Kensington, by the steam of compound sulphur, &c., which secret was imparted to me by the late queen at St. Germains, in order to my conveying the same to her majesty's chief correspondents in England."

The only assertion in this monstrous tissue of absurdity worth inquiring into is, whether William and Mary actually committed themselves, by personally countenancing the barefaced trick of affecting to steam an autograph confession of imposition and murder out of "an obscurely written paper," for the purpose of vilifying the innocent consort of the uncle and father whom they had driven from a throne. The most revolting libel in the book is contained in the statement, that a daughter and a nephew could outrage common decency by acting openly as accomplices of the shameless slanderer. The indignation of the commons was excited against the originator of so foul a charge, and the house finally proceeded to declare—

"That the said Fuller was a notorious impostor, a cheat, and a false accuser, having scandalized their majesties and the government, abused the house, and falsely accused several persons of honour and quality; for all which offences they voted an address to his majesty, to command his attorney-general to prosecute him."[1]

[1] Journals of the House of Commons, 24th of February, fourth year of William and Mary, vol. x. p. 693; British Museum.

This was done accordingly, and he underwent the disgrace of the pillory, which, to one so insensible of shame, was no punishment.[1]

Those who are familiar with the journals of parliament and other documentary sources of information, are aware that Fuller was constantly employed as an official spy and informer by William III. or his secretaries of state; that he suffered the punishment of the pillory several times for perjury in his base vocation, and continually returned to the charge with the pertinacity of a venomous insect. The accusation of correspondence with the exiled queen was constantly preferred by him against persons obnoxious to the existing government. Not long before king James's death, he denounced at the bar of the commons several members of that house as confederate with other gentlemen in a plot for restoring that prince, in pursuance of which treasonable design they had, he affirmed, "sent letters to the late queen Mary [Beatrice] in a mutton-bone." As he could bring no evidence of this charge, the commons, out of all patience, voted him "a common nuisance."[2] Fuller, strong in the protection of the existing government, regarded the censure of the representatives of the people as little as he did the law of God against false witness, and republished the libel against Mary Beatrice in 1701, for which he had nine years before been branded with the strongest terms of condemnation a British parliament could express, and suffered the disgraceful punishment of the pillory. It was obvious that he had been suborned to revive his cruel calumnies against the exiled queen in the first month of her widowhood, in order to rob her of the sympathy of her former subjects in her present heavy affliction, in preparation for the blow which the magnanimous nephew and son-in-law of her late consort was about to aim against her and her son at the opening of parliament.

William III. was at Loo at the time of his unfortunate uncle's death. He was sitting at table with the duke of Zell

[1] Ralph's Continuation, vol. ii. p. 327.

[2] See Parliamentary Journals, Smollett's History of England, and Parliamentary History.

and the electoral prince of Hanover, dining in the presence of his Dutch and English officers, when it was announced to him that this long-expected event had taken place. William received the news in silence, uttering no word in comment; but it was observed that he blushed, and drew his hat down over his face, being unable to keep his countenance.[1] The nature of his secret communing with his own dark spirit, no one presumed to fathom. He returned to England, put himself, his servants, and equipages into mourning for king James, summoned his parliament, and caused a bill to be brought into the house of commons for attainting the orphan son of that uncle, for whom he and his household had assumed the mockery of woe. "This bill could not be opposed," says Burnet, "much less stopped; yet many showed a coldness in it, and were absent on the days on which it was ordered to be read." The boy was but thirteen, yet our amiable prelate's censure on the coldness which many members of the English senate showed in such a proceeding, is not on account of their want of moral courage in allowing the bill to pass by absenting themselves, instead of throwing it out, but because they did not unite in the iniquity of subjecting the young prince to the penalty of being executed without a trial, or any other ceremony than a privy-seal warrant, in the event of his falling into the hands of the reigning sovereign. This was not enough to satisfy king William and his cabinet; their next step was an attempt to subject the widowed queen, his mother, to the same pains and penalties. "It," pursues Burnet, in allusion to the bill for attainting the son of James II., "was sent up to the lords; and it passed in that house, with an addition of an attainder of the queen, who acted as queen-regent for him. This was much opposed, for no evidence could be brought to prove that allegation; yet the thing was so notorious that it passed, and was sent down again to the commons. It was objected to there as not regular, since but one precedent, in king Henry VIII.'s time, was brought for it." The right reverend historian ventures not to expose his party, by mentioning the

[1] St. Simon. Dangeau.

precedent which they had shamed not to rake up from among the iniquities of Henry VIII.'s slavish parliaments, as a warrant for a procedure which casts an indelible stain on William III. and his cabinet, the precedent being no other than that of the unfortunate marquess of Exeter, whom the murderous facilities of a bill of attainder enabled the jealous Tudor tyrant to bring to the scaffold in the year 1540, without the ceremony of a trial.[1]

This illegal attempt on the part of William's house of lords to introduce the name of the royal widow, *par parenthèse*, into the bill for attainting her son by the insulting designations of "the pretended prince of Wales, and Mary his pretended mother,"[2] is an instance of gratuitous baseness, unparalleled even in the annals of that reign in which they sought for a precedent. The attainder of Margaret of Anjou, and her infant son Edward prince of Wales, by the victorious Yorkists in 1461, was a case somewhat in point, as regarded the position of the exiled queen and the irresponsible age of the prince; but it has always been regarded as one of the revolting barbarisms of the darkest epoch of our history. It took place, moreover, during the excitement of the most ferocious civil wars that had ever raged in England, and was voted by steel-clad barons fresh from the slaughter of a fiercely contested battle, where 40,000 men lay dead, among whom were fathers, sons, brothers, and faithful followers. Queen Margaret had introduced foreign troops into the kingdom, and had caused much blood to be spilt, not only in the field but on the scaffold. Mary Beatrice had done none of these things: she had shed tears, but not blood; she had led no hostile armies to the field to contest the throne with William for her son; her weapons were not those of carnal warfare. She had not so much as recriminated the railings of her foes, or expressed herself in anger of those who had driven her into exile, stripped her of her queenly title and appanages, and not only violated the faith of solemn treaties and unrepealed acts of parliament, by depriving her both of her income as a queen-consort, and her jointure as a queen-dowager

[1] Journals of the House of Lords. [2] Ibid., and Parliamentary History.

of Great Britain, but even robbed her of her private fortune, the solid eighty thousand pounds which she brought from her own country as her marriage portion,—conduct that appears disgraceful to the national honour, when it is remembered that she and her two young children were destitute, and depended on the precarious charity of a foreign prince for a home and the common necessaries of life, and that neither as duchess of York nor queen-consort of England, had she ever done any thing to forfeit the esteem of her former subjects. She had been chaste, prudent, economical, and charitable; a fond and faithful wife; a step-mother against whom no act of unkindness or injustice could be proved; loyal and patient as a subject, gracious and dignified as a queen, and scarcely less than angelic in adversity. Her religion was a matter between herself and her God, for she never interfered with the consciences of others. Superstitious in her own practice she might be, and probably was; but it is certain, that if her life and actions had not been irreproachable, her adversaries would not have been reduced to the base expedient of employing the slanders of a notorious criminal like Fuller, to blacken her with charges so monstrous and absurd that they defeated their own ends, by exciting the indignation of every generous mind against the wretch who had been found capable of devising those calumnies.

The commons, though well aware that Fuller acted but as the hireling tool of others, in thus ostentatiously calling public attention to the reprint of his condemned libel on the exiled queen, which they had pronounced "false and infamous," summoned him and the printers and publishers to the bar of their house to answer for the misdemeanour; and regardless of significant hints that he was employed by the secretaries of state, came to the resolution, *nemine contradicente*, "that Fuller, having taken no warning by the just censure received from the house of commons 24th February, 1691, and the punishment inflicted upon him by just sentence of law, has repeated his evil practices by several false accusations, in divers scandalous pamphlets, this house doth declare the said William Fuller to be a cheat, a false accuser, and incorrigible

rogue; and ordered, that Mr. attorney do prosecute him for his said offences."[1] In this vote the lords also concurred, yet they scrupled not, at the same time, to abet the creatures of the Dutch sovereign in their unconstitutional proceedings against the calumniated queen.

The commons had stoutly refused to pass the attainder of the widow of their old master as an additional clause to that of the unfortunate young prince her son, and it is to be regretted that no clerk or reporter was hardy enough to risk the loss of his ears by taking notes of the stormy debates which shook the house on a question so opposed to every principle of the English constitution as that of an illegal attempt of the kind against a royal lady, of whom no other crime had ever been alleged than the faithful performance of her duties towards a deposed consort and disinherited son,—duties from which no reverse of fortune could absolve a wife and mother, and least of all a queen. On the 1st of February, this desolate princess writes to her spiritual friend at Chaillot,—"I will try to lift up my heart, which is in truth much depressed, and well nigh broken. Pray for me near that dear heart which you have with you for the wants of mine, which are extreme."[2] In conclusion, she says, "The news from England is very strange. God must be entreated for them, since, literally, they know not what they do." The meekness of this comment on the vindictive proceedings of her foes appears the more touching, from the circumstance of its having been penned the very day before the bill for the separate attainder of the royal writer was read for the first time in the house of lords, February 12th, o.s. From a refinement of malice, she is designated in that instrument, "Mary *late wife* of the late king James."[3] The title of queen-dowager was, of course, denied her by the sovereign

[1] See Journals of both Lords and Commons, thirteenth year of William III.

[2] Inedited letter of the widow of James II. to Françoise Angelique Priolo, in the archives of France: Chaillot MSS.

[3] See Journals of the House of Commons. The perversions, reservations, and misrepresentations in the unfaithful account given by bishop Burnet of this transaction, have been too fully exposed by Ralph, and since by the acute continuator of Mackintosh, to require comment here.

who had appropriated her dower, and whose design it was to deprive her also of the reverence attached to royalty. The 'widow' of the late king James he dared not call her, for there was something touching in that description: it came too close to her sad case, and in six simple words told the story of her past greatness and her present calamities with irresistible pathos. They had attainted a boy of thirteen, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," and had been their queen; and they, the peers of England, were required to attaint her also, but not by her true description,—not as Mary the widow but as "Mary the *late wife* of the late king James,"[1] the violation of the English language in this subtle definition being less remarkable, considering that the measure originated with a Dutchman, than the profound observation of the susceptibilities of the human heart which it denotes, and the careful avoidance of the use of titles calculated to inspire reverence or compassion. The name of 'widow' contains in itself a powerful appeal to the sympathies of Christian men and gentlemen for pity and protection. The apostle has said, "Honour such widows as be widows indeed;" and such they all knew full well was the desolate and oppressed relict of their deposed sovereign. Noblemen there were in that house, as well as *peers*, some of whom remembered Mary Beatrice in her early charms and innocence, when she first appeared as the bride of their royal admiral; many had bowed the knee before her, a few years later, on the day of her consecration as their queen; when, if any one of them had been told that he would hereafter, to please a foreign master, unite in subjecting her to the pains and penalties of a bill of attainder, he would perhaps have replied in the words of Hazael, "Is then thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" The dangerous contingency of awakening chivalric feelings or compunctious recollections in the hearts of that assembly was avoided; the sacred names of queen and widow were denied.

The question was finally put, for the third time, on the 20th of February in the house of lords, "whether the bill

[1] Journals of the House of Lords.

for attainting Mary, late wife of the late king James, of high treason, should pass," and to the eternal disgrace of those peers who either supported it by their votes, or by absenting themselves from the house on that occasion allowed the iniquity to be perpetrated, it was carried in the affirmative. Twenty peers, however, among whom the name of Compton bishop of London is included, had the manliness to enter a protest against the vote as illegal, "because there was no proof of the allegations in the bill so much as offered, and that it might be a dangerous precedent."[1] The commons, when the bill was sent down to them, treated it with ineffable contempt: they did not so much as put it to the question, but throwing it under their table, consigned it to oblivion.[2] That such a bill could pass a British house of lords must be attributable to the absence of those noblemen who had followed the royal Stuarts into exile, the number of timorous peers over whom the terror of arrest and impeachment hung, and also to the fact that several foreigners had been naturalized and elevated to the peerage by king William, whose votes were at his command.

Mary Beatrice writes on the 25th of the same February, N. S. (while the question was still before the lords,) to the abbess of Chaillot, in increasing depression of mind:—

"The affairs of which I spoke in my last letter are not domestic affairs, which go on well enough at present, but matters of great importance. I hope they will be concluded next week. I ought to go to Marli on Thursday, but I hope to be free to come to you on Monday, to open my poor heart and rest my body. All those who are about me are convinced of my need of it. They all pity me greatly, and my son is the foremost to recommend me to take this little journey. I believe that our dear mother and sisters will be very glad of it, and that the beloved *concièrge* will prepare the apartment with pleasure."[3]

Among the Stuart papers in the hôtel de Soubise, there is one extremely touching: it is an agitated scrawl in the well-known autograph of the queen, in which she has translated the act of parliament passed under the influence of William III., attainting her son of high treason by the designation "of the pretended prince of Wales." It is endorsed thus, in

[1] Journals of the House of Lords.

[2] Parliamentary History. Ralph's History of England. Continuation of Mackintosh.

[3] Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

another hand:—"1702. *Quelles feuilles qui paraissent écriter de la main de la reine d'Angleterre, veufe de Jacques II., contenant copie de l'acte pour la conviction du crime de haute tranison du putativ prince de Galles, (le roi Jacques III.)*" The agony with which the widowed queen has translated this last injury of William against her child is apparent in the writing, which is crooked, hurried, and illegible. The attempt to subject herself to the same pains and penalties to which the young prince had been rendered liable, is unnoticed; it was the arrow that had been aimed at her son which pierced the heart of the fond mother. Proud and sensitive as Mary Beatrice was by nature, the insults and calumnies with which she had been assailed must have been keenly felt, but her personal wrongs are invariably passed over in silence. In one of her letters to her friend Angelique Priolo, without date, but evidently written at this agitating period, she says,—

"I have need of consolation, for I am overwhelmed with distress, and these fresh affairs are very disagreeable. Alas! they are never otherwise for me. Entreat of God, my dear mother, that he would grant me gifts and graces to bear them; but, above all, those of wisdom of council and of strength, whereof I am at present in such extreme want."[1]

After some allusion to the prospect of public affairs in France, which she considered favourable to the cause of her son, she gives the following particulars of her own state:—

"Another consolation is, that my health is as good as you could wish for me. Considering how deeply my malady is seated, it certainly does not increase; and if there be any change, it is rather an amendment. I eat well. I have slept better for the last fifteen days, although, assuredly, my heart is not tranquil; but God can do all. He turns and disposes us as he pleases. He mingles the good and ill according to his holy, and always just and adorable will, to which I would conform, in all and through all, and against the struggle of my own sinful inclination.

"We have been to Marli on the Feast of Kings, and the king [Louis XIV.] came here three days after. He is always full of kindness and friendship for us. .... Adieu, my dear mother, till Saturday, eight days hence, in the evening when I hope to embrace you, and to have more time to converse with you during this journey than I had in the last. My poor heart is oppressed and bursting, but not the less yours."[2]

It was the act of parliament enforcing an oath for the

[1] Autograph letter of the widowed queen of James II., in the archives of France; Chaillot MSS.

[2] Autograph letter, dated St. Germains; Chaillot MSS.

abjuration of the young prince, her son, that so greatly depressed and agitated the heart of Mary Beatrice. The measure was strongly opposed in the house of commons, and much diplomacy was practised there to throw the bill out by subtle amendments, in order to gain time; but the Jacobite party were out-manœuvred, and it passed the lords. The council ordered a special commission to be prepared for giving the royal assent to it without delay, the forms requiring it to be signed by the king, in the presence of the lord keeper and the clerks of the parliament. The awful thought, "*Je tire vers ma fin,*" occupied the mind of the expiring monarch before the deputation arrived at Kensington-palace, and it was many hours ere they could obtain admission into his presence. The pause was of no common interest; the fortunes of the two rival claimants of the crown hung on the event. Parliament remained sitting, and the Jacobite party, well aware that William was not in a state to be troubled with business, raised a cry for adjournment, hoping that the bill would be lost by the demise of the sovereign; but a message from the lords prevented their plan from being carried into effect. The deputation, meantime, entered the royal chamber, but William's nerveless hand being incapable of giving effect to the last office of hatred, which survived the corporeal powers of sinking nature, by signing the bill, the fac-simile stamp was affixed in his presence. This was the last regnal act of William's life, of which it might truly be said,—'the end crowns the work.' He expired the next day, March 8th, 1702, having survived his unfortunate uncle, James II., scarcely six months.

This event had been long expected and eagerly anticipated by the friends of the exiled royal family, as the epoch of a counter-revolution in favour of the son of James II. Burnet complains that the young prince had a strong party in England, who were eager to place him on the throne.[1] In Scotland, the dread of a popish sovereign had become secondary to the fear of seeing the ancient realm degraded into a province to England. The health of the representative of the royal

[1] History of his Own Times.

Stuarts had been publicly drunk by the title of James VIII., and that of Mary Beatrice as "the queen-mother;" Ireland only required a leader to rise and proclaim her son from one end of 'the green isle' to the other as James III.; yet Anne succeeded to the throne of the three realms on the death of William III. as peacefully as if there had been no such person in existence as a brother, whom a closely balanced moiety of her subjects considered their king *de jure*. That no effort was made in behalf of that prince by the Jacobite party, stimulated by the regent-court of St. Germains, and supported by his powerful allies, the kindred monarchs of France and Spain, has been regarded as an inexplicable mystery, but, like many other historical problems, may be explained by a little research. From the inedited Chaillot correspondence, it appears that Mary Beatrice, overwhelmed with the difficulties and perplexities of her position, and, above all, with the feverish excitement of the crisis, was attacked with a dangerous illness just before the death of William, which brought her to the verge of the grave, and completely incapacitated her from taking any part in the deliberations of her council on the momentous question of what ought to be done with regard to her son's claims to the crown of Great Britain. Her life depended on her being kept quiet, on account of the violent palpitations of the heart, and other alarming symptoms with which her illness was accompanied. Her cabinet, torn with conflicting jealousies and passions, could agree on nothing, so of course nothing was done; and before she was in a state to decide between the opposing counsels of the rival ministers, Middleton and Perth, her step-daughter Anne was peacefully settled on the throne, and the hopes of royalty were for ever lost to her son and his descendants. The convalescence of Mary Beatrice was tedious, and her recovery was impeded by the fasts and other austerities which she practised, till her spiritual director, father Ruga, was compelled to interfere, as we find by a letter from that ecclesiastic to madame Priolo, dated March 15th; in which he says, "that he has given the ladies Strickland and Molza to understand the opinions of her majesty's physicians and surgeons on this

subject, and that he shall do every thing in his power for the preservation of a health so precious. However," continues he, "the queen has desisted from the mortification of her body in obedience to those counsels, and is following the orders of her physicians and my directions. She has begun to go out for a walk after dinner, and they have taken measures for preventing the importunities of her officers about audiences."[1]

Almost the first use the royal invalid made of her pen, was to write a brief note, dated April 13, to her friend Angelique Priolo, which bears evident traces of her inability for application to public business; but, as usual, she appears more troubled at the sufferings of others than her own. In a letter of a later date she writes more at length, and enters into some few particulars of her illness. From one allusion, it appears that her ecclesiastics had been amusing her with an account of the miracles said to have been wrought through the intercession of her deceased consort,—accounts that were at first very cautiously received by Mary Beatrice. It is, on the whole, a very curious letter:—

"At St. Germains, this 2nd of May.

"At length, my dear mother, I find a moment of time and enough health to write to you. It is certain that I have had a very bad cold for some days past. The nights of Friday and Saturday were so bad, I having passed them almost entirely in coughing and with palpitations of the heart, that the doctors at last resolved to bleed me, of which they have no reason to repent, for I am now quite well, not having had any more of the cough, and the palpitations of the heart have been much less; but this last night has been the best, and I can say the only entirely good one that I have had for eight months.

"But enough of my poor body. As for my heart, it is in the same state as it was when I left you, never better but often worse, according to the things which happen in the day. These are always wearisome to me, and very disagreeable. I have had, however, the day before yesterday, the pleasure of seeing the king [Louis XIV.] for an hour and a half, and yesterday madame de M—— was here nearly two and a half. But in truth their affairs are not pleasant, and they have throughout a bad aspect; but God can change all that in one moment when it shall please him, and he will do it if it be for his glory and for our good. It is this only that should be asked of him, without wishing for any thing else.

"I am impatient to see the brother of the curé of St. Poursain. I hope that you will send him to me soon. I have seen about the conversion of souls, which is a greater miracle than the healing of bodies, attributed to the intercession of our holy king, and which gave me pleasure, although I am not so sensible of it as I could wish. Alas! I know not of what I am made; the only sensibility

[1] Inedited letters in the archives of France.

that remains in me is for pain. But I am obliged to you, my ever dear mother, for the holy jealousy you have of my love to God. Beseech him to renew it in this poor heart, which, after all, is devoid of rest when it is not occupied with him."[1]

The royal widow of England goes on to speak of a subject of distressing import to her,—poverty: "I am ashamed," she says, "of not having sent you all the money I owe you. I will do it the first opportunity. I dare not tell you the state I am in for want of money; it would give you too much pain." It seems, however, as if a present to the convent was to be extracted out of the narrow finances of the royal devotee at this most inconvenient season,—a present for which the abbess was to advance the purchase-money on her own account. "Let the veil of the chalice, and all the other necessary things, be provided," continues her majesty, "for it must be done, and in a few days you will be paid. Adieu, my dear mother; in three weeks you shall see us, if it should please God that my poor children be well."[2] The holy ladies of Chaillot had sent an offering from their garden to the queen, for she says, in her postscript, "the salad was admirable, and the flowers very beautiful. I hope that the king, my son, and my daughter will thank you for them by lady Almonde; but I always do so, both for them and me. I am sorry," she adds, "that your nephew has not got any thing. He must humble himself, and not attach himself to things of this earth, for all fail."

It was about this period that the dreadful malady which had appeared a few months before king James's death, began to assume a painful and alarming form. When her majesty consulted the celebrated Fagon on her case, and entreated him to tell her the truth, without reserve, he frankly acknowledged that the cancer was incurable; but assured her, at the same time, that her existence might be prolonged for many years, if she would submit to a series of painful operations, and adhere strictly to the regimen he would prescribe. She replied, "that life was too wearisome to her to be worth the trouble of preserving on such terms;" but repenting of her passionate exclamation as an act of sinful impatience, she

[1] Autograph letters of Mary Beatrice; Chaillot collection. [2] Ibid.

added, "that she would endeavour to conform herself to the will of God, and was willing to do every thing her physicians required of her." She gives some account of her progress towards convalescence in a letter to her friend Angelique Priolo, which concludes with these words,—

"The king my son has continued well since my sickness: God never sends all my crosses at the same time. I hope that God of his grace will give me strength to go to Chaillot about the 11th or 12th of next month. My journey to Fontainebleau is not yet certain, nor can it be for the present. My daughter trembles with fear lest I should not go. I went the other day to Marli; the coach did not increase my indisposition, God be thanked."[1]

Unfit as poor Mary Beatrice was for the excitement and fatigue of business at that period, she was compelled to rouse herself from the languid repose in which her bodily sufferings had compelled her to indulge, in order to decide on a question of painful import to her. Simon Fraser, generally styled lord Lovat,[2] had immediately on the death of king William proclaimed the exiled representative of the house of Stuart king of Scotland, in his own county of Inverness; and soon after, presented himself at the court of St. Germains, for the purpose of persuading the queen-mother, as Mary Beatrice was there entitled, to allow the young prince to follow up this daring act in his favour, by making his appearance among his faithful friends in Scotland, engaging, at the same time, to raise an army of 12,000 men in the highlands, provided the king of France would assist them with arms and money, and land 5000 men at Dundee, and 500 at Fort William. Mary Beatrice, enfeebled by her long illness, depressed by the disappointment of the vain hope she had cherished that her step-daughter Anne would not presume to ascend the throne of Great Britain after her oft-repeated penitential professions to her unfortunate father, and in defiance of his deathbed injunctions, listened doubtfully to the project. Her two favourite ministers, Caryl and Middleton, had united in persuading her that it was only through the medium of treaties and amicable conventions that her son could be established as

[1] Chaillot MSS. in the hôtel de Soubise.

[2] For the fullest particulars of this remarkable person, the reader is referred to his biography in that pleasing and valuable adjunct to the history of the royal Stuarts, "The Lives of the Jacobites," by Mrs. A. T. Thomson.

the reigning sovereign of Great Britain; that his cause would be injured by the introduction of French troops; and that there was reason to believe his sister Anne cherished favourable intentions towards him, which would be inevitably destroyed by attempts to disturb her government. On the other hand, the duke of Perth, who was the governor of the prince, and had been much beloved by the late king, endeavoured to stimulate the queen to a more energetic policy. He showed her a letter from the marquess of Drummond, his eldest son, assuring him that the principal lords of Scotland were ready to take up arms in favour of their hereditary sovereign, if he might only be permitted to appear among them,—nay, more, that a deputation from them was ready to make a voyage to France, to tender fealty in person to the young king.[1]

The marquess of Drummond, sir John Murray, and sir Robert Stuart, the head of the clan of Stuart, wrote also to the queen and to the French minister, the marquess of Torcy, by lord Lovat, in whom they entirely confided, to urge the same; assuring her that Scotland was ready to throw off the yoke of the queen of England, and to assert her independence as a separate kingdom under the sceptre of the representative of the royal house of Stuart. Ireland was eager to follow the same course, but it was necessary that he should appear among them, for it could not be expected that sacrifices should be made, and perils of life and limb incurred, for an invisible chief.[2] Middleton opposed their plans; he represented the doubtful integrity of Lovat, and the certain dangers to which the prince and his friends would be exposed, and that he had better await patiently, as queen Anne was childless, and though still in the meridian of life, her extreme corpulence and general infirmity of constitution rendered it improbable that she would occupy the throne long, and, as a matter of course, that the prince would, on her death, peacefully succeed to it. In the mean time he was too young to exercise the functions of regality in his own person, and would be better employed

[1] Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Inedited Memorial of the duke of Perth, in the Bibliothèque du Roi. [2] Ibid.

in finishing his education under the eye of his royal mother, than roaming about in a wild, unsettled country like Scotland with rude highland chiefs, from whom he might acquire habits of intemperance and ferocity, and be exposed to the perils of battle and siege, where, as a matter of necessity, he must conduct himself with the daring gallantry that would be expected from a royal knight-errant. Above all, there was the chance of his falling into the hands of the party that had persecuted him in his cradle, and even before he saw the light. Mary Beatrice was only too ready to yield to reasoning which was addressed to the fond weakness of maternal love and fear: the terrors of the act of attainder that hung over her boy were always present to her. She remembered the fate of another disinherited and rejected prince of Wales of disputed birth, "the gallant springing young Plantagenet," Edward of Lancaster, stabbed by ruthless hands in the presence of the victorious sovereign whose crown he had presumed to challenge as his right. There was also the unforgotten scaffold of the youthful Conradin of Suabia, the tearful theme of many a tale of poetry and romance in her native Italy, to appal the heart of the fond mother, and she obstinately and with impassioned emotion reiterated her refusal to allow her boy to incur any personal peril during his minority, and while he remained under her guardianship.[1]

Severely as the conduct of Mary Beatrice at this juncture has been censured in the Perth Memorials,[2] it must, at any rate, exonerate her from the calumnious imputation of having imposed a spurious heir on England, since, if she had been capable of the baseness imputed to her by Burnet, Fuller, Oldmixon, and their servile copyists, she would have used her political puppet in any way that appeared likely to tend to her own aggrandizement, without being deterred by inconvenient tenderness for an alien to her blood, especially as her young daughter would be the person benefited by his fall, if

[1] Posthumous Memorial of the duke of Perth, on the causes of the political errors of the court and regency of St. Germains during the minority of the son of James II.—Inedited MSS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

[2] Portfolio of inedited State-Papers in the Bibliothèque du Roi: St. Germains MSS.

he became a victim. With the prospect of a crown for her daughter, and the dignity and power of a queen-regent of Great Britain for herself, would such a woman, as she has been represented by the above writers, have hesitated to place a supposititious prince in the gap for the accomplishment of her selfish object? But the all-powerful instincts of nature were obeyed by Mary Beatrice in her anxious care for the preservation of the son of her bosom,—that unerring test whereby the wisest of men was enabled to discern the true mother of the child, from the impostor who only pretended to be so. The leaven of selfish ambition had no place in the heart of the fallen queen. She was ardently desirous of seeing her son called to the throne, and her portionless daughter recognised as princess-royal of Great Britain, presumptive heiress of the realm,—a station which the extraordinary beauty and fine qualities of the young Louisa promised to adorn. As for herself, she had felt the pains and penalties of royalty too severely to desire the responsibility of governing her former subjects in quality of queen-regent. The genuine simplicity of her character, and the warmth of her affections, are unaffectedly manifested in the following letter to her friend Angelique:—

"St. Germains, this 17th of July.

"I have but one moment, my dear mother, to tell you that I am very well, and my children also. I went to Marli on Thursday, and found M. de M—— [madame de Maintenon] ill enough, but, thank God, she finds herself at present much better.

"Lady Tyrconnel assures me that all the embroidery will be done for the beginning of September. I beg you not to spare my purse about it, for things of that kind should not be done at all unless they be well done; and for this, above all which regards the dear and holy king, I would give to my very chemise. I rejoice that our sick are cured, and that the ceremony of the new novice has been so well accomplished. I am hurried to the last moment. Adieu! I embrace you at the foot of the cross."

Superscribed—"To the mother Priolo."[1]

The embroidery mentioned by Mary Beatrice in this letter, and which she exhorts the abbess not to spare expense in having well executed, was for the decoration of the tribune in the conventual church of Chaillot, where the heart of her deceased consort, king James, was enshrined, and was to be

[1] From the original French; Chaillot MSS.

placed there at the anniversary of his death. That day was kept by Mary Beatrice as a strict fast to the end of her life, and it was commemorated by the *religieuses* of Chaillot with all the pompous solemnities of the Romish ritual. A vast number of persons, of whom the aged bishop of Autun was the foremost, asserted "that they had been cured of various maladies by touching the velvet pall that covered his coffin, and entreating the benefit of his prayers and intercessions." These superstitious notions were, doubtless, the result of highly excited imaginations, wrought upon by the enthusiastic reverence with which the memory of this unfortunate monarch was held in France. The grief of his faithful consort was beguiled by these marvellous legends, although she at first listened doubtfully, as if conscious of her own weak point, and dreading imposition; but the instances became numerous, and being attested by many ecclesiastics of her own church, she soon received them with due unction, and flattered herself that the time was not far distant when the name of the departed object of her undying love would be added to the catalogue of royal saints and confessors in the Romish calendar.

When Mary Beatrice entered upon the second year of her widowhood, she passed several days in meditation, prayer, and absolute seclusion from the world: during that period she neither received visitors, wrote letters, nor even transacted business, farther than works of absolute necessity.[1] On the 2nd of October, the day she came into public again, she and her son visited king James's nearest paternal relative and dearest friend, the abbess of Maubisson, the eldest daughter of the queen of Bohemia, for whom she cherished a spiritual friendship. She also held an especial conference with the celebrated father Masillon, the bishop of Autun, cardinal Noailles, and other dignitaries of the church of Rome, on matters which she appeared to consider of greater importance than affairs of state; namely, an inscription for the urn which contained the heart of her deceased lord, and the various tributes that had been paid to his memory in funeral sermons,

[1] Letter of lady Sophia Bulkeley to the abbess of Chaillot, in the archives of France.

orations, and circular-letters. She writes on these, to her interesting topics, a long letter to the ex-abbess of Chaillot. The following passage betrays the proneness of human affections to degenerate into idolatry:—

"With regard to the epitaph on the heart of our sainted king, I am of opinion that it ought not to be made so soon, since it is not permitted to expose that dear heart to the public to be venerated as a relic, which, however, it will be one day, if it please God, and I believe that it ought to be delayed till that time. M. d'Autun appears of the same opinion, and also M. le cardinal, who was with me yesterday two hours on my coming out of my retreat, which has decided me entirely on that point, by saying it ought not to be done at present. Meantime, they are going to make that [an epitaph] for our parish here, which I forgot to tell him [the cardinal] yesterday, or rather, I should say, to remind him of it, for he knows it very well."

The literary reader will perhaps be amused to find her majesty, in the next place, entering so far into the technicalities of publishing, as to discuss new editions, printers, and the business of the press with sister Françoise Angelique Priolo, who appears to have been the fair chronicler of the convent of Chaillot, to whose reminiscences of the royal widow her biographer is so much indebted. The well-known obituary of James II., published in the circular-letter of Chaillot, seems to have emanated from the same friendly pen, for Mary Beatrice says,—

"About the new edition of the circular-letter, I pray you to tell our mother (who is willing, I believe, that this letter should serve for her as well as you) that it is true I told M. d'Autun that we would talk it over together at the end of the month, not thinking that you were obliged to go to press before then. M. le cardinal told me yesterday, that unless I wished for the impression myself, he saw no immediate reason for the reprint; but if you are pressed for it, or if you apprehend the printer will be otherwise engaged, I have nothing to say against the first part; but you must see that they omit all that regards me,—that is to say, that they content themselves with naming my name, and mentioning that I was among you for three days. As to the rest, I confess that I am not of opinion that they ought to add any thing new to the letter, at least not before the abridged copies that I had printed are all gone; and M. d'Autun and M. le cardinal are of the same mind. But, really, I cannot imagine that there can be any such hurry about it as to prevent us from waiting till we shall have discussed the matter together, for I intend, if it please God, to come to Chaillot on the 23rd till the 27th, and then, perhaps, my reasons will convert you to my opinion, or yours may make me change it, for it seems to me, in general, that we are much of the same mind.

"I thank our mother and all our sisters with my whole heart, and you especially, my beloved mother, for what you did at the anniversary of my sainted king. All those who were present considered that every thing was admirably performed, and with much solemnity, which gave me great pleasure; for if there remain in me any sensibility for that, it is only in those things connected with the memory

of the dear king. I have read with pleasure, although not without tears, his funeral oration, which I consider very fine, and I have begged the abbé Roguette to have it printed. I entreat our mother to send the bills of all the expenses, without forgetting the smallest any more than the largest. I will endeavour to pay them immediately, or at least a good part of them; and after that is done, I shall still owe you much, for the heartfelt affection with which you have done all is beyond payment, and will hold me indebted to you for the rest of my life. Madame de Maintenon has been very ill since she came to Fontainebleau: last Thursday the fever left her, and for four days she was much better. She went out on Sunday, was at mass, and they considered her recovered, but on Monday the fever attacked her again. I await tidings of her to-day with impatience, having sent an express yesterday to make inquiries. M. d'Autun was charged to request père Masillon, from me, for his sermon on St. Francis de Sales. I hope he will not have forgotten it.

"On reading over my letter, I find it so ill written in all respects, that I know not whether you will be able to comprehend any thing. Did I not force myself to write, I believe I should forget how to do it entirely. I am ashamed; but with you, my dear mother, who know my heart, there is less need of words."[1]

The royal widow was roused from her dreams of spiritual communion with her departed lord, by the turmoils and perplexities which awaited her in the affairs of her nominal regency. In the autumn of 1702, the subtle adventurer, Simon lord Lovat, presented himself once more at St. Germains, bringing with him letters from two faithful adherents of the house of Stuart, the earl of Errol and the earl-mareschal of Scotland, lord Keith. Aware that he had been an object of distrust to Mary Beatrice, he sought to win her confidence and favour by professing to have become a convert to the doctrines of the church of Rome. He had succeeded in persuading, not only the duke of Perth, but the pope's nuncio of his sincerity, and he was presented by that ecclesiastic to her majesty as a perfectly regenerate character, who was willing to atone for all past errors by his efforts for the establishment of her son as king of Scotland, as the preparatory step for placing him on the throne of Great Britain. Simple and truthful herself, Mary Beatrice suspected not that motives of a base and treacherous nature could have led him to a change of creed so greatly opposed, at that time, to all worldly interests. She was willing to believe that all his professions of zeal for the church and devotion to the cause of her son were sincere. His specious eloquence was employed to persuade her that Scotland was ready to declare her son king, and to maintain

[1] Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice; Chaillot collection.

him as such against the power of his sister Anne; but they wanted money, and for the present secrecy would be requisite.[1] The latter was a quality in which the regency court of St. Germains was notoriously deficient, as the devoted partisans of the Stuart cause had found too often to their cost. The fact that no secret could be kept at St. Germains, had past into a warning proverb with the great nobles of Scotland, and served to deter several of those who were desirous of the restoration of the old royal line from taking steps for compassing this object.[2]

Although Mary Beatrice was in the habit of disclosing her cares, whether spiritual, personal, or political, to her friends at Chaillot, she relied so implicitly on the supposed impossibility of the confidence that was reposed in such a quarter ever finding its way to the rival court at St. James's, that she suffered her mind to be imbued with suspicions that the earl of Middleton was not trustworthy. Lovat assured her, that the success of the confederacy of his friends in the highlands depended entirely on her keeping it secret from him. Thus she was cajoled into the folly of deceiving her ostensible adviser, the man who stood responsible for her political conduct; and she stripped herself of the last poor remnant of property she possessed in the world, by sending the residue of her jewels to Paris to be sold for 20,000 crowns,—the sum demanded by Lovat for the equipment of the highlanders, whom he had engaged to raise for the restoration of her son. Lovat also insinuated suspicions, that the most powerful partisan of her family in Scotland, the earl of Arran, afterwards duke of Hamilton, intended to revive the ancient claims of his family to the crown of that realm, and thus probably traversed the secret overtures for a future marriage between the heir of that house and the young princess Louisa. Nothing alarmed the widowed queen so much as the possibility of her daughter ever being set up by any party whatsoever as a rival of her son.

The ruin that might have ensued to the Jacobite nobles and gentry from the rash confidence placed by Mary Bea-

[1] Macpherson's State-Papers. [2] Ibid., from Nairne's MSS.

trice in Lovat, was averted by the sagacity of Louis XIV.'s minister, Torcy, who gave the earl of Middleton timely warning of the intrigue. Middleton, though deeply piqued at the want of confidence shown by his royal mistress, was too faithful a servant to allow her to fall into the snares of the unprincipled adventurer. He gravely discussed the matter with her, complained of being a useless tool himself, but besought her not to send Lovat to Scotland without being accompanied by some person of known and tried integrity, to keep watch on him, and report his proceedings to her and her council of regency. Torcy made the same demand in the name of the king his master. Captain John Murray, brother to sir David Murray of Stanhope, was entrusted with this office, and arrived with Lovat in the north of England early in the summer of 1703.[1] Under the fond idea of exciting greater interest in his cause, Mary Beatrice indulged her maternal pride by sending, from time to time, miniatures of her son to the most influential of his adherents in Scotland. A very fine series of these historical relics are in the possession of sir Peter Murray Threipland, bart., of Fingask-castle, Perthshire, having been preserved through every peril, and proudly transmitted from father to son as precious heirlooms, by that distinguished Jacobite family. Portraits of the disinherited representative of the ancient royal line of Stuart were contraband possessions in the early part of the eighteenth century, and many of the noble families who treasured them in secret, resorted to an ingenious device at festive meetings, by presenting in a magic mirror the features of "the bonnie young king over the water" (as they called the son of Mary Beatrice) to the astonished eyes of those whom they were canvassing in his behalf.[2]

[1] Stuart Papers. Macpherson's History of England. Life of Lord Lovat.

[2] The effect, which was exhibited to me during my delightful visit at Fingask-castle, where the apparatus is preserved, is produced by placing a cylindrical mirror, in the form of a column, on the table; before it is laid a small square board, which, to the uninitiated, appears nothing more than a house-painter's palette, covered with a chance-medley chaos of curves and splashes of different colours, but which is in reality a finely executed likeness of the Chevalier reversed on scientific principles, so that the proportions are restored to their right perspective by the cylindrical form of the mirror, wherein a fac-simile reflection

The exiled queen, in the midst of the cares and perplexities with which she found herself beset as the guardian of a prince so unfortunately situated as her son, was struggling with the pangs and apprehensions excited by the progress of her terrible malady. In one of her letters to the abbess of Chaillot, dated St. Germains, this 2nd of September, she gives the following account of herself:—

"I continued in the same languishing state in which I was at Chaillot three or four days after I left you, and since that, on my return here, I had my breast lanced many times for several days; after this was over, the pain ceased, as well as the languor, and I am much better. I took, the day before yesterday, a little bath, which I shall repeat, more or less, for I have already bathed fifteen times.

"Beaulieu will see you to-morrow or Tuesday, and he will give you an account of what Mareschal said after he had seen me. He goes to Paris to see that woman of whom you know, and those who are in her hands, who are better. They will bring her others on whom to try this remedy. Mareschal has assured me that there are not any of them whose case is near so bad as mine. In the mean time, I avow to you that I am not without apprehension, and that I have great need of prayer; for we must begin and finish with that. I request of our dear mother and sisters to unite with me in this, having no necessity to explain to them my wants, which they know of old."

Mary Beatrice goes on to explain the object which she hoped to obtain, by means far less likely to be pleasing to the Almighty than the holy and humble spirit of pious resignation which she expresses. Her "sainted king," as she fondly calls her departed lord, "is to be invoked; to the end," continues she,—

"That he may entreat for me of God an entire resignation to His holy will, like what he had himself when on earth, and that I may feel a holy indifference as to the cure or augmentation of my malady; and that the Lord would inspire the physicians and surgeons, in their treatment of me, to do whatever may conduce most to his glory and the good of my soul, in healing me if by that means I am still able to serve him better, and to be useful to my children, or else to give me the patience and fortitude necessary to suffer the greatest torments if it should be more agreeable to him."[1]

"It is two years to-day," continues the royal widow, and this remark proves that her letter was written in the year 1703,

of a beautiful portrait of that prince in his fifteenth year, wearing a Scotch cap with the white-rose badge of Stuart, a tartan scarf, and the star and riband of the Garter, rises. This pretty historical device unveils the secret of the conjuration, whereby the artful fortune-teller occasionally deludes some simple heiress into an unsuitable marriage, by showing her in a magic mirror the face of her destined husband

[1] Autograph letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Chaillot collection, hôtel de Soubise.

"since the king [James] fell ill on the day of St. Stephen, king of Hungary." She sends kind messages to several of the ladies of Chaillot, and especially to sister M. Gabrielle, "in whose grief," she says, "I sympathize with all my heart, for I know what it is to have lost a good mother; but her virtue will sustain her under it, and God will be to her in the place of all she has lost. It is that consolation I desire for her."

Notwithstanding the earnest wish of Mary Beatrice to submit herself to the will of her heavenly Father, feeble nature could not contemplate the dreadful nature of the death that awaited her without shrinking: the regular medical practitioners could only palliate the anguish of the burning pangs which tormented her. The nuns of Chaillot, though professing to be possessed of a specific for cancers, had failed to arrest the progress of the disease in its earlier stages, and now she was tempted to put herself under the care of a female who boasted of having performed great cures in cases of the kind. Madame de Maintenon, knowing how desperate were the remedies often employed by empirics, was alarmed lest the sufferings of her unfortunate friend should be aggravated, and her death hastened, by allowing any unqualified person to tamper with her malady. This lady appears to have behaved in a tenderly sympathizing manner to the royal sufferer, whose account of the interview must be given in her own words:—

"We wept much together at St. Cyr, at the sad state in which I found myself. She does not much advise me to put myself into the hands of this woman. She said, that if I began to give ear to those sort of people, I should have *charlatans* besetting me every day with offers of remedies, which would keep me in a perpetual state of uncertainty and embarrassment. However, she agreed that they ought to give a fair trial of her [the doctress's] remedy. This we will do; and, in the mean time, I will try to tranquillize my mind, and resign myself entirely into the hands of God, and I can do no more."[1]

The progress of her direful malady appears to have been arrested for a time by the operations to which she had submitted; she describes herself, in her next letter, as better, though very weak. She says, "she hopes to have the pleasure of coming to spend a week at Chaillot, if her health continues to improve, and to go one day to Paris while there, if

[1] Chaillot MSS.

strong enough; but if not," continues she, "I shall repose myself with my dear good mother. I shall hope to find myself in excellent health after your broth."[1] Her majesty appears to have derived benefit, both in health and spirits, from this little journey. Mademoiselle de la Motte, a lady of noble family, who boarded in the convent, was suffering from the same complaint as the poor queen, and was disposed to try the cancer-doctress at Paris. The queen's French surgeon, Beaulieu, had placed a poor woman who was thus afflicted under the care of the doctress, in order to give her remedies a fair trial, and he was disposed to think favourably of the result,[2] as we find from the following passage in one of the queen's letters from St. Germains :—

"Beaulieu went yesterday to Paris, and assures me that he found the sick woman considerably better since the fortnight he has placed her in the house of the woman, where she has been well looked to and attended, and eaten nothing injurious. I know not if mademoiselle de la Motte has done what we resolved on, but there is yet time, for I believe it is nothing so much advanced as my malady. I have had no pain myself for some days, and I find myself at present tranquil. . . . . Adieu, my dear mother! Let us come to God; let us live but for him, and let us love only him.

"I send to you six books, to distribute thus: to our mother, yourself, mademoiselle de la Motte, M. d'Autun, M. de Brienne, l'abbé de Roguette; but do not send this till the last, as I have not yet given to M. le cardinal de Noailles, or to M. le nuncio, which I shall do in two or three days, after having sent to the princes of the blood, having, as yet, given but to the king and to madame de Maintenon."[3]

The books mentioned by Mary Beatrice were copies of a brief memoir of James II., which had been prepared and printed at her expense. It is written in French, in a feeble, inflated style, having many words and few facts, and those by no means interesting to historians, being chiefly descriptive of his devotional exercises. The royal widow, however, frequently alludes to this work in the course of her correspondence with the holy ladies of Chaillot, who were of course highly edified with it. In a subsequent letter to the abbess of that house, she says, "I send you this letter by father Bouchet, and a book of the life of the king for him to give you, to replace that which you have given to him. We are all very well," continues her majesty, "and my son does not mount his horse

[1] Chaillot MSS. [2] Ibid.

[3] Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

with such impetuosity as to incur any danger."[1] Succeeding letters of the queen are of a less cheerful character: sickness was in her household and her family. Her son was dangerously ill, and the friend of her childhood, the countess of Almonde, struggling with a mortal malady. Death had already entered her palace, and begun to desolate her little world by thinning the train of faithful servants who had followed her and her deceased consort into exile. On the 6th of December, 1703, she writes to her friend Angelique Priolo,—

"We have lost this morning a good old man, named Dupuy: he had been with our sainted king more than forty years, and was himself turned of eighty. He was a very good man, and I doubt not that God has taken him to his mercy.[2]

"Our poor lady Almonde has begun to amend a little since yesterday. I hope that we shall accomplish her business, if it pleases God I thank our mother and sisters for the prayers they have made for her, and request their continuation; for she is a person very dear to me, and has been useful to me for nearly forty years. But we have another want for your prayers, for the king, my son, was attacked with fever yesterday afternoon. I hope, however, nothing will come of it, for he is not worse this morning. The shivering began at seven o'clock: he did not go to bed till near nine, and the perspiration lasted till five. They have given him a remedy this morning, which has greatly relieved him, and I hope the worst is over. We cannot, however, be sure till to-morrow is past; so, if you have no tidings from me after to-morrow, you are to conclude that he is better. My own health appears to me better than it has ever been. God grant that I may serve him the better for it."

The countess of Almonde, for whom Mary Beatrice expressed so much solicitude in the above letter, was the Anna Vittoria Montecuculi of the early pages of her biography, the same who accompanied her to England when she left her own country as the virgin bride of the duke of York. Lady Almonde was, with the exception of madame Molza, the last surviving of the companions of her childhood by whom Mary Beatrice was attended on that occasion,—one of the few who could sympathize with her feelings towards the land of her birth, or enter into her reminiscences of the old familiar

[1] Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

[2] Monsieur Dupuy was one of those who were present when Anne Hyde, duchess of York, the first wife of James II., received the last sacraments of the church of Rome. Mrs. Dupuy, the accomplished author of that very elegant work, "Illustrations of British Costume," is possessed of several interesting family heirlooms, gifts of the royal Stuarts, traditionally derived from the old and faithful servant of James II., whose loss Mary Beatrice laments in this letter.

palace where they were both brought up. Her majesty mentions her again with tender concern in the following letter to Angelique Priolo:—

"St. Germains, 26th of March.

"The abbé de Roguette will charge himself with this letter, and save me from sending my courier to-day, as I had intended. The letter of milady Strickland was already written. You will see that I greatly approve of your thought of putting mademoiselle de Dempsy at Amiens. I wish they would take her for three months, and I would pay her pension. She will give you an account also of lady Almonde, who has had a bad night. However, I don't think she is so near death as I believed the other day. They decide absolutely that she goes to Forge; I greatly fear she will never return but they must do all they can, then leave the event to God. Milady Strickland gives you the account of my health, which is good—better, indeed, than usual. I hope that nothing will prevent me from embracing you, my dear mother, on Monday next, before *compline*. It must not, however, wait for me, for I am not very sure of my time. I believe that I shall go to Marli one day this week."

On the 19th of April, her majesty thanks Angelique Priolo for the sympathy she had expressed for the great loss, "which," says she,—

"I have had of our dear lady Almonde.[1] You know better than any other the cause I have to regret her; and you give so true a description of my feelings, that I have nothing to add to it. Yet I must own to you that my heart is so full of grief in its desolation since my great loss, that all others appear of less account to me than they would have done before that time. . . . . The king [Louis XIV.] came to-day; madame de Maintenon may, perhaps, to-morrow. Lady Bulkeley gives you an account of the sickness of the king, my son. It will be of no consequence, please God, but I was alarmed the day before yesterday, in the evening.

"I am grieved for the indisposition of mademoiselle de la Motte. Assure her of my regard, and the beloved *économe*. I see well how much the good heart of the dear portress has felt the death of lady Almonde. I thank you and our mother for all the prayers you make, and have made, for that dear departed one. They cannot doubt of her happiness from the history of her life and of her death, which had all the marks of a death precious in the sight of God. Alas! I did not believe it had been so near. It is impossible to tell you more, for I have not a moment of time."[2]

The occupations of Mary Beatrice were any thing but agreeable at this period, when the treachery of a plausible villain made the loss of the tried friends of early life appear irreparable calamities. Lord Lovat had returned to St. Germain's in the preceding January, 1704, and delivered a false account of the proceedings in Scotland and the north of England. "At Durham," he said, "in particular, the Catholics received him with open arms, and when he showed them the

[1] Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France. [2] Ibid.

picture of the young king, knelt down and kissed it, and prayed for him. That there was a general meeting of all the gentlemen of that persuasion soon after, and that they sent four of their number to entreat him to inform the queen, that all the Catholics in the north of England were ready to venture their lives and fortunes for the king, whenever his banner should be displayed in that country. Also, that an Irish nobleman declared, that if the king of France would send them arms, he would engage 5000 men to rise in Ireland; that the earl of Leven, on his representations, begged him to make his peace with the young king; and even the earl of Argyle had said, that rather than the duke of Hamilton should get the crown, he and his kindred and clan would be the first to draw his sword for king James's son."[1] Mary Beatrice listened at first with eager credulity to tales so flattering to her maternal hopes, and returned a gracious answer without consulting lord Middleton. She had not seen, though her biographer has, the evidences of Lovat's treachery in the letters addressed by him to the earl of Nottingham,[2] commencing with the date of his first appearance at St. Germains in 1699, proving that he came there as the accredited spy of king William's cabinet. Mary Beatrice had misdoubted him then, and, regarding his private character with disgust, induced her royal husband to forbid him their presence; but his pretended conversion and zeal for the church of Rome, made her fancy that he was a regenerate person. Lord Middleton detected at a glance discrepancies in Lovat's statements; he waited on the queen, and showed her a duplicate memorial which Lovat had sent to him. Her majesty replied, "that she had received one of the same date, and to the same purpose, to which she had given her answer already." Middleton, surprised and mortified, replied, drily, "that was enough," and withdrew, observing, in the bitterness of his heart, that "he was but an useless tool." He determined, however, not to indulge his resentful feelings so far as to leave the game in the hands of Lovat, by resigning his post

[1] Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

[2] Inedited MSS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

after the diplomatic affront he had received from her majesty. He laid the matter dispassionately before the French minister De Torcy, and the nuncio, and got the latter to disabuse the queen. He also induced him to propound a list of questions to Lovat, in the name of her majesty, especially demanding who the Irish nobleman and the gentlemen in the north were, who had, as he pretended, made such large promises of assistance to the cause. Lovat declared "that one and all had engaged him to promise not to tell their names to any one but the queen, to whom," he said, "he was ready to declare them in private audience; and then only on her majesty giving her royal word not to reveal them to the members of her council, because they had experienced how little they regarded secrecy."[1]

When captain John Murray, the companion of Lovat's journey, whom he had contrived to leave in the lurch, arrived at St. Germains, he produced many proofs that the latter was the bribed instrument of queen Anne's cabinet. Lovat took up the tone of an injured person, and wrote to the earl of Middleton,—

"I am daily informed that the queen has but a scurvy opinion of me, and that I rather did her majesty bad than good service by my journey. My lord, I find by that, that my enemies have greater power with the queen than I have; and to please them and ease her majesty, I am resolved to have no more to do with them till the king is of age."

In conclusion, he tells Middleton "that he relies on the promises the *lady*," meaning Mary Beatrice, "had made in his behalf."[2] The duke of Berwick wrote to his royal stepmother, warning her against Lovat, and enclosed a letter from an Irish priest, called father Farrell, exposing the base treachery he had practised against a faithful adherent of her son's cause in London:—

"Your majesty," says Berwick, "will see here a new confirmation of Lovat's knavery; and I believe it is absolutely necessary that your majesty send a French translation of this paper to the marquess de Torcy. The affair is of great consequence, and your majesty may depend that the king's affairs are ruined unless lord Lovat is apprehended."[3]

In consequence of Berwick's advice, Lovat was arrested by the French government, and sent to the castle of Angoulême:

[1] Stuart Papers; Macpherson. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

abundant reason appeared for detaining him a close prisoner for several years. One of his objects in cajoling the widowed queen of James II. was, to obtain credentials to the adherents of the Jacobite cause. Mary Beatrice had entrusted him with a letter to the duke of Gordon; this he used as a weapon in a quarrel of his own, by transferring it to an envelope addressed to his great enemy, the duke of Athol, and then placing it in the hands of Queensberry, as an evidence that Athol was in correspondence with the mother of the disinherited representative of the house of Stuart. There can be no doubt but the employment of so unprincipled a person as Lovat did an infinity of mischief to the Jacobite cause in Scotland, especially as the cabinet of queen Anne made use of his information as a pretence for pursuing arbitrary measures to overawe the opposers of the Union. The intrigues and counter-intrigues, the double treasons, the bribery and corruption, the agitation and the follies, that were perpetrated at that momentous crisis belong to general history, and can only be occasionally alluded to in these pages in illustration of the letters and personal conduct of the unfortunate widow of the last of our Stuart kings, in the fulfilment of duties which her titular office of regent or guardian to the young prince, their son, imposed on her. Alas! for any woman who is placed in circumstances like those with which Mary Beatrice had to struggle, while carrying the fire in her bosom that was slowly consuming her living frame, denied the repose for which her suffering body and weary spirit sighed, conscious of her own helplessness, and tossed like a feather on a strong stream by the adverse currents of warring parties!

The duke of Marlborough, in his secret correspondence with the court of St. Germains, lamented that his nephew, the duke of Berwick, should have been removed to Spain, instead of remaining on the spot to be in readiness for action. He was, in fact, the proper person to have acted for the young prince, his half-brother, being the only man of talent and decision at the exiled court. He enjoyed, moreover, the entire confidence of his royal father's widow, who entertained almost a maternal affection for him, and he always

treated her with profound respect, and bears the highest testimony to her moral worth in his memoirs, where he speaks of her testimony, in a disputed matter, as decisive. "The queen told me so," says he, emphatically, "and she was a princess of great veracity." Berwick had good reason to think well of Mary Beatrice. She had stood his friend with his royal father twice, when he had displeased him by contracting love-marriages. Berwick having, after the death of his first duchess, wedded one of her majesty's maids of honour, the daughter of colonel and lady Sophia Bulkeley, Mary Beatrice kindly appointed the young duchess of Berwick as lady of the bedchamber, and treated her almost as if she had been a daughter of her own, retaining her about her person during the duke's absence in his campaigns.[1] After the death of king James, Berwick wishing to be naturalized as a subject of France, her majesty exerted her utmost influence with Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon to promote his interests. She also wrote in his behalf so warmly to the princess des Ursins, whom she had formerly known in her early youth, and, indeed, claimed kindred with, through her mother the late duchess of Modena, that she succeeded in obtaining for him the post of generalissimo of the French armies sent by Louis to support his grandson's pretensions to the crown of Spain against the archduke Charles, queen Anne's *protégé*.[2] The brilliant exploits of the son of James II. in that campaign were certainly such as to do honour to the earnest recommendation of his royal step-mother, if that title may be bestowed on Mary Beatrice.

Those who are familiar with Marlborough's secret transactions, under the feigned name of Armsworth, with the court of St. Germains, and its agents in England and Holland, and, at the same time, trace the rise and progress of the deadly hatred between his imperious helpmate and queen Anne, will be at no loss to divine the nature of the project, that was inadvertently traversed by the successful efforts of Mary Beatrice for the employment of the brilliant talents of one so near and dear to her departed lord, in a more important sphere than her

[1] St. Simon. [2] Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

impoverished shadow of a court could offer. If she had possessed the selfish talents meet for the position she occupied, she would have prevented Berwick from divorcing his fortunes from those of her son, in order to secure those services in his cause, which were eventually the means of establishing the Bourbon dynasty on the throne of Spain. Berwick was, perhaps, the only man attached to the cause of her son whom the cautious favourite of fortune, Marlborough, could rely on; and when he was removed from the scene, the game might be considered a losing one.

In August 1704, Louis XIV. gave a grand fête and illuminations at Marli, to celebrate the birth of a great-grandson of France, the infant duke of Bretagne, the firstborn of the duke and duchess of Burgundy. Mary Beatrice, with her son and daughter, were among the guests: out of compliment to the titular rank they held in that court, they were given the place of honour, taking precedence of every person but the king of France, who, according to his invariable custom, gave the hand to the widowed queen.[1] Her feelings were little in unison with the pomp and pageantry of royalty, if we may judge from the strain in which she writes the next day to her friend at Chaillot, her faithful heart occupying itself neither with the splendid festivities of which she had been a joyless spectator at Marli, nor the anticipation of her approaching visit to Fontainebleau, but in making arrangements to assist in the services of her church for the mournful anniversary of her beloved consort's death:—

"St. Germains, this Wednesday.

"These three days have I sought for a moment to write to you, my dear mother, to let you know that I shall be, please God, at Chaillot on Monday next, 15th, at five o'clock. I hope you will defer the vespers of the dead till that hour. I cannot come till the day when I am returning here from Fontainebleau, where I shall go on Monday; it will be two days' journey by land, not by water, as M. Fagon does not approve of the latter.

"I went yesterday to Marli, and my daughter also, for the first time. We supped there. I found madame de Maintenon not half well. All have their afflictions. I have not seen her since your misfortune. I can feel with all my heart for desolate wives and mothers. The *religieuses* are happier, for they have nothing nearer than nephews to lose. I am, however, very sorry for that of my dear portress; for the love of her, I have sent to M. de Montespan and M. de

[1] Memoirs of the Duke de St. Simon.

Valmy to make my condolences to her sister-in-law, and to say that it was you who informed me of the death of her only son."[1]

The health of the prince was very delicate; indeed, he appeared to hold his life on a tenure so precarious, as to be an object of perpetual anxiety to his widowed mother. On the 15th of December, 1704, she writes to the abbess of Chaillot,—

"I thank you for your prayers for the king, my son, and I entreat you to continue them, for certainly he is not better; he had the fever again on Saturday and Sunday. They bled him yesterday morning, and I did not find that his cold was at all relieved by it, but he has no fever to-day. God is the master, and he must do for him and me whatever it shall please him. My daughter is very well, and I am better than usual; but, my dear mother, it will be impossible to be at Chaillot till the Sunday after Christmas. I had reckoned that my sister Le Vayer would take the habit on the Friday, and I should return on the Saturday morning; but in the state in which I see my son, I cannot quit him for some days, and unless he should be better than he is now, I cannot hope to pass Christmas with you."[2]

In the early part of the year 1705, all other cares and anxieties that oppressed Mary Beatrice appear to have been forgotten in her trembling solicitude for the health of her boy. On the 14th of February, she informs her friends at Chaillot that he continues in a languishing condition, and recommends him to their prayers. Six days later he was so seriously ill, that the fond mother, in the anguish of her heart, despairing of the power of medical skill to save him, wrote in great agitation to the abbess of Chaillot, imploring the intercession of that friendly community with Heaven in his behalf; and also that they would endeavour, by earnest prayers, to obtain that of the deceased king, her husband, in whose canonization she was a devout believer, for the recovery of her son.[3] Her letter contains evidences of fervent but misdirected faith, a fond reliance on the intercession of saints for that which should have been sought of God through the intercession of a divine Mediator alone. Due allowance ought, however, to be made for the effects of a conventual education on an ardent daughter of the South, with whom it must be remembered that the Communion of Saints (of which an abstract belief is professed in the creeds of our own church) is an active principle, including a mystic unity between the saints

[1] Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice, in the Chaillot collection.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

above and the devout servants of God in the flesh; and to them it appears like a golden chain, that reaches from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth again.

No one but the most tenderly devoted of mothers could have desired the life of a male claimant of the crown of England to be prolonged, whose existence alone prevented the amicable arrangement of all disputes and difficulties, by the recognition of her daughter, the princess Louisa, as the successor of queen Anne. No jealousies could have been entertained by that sovereign of rivalry from a younger sister, and all national fears for the interests of the church of England might have been obviated by a marriage with the hereditary prince of Hanover,—a measure that could not even be proposed during the life of her brother. As regarded the succession to the throne of England, the princess Louisa lay under no disabilities; neither acts of attainder nor oaths of abjuration had passed against her; and if the personal existence of this youngest and most promising scion of the Stuart line had never been publicly noticed by contending parties, it was, perhaps, because her political importance was secretly felt by the subtle calculators who were aware of the delicacy of her brother's constitution, and the yearning of the childless Anne towards a successor of her own name and blood. The death of the unfortunate son of James II. at that epoch, would have excited a general feeling of sympathy for his mother and sister; the stumbling-stone of offence would have been removed, and all fears of civil wars averted, by restoring the regal succession to the regular order. In that case, Mary Beatrice would, as a matter of course, have been recalled to England with her daughter. She would have been relieved from all her debts and pecuniary difficulties by the payment of her jointure and its arrears; she would have had one or more of her former royal abodes assigned for her residence, with a suitable establishment for the youthful heiress-presumptive of the realm, and the prospect of increased power and importance in the event of the princess succeeding to the crown during her minority.

The unexpected recovery of the prince prevented the reali-

zation of this flattering perspective. He completed his seventeenth year, and his sister her thirteenth, in the following June. The princess Louisa, who had inherited all her mother's beauty, was now publicly introduced at the French court, where, as the daughter of a king and queen of England, and sister to a prince whose title to the crown of that realm was supported by France, she was given precedence over every lady there, except her own mother, who always had the place of honour allowed her by Louis XIV. The following particulars of a grand ball at Marli, in July 1705, at which the royal exiles of St. Germains were present, will show the respectful consideration with which they were treated. At the upper end of the long spacious saloon in which the ball took place, three *fauteuils* were placed, for the king of France, the widowed queen of England, and her son. Mary Beatrice, as in the life-time of her royal consort, occupied the middle seat. Opposite to them were benches for the dancers; the other members of the royal family occupied *pliants*. Behind the royal daïs were the refreshments. The titular king of England opened the ball with his sister, and the king of France stood all the time they were dancing. This he always would have done, every time this young royal pair danced together, if Mary Beatrice had not entreated him to be seated; but it was not till he had paid them this mark of respect twice or thrice, that he would consent to sit down. Mary Beatrice always sat between Louis and her son at supper, with her daughter and the immediate members of the royal family of France. There was a separate table for the officers of her household on these occasions, at which the duke of Perth presided.[1]

The attention which had been paid to herself and her children must have been cheering to the royal widow, for she writes in better spirits than usual to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot:—

"St. Germains, 27th July, 1705.

"I believe, my dear mother, that you are almost ready to be in a pet with lady Bulkeley and me, because we have been so long without sending you any news.

[1] Mémoires de St. Simon, vol. iv. pp. 395, 6.

It is true that we are to blame, but you would be much more so if you could think that it was from forgetfulness; for I should as soon forget my children and myself, as forget Chaillot and my dear and good mother Priolo. But since Thursday we have had journeys and fêtes; besides which, my little malady often prevents me from writing, and lady Bulkeley likes better to wait till she can send you one of my letters, believing that it will give you more pleasure. . . . . We are all well here, thank God, and my son much better than usual, and more lively. The last news from Flanders is not good, but he must not be discouraged, nor cease to pray."[1]

From the same letter we learn that Mary Beatrice had spent some days at Chaillot in the beginning of that month, and that she purposed paying another visit to the community there in the course of a fortnight. She was, however, attacked with a severe relapse of her alarming malady, and she announces her disappointment to the abbess and *la Déposée* in a touching letter,[2] dated August 12, 1705.

The poor queen continued under surgical treatment for several weeks. She writes again to the abbess of Chaillot, September 14th, expressive of her disappointment at being unable to attend the commemorative service at the conventual church for the anniversary of king James's death, as the physicians had ordered her to keep her chamber. After making some touching allusions to her sufferings, she says, "But God is the master, and it is for me to obey and to submit myself with patience, when I cannot with joy, to that which he is pleased to ordain for me, and he has renewed the anguish in my breast for the last four days. . . . . If after four days," continues her majesty, "I return to my usual state, I think of endeavouring to go to Fontainebleau by water. Nothing would draw me thither but the love of my daughter, and it will be for the last time in my life, even if that life should be prolonged."[3] Mary Beatrice did not adhere to this resolution, made, in the sadness of her heart, at a time when she declares that the motion of a coach was insupportable to her, and all the pageantry of a court, full of fatiguing ceremonies and frivolous etiquettes, appeared in the light of vanity and vexation of spirit to her overburdened mind and suffering frame. In another

[1] Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, Chaillot collection.

[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

of her letters to the abbess of Chaillot, evidently written at this period, she says,—

"I sent my daughter to you the other day, my dear mother, and with her my heart and soul, not having power at that time to drag my body thither, but now I hope to have the pleasure of embracing you myself next Thursday. I have been dying to go to Chaillot for the last three months, and at last I cherish the hope that God will permit me that pleasure in three days."[1]

The fallen queen adds, with impressive earnestness,—

"But we must strive, above all, to profit our souls by it, and for this purpose we must excite and encourage each other reciprocally to adore and to love the very holy decrees of God in every thing that he is pleased to do with us, that we may submit to it with meekness and patience, if we cannot with joy, to which I confess I have not yet attained; but God will assist us in his mercy, and will give us strength proportioned to our difficulties. I supplicate this of him with all my heart, and am in Him, my dear mother, entirely yours, "M. R."

Endorsed—"For my dear mother Priolo."[2]

It is certain that the queen's surgeon, Beaulieu, must have possessed great skill in the treatment of cancer, for the fatal progress of this dreadful malady was once more arrested, and the royal patient, to her own surprise, and that of all the world, became convalescent. A cheering account of the improved health of both mother and son, in the autumn of the same year, appears in the private correspondence of the prince's confessor, father Saunders,[3] dated November 28th, 1705. "The king is very well, and grows tall and strong. The queen, also, is much better than she was, and it is hoped that the lump in her breast is not so dangerous as was once thought. The princess is one of the most complete young ladies of her age, very witty and handsome, and of a most excellent good humour, which gains the hearts of all who know her."

The secret correspondence of the court of St. Germains with the Jacobite agents in England and Scotland, meanwhile, is rather curious than important. Marlborough, under the *nom de guerre* of Armsworth, and Godolphin, under the name of Gilburn, or Goulston, are frequently mentioned, in Caryl and Middleton's letters, as making professions to the

[1] Inedited Chaillot correspondence, preserved in the hôtel de Soubise.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Letters of father Saunders to Meredith, a priest at the English seminary at Rome.—Rawlinson's Miscellaneous MSS., No. 21; Bodleian library, Oxford. Communicated by Mrs. Green.

exiled family. The following observation is in one of Caryl's, dated June 30th, 1705:—

"I must also own the receipt of yours of the 3rd of May, wherein you relate what passed between you and Mr. Goulston, which merchant is not so prodigal of his words as his partner Armsworth, and therefore they are somewhat more to be relied on; and unless they both join to deceive, much may be hoped from their agreeing in the same story." [1]

Those double-minded statesmen had assured the widow of James II., that the bill for the Protestant succession would be rejected in the Scottish parliament, and every thing that honour and justice could require should be done for the "prince of Wales," as they still termed the son of their late master.[2] Mary Beatrice was only too willing to be deceived; and when the bill for extinguishing the hopes of her son was actually thrown out by that senate, she was persuaded by her cabinet to impute it rather to the friendly policy of lord Godolphin, than to the inalienable attachment of the northern aristocracy to the representative of their ancient monarchs. Godolphin's lingering regard for the exiled queen rendered him really desirous of arranging matters with queen Anne and her cabinet for the payment of the dowry and its arrears, and if he had possessed the moral courage to come forward openly in parliament, with a manly appeal to the compassion and justice of a generous and chivalric nation in behalf of the royal widow, (whose destitution was a reproach to those who had been proud to bend the knee before her in the short-lived days of her greatness,) there can be little doubt but her claims would have been allowed. She had an act of parliament in her favour, which even those who had disgraced the name of English peers by their unconstitutional attempt to attaint her had not so much as endeavoured to get repealed, because the sense of the house of commons had been clearly shown by furnishing king William with supplies for the express purpose of fulfilling that obligation, though he had, as before explained, applied them to his own use. Godolphin was aware of all this, but his own crooked paths rendered him timid and irresolute. His correspondence with the exiled queen and her agents was more than suspected by the whigs.

[1] Stuart Papers in Macpherson, from Nairne. [2] Ibid.

Lord Wharton boldly declared in the upper house, "that he had my lord treasurer's head in a bag." This menace paralysed the vacillating minister; he crouched like a beaten hound, and submitted to do all and every thing that was demanded by his political antagonists, even to the outlay of an enormous sum in purchasing a majority in the Scotch parliament to carry measures perfectly opposed to his own inclinations, and it was supposed no less so to the secret feelings of the reigning sovereign, queen Anne.[1]

The Scotch Jacobites urged Mary Beatrice and her minister for money and arms; they represented to the arbiter of her son's destiny, Louis XIV., how serviceable even the small sum of thirty thousand livres would be, to enable their friends to put arms in the hands of those who burned to decide the question of the Union, not in the senate, but in the field. Louis had already paid too dearly for yielding to the dictates of his lively sympathy for the widow and orphans of his unfortunate cousin James, to venture to act independently of his cabinet at this crisis. The expensive wars in which that political blunder had involved France had crippled his resources. The victories of Marlborough taught him that he had work to do to guard his own frontier; and although he might, perhaps, have made the best diversion in his own favour by sending troops and arms to assist in raising an insurrection against queen Anne's government in Scotland, his ministers could not be induced to hazard the experiment.

On the 20th of March, 1706, Saunders again notices the improved health of the queen, and that the painful tumour in her bosom was decreasing. He adds the following particulars of her son and daughter: "The king is very well, and grows strong and tall. He has begun to ride the great horse, and does it very gracefully, and all say he will make a very good horseman. He has a great desire to make a campaign, and the queen has asked it of the king of France, who has not as yet consented to it. In all appearance it would do our king a great deal of good, and be much to his honour and reputa-

[1] Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

tion; but the king of France will be loath to let him go till he can send him like a king. The princess is very tall of her age, and by her wit and gracious behaviour charms all that come near her."[1]

The son of Mary Beatrice and James II. obtained his political majority on the 10th of June, 1706, when he completed his 18th year. The regency of the queen-mother was then supposed to terminate, but she continued virtually the leading power at St. Germains as long as she lived, though her son was treated by herself, and every one in the exiled court, as their sovereign and master. Lord Middleton commends the industry and application of this prince to business, and extols his abilities;[2] but these were only shown in the easy, pleasant style of his epistolary correspondence, whether diplomatic or personal, in which he excelled most of his contemporaries. The following affectionate congratulation to his friend the marquess of Drummond, on the approaching marriage of that nobleman, is one of the earliest specimens of his familiar letters:—

"St. Germains, June 29, 1706.

"Having found a safe opportunity of writing into Scotland, I take that occasion of writing this note to you. I will say nothing to you of my own affairs, referring to what I writ to you and my other friends, which will be communicated to you by the countess of Errol, your aunt, and so will only add here, how pleased I was to hear that your marriage with the duke of Gordon's daughter is like to be soon concluded. The kindness I have for you and your father makes any thing agreeable to me that I think so much for your interest as I think this is. I am very sensible of your own and family's services, as I hope one day to be in a condition of showing you, and of giving you proofs of my kindness for you.

"JAMES, R.[3]

"Pray remember me very kindly to lord John Drummond; do the same to lord Stormont, and assure him I shall not forget the zeal he has for my service, nor the care he took of me when a child."

All that personal kindness and courtesy could do to render the widowed queen and her son easy under the tantalizing fever of hope deferred, was done by Louis XIV. He treated them, in all respects, as his equals, and caused the same

[1] Correspondence with Meredith.—Rawlinson's MSS., Bodleian library, Oxford.

[2] Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

[3] Royal autograph letters in the archives of the noble house of Drummond of Perth, No. 14, inedited. Courteously communicated by the representative of that ancient historical family, the baroness Willoughby de Eresby, to whom my best acknowledgments are gratefully offered.

honours to be paid to them. A fortnight never passed without his making them a visit in state at St. Germains, besides coming much oftener in private with madame de Maintenon. He invited them and his young god-daughter, the princess Louisa, to all his fêtes at Marli, Versailles, and Trianon, where he invariably treated them as the dearest of relatives, and most honoured of guests.[1] If the queen came in state, he received her, as he had done in the lifetime of king James, at the entrance of the first ante-room, and leading her into the presence-chamber, stood conversing with her, and her son and daughter, for some minutes before he conducted them into his private saloon, where madame de Maintenon was waiting to receive them. Mary Beatrice, in fact, was paid the same deference in that court as if she had been a queen of France, and took precedence of every lady there.[2] The near relationship of Adelaide of Savoy, duchess of Burgundy, to James II. and his children on the one hand, and to Mary Beatrice on the other, precluded jealousy on her part. She had grown up from infancy in habits of intimacy and affection with the royal exiles. Mary Beatrice was always invited to be present at her accouchements. The affectionate interest with which her majesty alludes to one of these events, in a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, January 1707, is very pleasing. She says,—

"God has accorded a great mercy to us in granting us another prince: he must be entreated for him. I could not possibly arrive at Versailles before the birth of the child, since the king himself did not enter the chamber till after it was over. Madame the duchess of Burgundy was only ill three quarters of an hour: she is wonderfully well. I saw her after dinner, and the infant. He is not so beautiful as the other, but he has a smaller head, and is better proportioned, and looks as if he would live long, as I hope he may, through the grace of God."

Sometimes Louis XIV. would invite Mary Beatrice to come with her son and daughter, and ladies, on fine summer afternoons, and walk with him and his court in the royal gardens of Marli: and it was on these occasions that the widowed queen used to take the opportunity of preferring any little request, either for herself or others, to her royal friend. The public promenade was always one of the recreations of

[1] Mémoires de St. Simon. Dangeau. [2] Ibid.

the court of St. Germains, even in the sorrowful days of king James II.; but it became much more attractive after the decease of that unfortunate king, when his son and daughter, and their youthful attendants the children of the Jacobite aristocracy,—English, Scotch, and Irish, who had followed their majesties into exile, grew up, and the vivacity of French habits and associations in some degree counterbalanced the depression caused by penury and ruined prospects. The lively letters and doggerel lyrics of count Anthony Hamilton, the self-appointed poet-laureate of the court of the exiled Stuarts, prove that, after time had a little assuaged the grief of the queen and her children, a good deal of fun and frolic occasionally went on in the old palace and its purlieus.

In one of Hamilton's letters to his friend the duke of Berwick, he says, "The king our young lord increases every day in wit, and the princess, his sister, becomes more and more charming. Heaven preserve her from being stolen from us! for her lady governess seems to have no other fear than that. These two are always near their august mother, to whom they pay the most tender and dutiful attention. To these precious ones of hers, who are adorned with the virtues of their father, it is her care to inculcate sentiments of gratitude towards the illustrious protector who, in a foreign land, by a thousand friendly cares mitigates the hardships of their adverse destiny. We will now,"[1] continues the sprightly old wit, "speak of our beauties, those stars of St. Germains who are always cruel and disdainful. Winter is drawing to an end, and they are beginning to prepare their nets against the spring. They have repaired, washed, and spread out all the delicate laces of which their cornettes are composed, to bleach in your garden: all the bushes there are covered with them, like so many spiders' webs. They are putting all their *falbalas* into order, and, in the mean time, plunged in sweet reveries, they permit the designs to sleep on their tapestry frames." Hamilton describes the son and daughter of Mary Beatrice as possessing great personal attractions. "The figure of our young king," says he, "might be chosen by a painter for the model of the

[1] Œuvres du Count Hamilton.

god of love, if such a deity dared be represented in this saintly court of St. Germains. As for the princess, her hair is very beautiful, and of the loveliest tint of brown; her complexion reminds us of the most brilliant yet delicate tints of the fairest flowers of spring: she has her brother's features in a softer mould, and her mother's eyes." In another description of her he says, "She has the plumpness one adores in a divinity of sixteen, with the freshness of an Aurora; and if any thing more can be said, it must be in praise of the roundness and whiteness of her arms." The portrait of a beautiful nameless princess, in the costume of the beginning of the eighteenth century, in the guard-chamber at Hampton-Court, will readily be identified by this glowing description of the honorary laureate of St. Germains as that of the youngest daughter of James II., even by those who are not familiar with her other portraits. How it came there is the question, but there can be little doubt of its having been sent to her sister, queen Anne, by the proud mother of this exquisite creature, who was good as she was fair.

Notwithstanding all the cares and pecuniary disappointments that at times oppressed the exiled queen, her family, and faithful followers, they led a pleasant life in summer time,—a life which, as described by Hamilton, appears to have been a complete realization of the classic Arcadia. Sometimes the prince and his sister led their young court into the depths of the adjacent forest in quest of sylvan sports, or to gather flowers and wild strawberries; sometimes they are described as embarking on the calm waters of the Seine in their barge, which, if not very splendidly decorated, or of the most approved fashion, was large enough to accommodate a joyous party. Pontalie, the haven to which the voyagers were usually bound, was a rural château on the Seine, within less than a league from the palace of our exiled queen: it was the residence of the countess de Grammont, formerly one of the most celebrated of the beauties of Charles II.'s court. She was now a rich and prosperous lady, able and willing to contribute to the happiness of the royal Stuarts in many ways, and anxious to prove that her affection for that family had

augmented, instead of diminished, with the adversity which had distanced many of the creatures of the late king's bounty. It was her delight to provide banquets and entertainments of all descriptions for the royal brother and sister, whom she had seen grow up from infants. She had obtained a lease or grant of the old mill-house of St. Germains and its adjacent meadows, and, for the sake, perhaps, of being near the English colony, she had exerted her taste and expended some of her wealth in turning it into a Grecian villa; her brother, Anthony Hamilton, had changed its homely name, Moulin-eau, into the euphonious appellation of Pontalie, and there she frequently had the honour of receiving the exiles of St. Germains in the course of the summer.[1]

The royal brother and sister, who, perhaps, were much happier in their free and natural way of life amidst the poverty and mockery of royalty at St. Germains, than if established in regal splendour at Windsor or Versailles, delighted in performing minor pilgrimages with their followers, to any of the churches or chapels within a walk of the palace. On these occasions they carried a light refection of fruit, cakes, and wine with them, and made their repast in some pleasant forest bower on their return.[2] Count Hamilton writes to his friend Berwick, partly in prose, and partly in untranslatable doggerel rhyme, a piquant description of one of these devotional pic-nic excursions, which was undertaken by the princess Louisa and her ladies of honour, matronized by the duchess of Berwick. "Towards the centre of the forest," he says, "there is a little chapel, dedicated to St. Thibaut, and this St. Thibaut cures the ague: now there is a worthy man at St. Germains, named *Dikesson*, who had had several fits of it. You know our ladies are always charitable to their neighbours, so they all set off in company to recommend the invalid to monsieur St. Thibaut. The fair Nannette, [the duchess of Berwick,] as she knew the least about him, chose to beguile her pilgrimage by looking for strawberries by the way. I will tell you the names of some of these fair pilgrims who went with her royal highness to make intercessions for the

[1] Œuvres du Count Antoine Hamilton. [2] Ibid.

lord *Dikesson.*"[1] This gentleman's name, which Mary Beatrice herself does not always spell right, though he was one of her private secretaries and the comptroller of the household, was Dicconson.

Count Hamilton tells his friend "that the charming Miss Plowden was there, and those two divinities the ladies Dillon and Mareschal, but none was more agreeable than the duchess of Berwick, unless it were the princess; and that they all went in procession, singing and saying every office in the ritual from early matins, for the sake of their amiable friend *Dikesson.* When they had performed all these charitable devotions, they sat down to take a sylvan repast, making the green grass their table; but a French gentleman of the household, the chevalier de Salle, who had attended them, not out of devotion, but gallantry, was forbidden by the princess to join the circle, because he had not conducted himself with becoming piety on the occasion. Instead of allowing him to share in the repast, she ordered him, by way of penance, to go and kneel at the chapel door, and offer up prayers for the recovery of Mr. Dicconson while they dined. The chevalier very humbly recommended himself to mercy, alleging in excuse that he had forgotten his breviary, and did not know a single prayer by heart; so the princess, in consideration of his penitence, gave him something to eat, but made him sit at the foot of a tree, at a respectful distance from her and the rest of the pilgrims, and rinse all their glasses for them, while the forest glades rang with their laughter, for our fair devotees could laugh as heartily as pray on occasion. In the midst of their mirth, the invalid, in whose behalf the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thibaut had been undertaken, and whom they had all forgotten, made his appearance unexpectedly before the festive circle. They greeted him with shouts of "a miracle! a miracle!" and demanded of him the precise hour and minute when the fever left him; and according to his account, it was, as they all agreed, just as they had addressed the last prayer to St. Thibaut in his behalf. The repast did not conclude the more gravely on this account, nor was the

[1] Œuvres du Count Hamilton.

homeward walk the less agreeable. The shepherds, shepherdesses, and woodcutters came to have a look at the courtly pilgrims, and admired their hilarity and good humour.[1]

Sometimes the royal brother and sister, and their noble attendants, enacted the characters of shepherds and shepherdesses themselves, and never allowed the merry month of June to pass without having one day's fête among the haymakers on the banks of the Seine,—the princess and her stately governess, lady Middleton, always boasting, that the haycock which they constructed was neater and more worthy of admiration than those raised by the duchess of Berwick and her compeers. Winter had its pleasures for the British exiles as well as summer. Mary Beatrice gave then her balls and receptions in the château, and the members of her court were always bidden to the Christmas and new-year festivities at Versailles. Hamilton gives a lively description of the Shrove-Tuesday masquerade at St. Germains, to which the whole town was admitted, the barriers being thrown open for that purpose by her majesty's command, in order that high and low, young and old, English and French, might join in the carnival. Etiquette forbade the prince and princess from wearing masks, or assuming any particular characters, on these occasions; yet they are described as dancing merrily in the midst of the motley throng,—the princess with peculiar grace and lightness, but both excelled in this accomplishment.[2] Mary Beatrice forgot her calamities and her grief on these occasions, and smiled to see her children happy in spite of adverse fortune.

[1] Œuvres du Count Antoine Hamilton. [2] Ibid.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER X.

Change of cheer at St. Germains—The prince leaves to embark for Scotland—He is attacked with measles—Delay fatal to his cause—Queen falls sick from anxiety—Her dream—Ill success of the prince's expedition—Queen's letter on his return—Her son, first called the Pretender, assumes the title of chevalier de St. George—Serves in the French army as a volunteer—Unpunctual payment of the queen's French pension—Gallant conduct of her son—Sickness of her vice-chamberlain, Robert Strickland—His faithful services—Marlborough's secret correspondence with the queen—She goes to Chaillot with her daughter—Her habits of self-denial—Jacobite poachers at St. Germains—Queen's vexation—Return of her son—Queen returns to St. Germains—Her visit of condolence to Louis XIV.—Etiquette of her receptions—Her son leaves St. Germains to travel—She goes to Chaillot with the princess—Reminiscences of her past life—Amiable traits of character—Visit of the dauphiness—Queen and Louisa go to Versailles—Tender affection between them—They visit the hearse of king James, incognito—Queen informed of overtures for peace—Annoyed at a present made to her daughter—Instance of her pride—Distress about her debts—Her son joins her at Chaillot—Marlborough's offers of service to her majesty—Death of the dauphin and dauphiness—Melancholy forebodings of the queen—Her son and daughter take the smallpox—Her anxiety—Touching scene between her and princess Louisa—Death of the princess—Grief and dangerous illness of the queen—Recovery of her son—He is warned to leave France—Desolation of the queen—She visits Louis XIV. at Marli—Their mutual grief—Her melancholy visit to Chaillot—Returns to St. Germains—Sends lady Strickland with a present to the convent—Her pathetic letter on her daughter's death.

The frolic and the fun that, in spite of care and penury, enlivened the exiled court of St. Germains, were suddenly sobered by a change in the politics of Versailles. After trifling with the exiled queen and her council, and above all with their faithful adherents in Scotland during the momentous crisis of the Union, when even the semblance of support from France would have been followed by a general rising in favour of the son of James II., Louis XIV. determined, in the spring

of 1708, to fit out a fleet and armament for the purpose of effecting a descent on the coast of Scotland, headed by that prince in person. This expedition had been kept so secret, that neither Mary Beatrice nor her son was aware of what was intended, till the latter received a hasty summons to join the armament. The young prince tarried not for preparations, but bidding his mother and sister a hasty farewell, he set out for Dunkirk, the place of embarkation, attended only by two or three of the officers of his suite, leaving his baggage to follow. Unfortunate in every thing, he had scarcely reached the coast when he was attacked with the measles. Every one knows the nature of that malady, which requires the patient to be kept in an equal temperature till after the third day. The prince was of a consumptive constitution, and the weather very cold, for it was in March; nevertheless, he would have embarked at all hazards, if his attendants would have allowed it. His impatience of the delay was almost as injurious to him, as the risk of striking-in the eruption by exposure to cold would have been. Aware of the necessity of acting with energy and promptitude, he caused himself to be carried on board the French fleet, before prudence warranted him in quitting his chamber. The wind had, meantime, changed; foul weather ensued, and it was not till after several ominous mischances, and some personal peril to the royal adventurer, that the armament succeeded in getting out to sea; and by that time, the English fleet, under the command of sir George Byng, had sailed, and was on the look-out.[1]

The feelings of the royal mother during that anxious period of suspense will be best described by herself, in one of her confidential letters to one of her Angeliques. After detailing the symptoms of a fit of illness, brought on by her distress at parting with her son, she says, "I must take patience in this, as in many other things which disquiet me at present, and keep me in a state of great agitation; for I know nothing certain of my son, as you will see by the copy of the newspaper they shall send you. My only consolation is the thought that he is in the hands of God, and in the

[1] St. Simon. Continuator of Mackintosh. Calamy.

place where he ought to be; and I hope God, in his mercy, will have a care of him. Cease not to pray, my dear mother, for him and for me, for our wants are extreme, and there is no one but God who can or will support us. I am, in spirit, with you all, although my mind is in such agitation that I cannot remain long in a place; but my heart will be always with you and my dear mother Priolo, who, I am sure, suffer with me and for me."[1]

The princess Louisa, who was passionately attached to her brother, and earnestly desired to see him established in the regal dignity which she regarded as his right, fully shared her mother's anxiety on this occasion. As soon as the queen was able to bear the journey, they both proceeded to Chaillot, fondly imagining that the prayers which they and their ladies were incessantly preferring to God for his personal safety and success, would be more efficacious if offered up in the tribune of the conventual church there, where the hearts of queen Henrietta Maria and her son, king James, were enshrined.[2] The all-powerful affection of Mary Beatrice for her deceased husband persuaded her that his spirit, which she firmly believed to be in a state of beatitude, always united with her in prayers to God for the attainment of any object of peculiar interest to both.

The day the queen and her daughter arrived at Chaillot, it was confidently reported in Paris that the prince had succeeded in effecting a descent on the coast of Scotland, and had been well received. The next morning, Mary Beatrice told the nuns she had dreamed that a little old woman came and said to her, "No; he will not land this time."[3] Now, although it was evident that the queen's nerves were unbraced by sickness, anxiety, fasting, and prayer, the vision of the oracular little old woman made a great impression, both on the community and her ladies, and they all began to relate stories of signs and omens. "I can remember well," said the princess Louisa, "though I was not quite four years old at the time,

[1] Autograph letters of Mary Beatrice, Chaillot collection.
[2] Inedited Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Este, archives of France.
[3] Ibid.

that when the late king, my father, left St. Germains to join the armament at Calais, expecting to embark for England, I dreamed that I saw him return in a blue cloak, instead of the scarlet coat he wore when he went away, and that he said to me, 'This place must be my England.'"[1] It was not the first time that the dream of the youngest daughter of James II. had been related in that circle; for even in her infancy it had been recorded as a solemn revelation, that the exiled king was to behold his native land no more, but to end his days at St. Germains. To imagine any thing of the kind an augury, is almost to ensure its fulfilment. James II. allowed more than one good opportunity for effecting a landing in England in the absence of the rival sovereign to slip, from the idea that a decree had gone forth against his restoration.

The dream of Mary Beatrice had, in a manner, prepared the ladies of her court for the news of the failure of the expedition. The cause of its failure remains to this day among the unexplained mysteries of history. It is true, that in consequence of the fatal three days' detention of the prince before the turn of his malady permitted him to embark, the wind, which had been previously fair, changed; that Fourbin, the French admiral, was out of temper, and could not be prevailed to leave the port till the 6th of March, and then encountered a heavy storm. Meantime, the English fleet under sir George Byng got out to sea, gave chase, and took the Salisbury man-of-war, an English vessel belonging to Fourbin's fleet. Byng was greatly superior in force.[2] Fourbin entered the Frith of Forth just below Edinburgh. It has been affirmed by some, that the prince vainly implored to be permitted to land with the troops provided for that purpose by the king of France, or even accompanied only by the gentlemen of his suite, so sure did he feel that he should receive an honourable reception; but nothing could prevail on Fourbin to permit it.[3] Others have said that the prince was actually captured in the Salisbury, and that Byng preserved his royal mistress, queen Anne, from a most painful and perplexing

[1] Inedited Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Este, archives of France.
[2] Macpherson. French State-Papers. [3] Macpherson.

dilemma, by sending him privately on board Fourbin's ship, having taken his word of honour that he would return to France without attempting to land.[1] If this romantic tale be founded on fact, Byng acted with consummate wisdom in ridding the queen of an invasion at the easy rate of releasing a prisoner, whom she could scarcely have ventured to proceed against according to the severity of the law. There was a prodigious run on the bank of England at this crisis, and some danger of cash payments being suspended, national credit being at a low ebb.[2]

A letter from Mary Beatrice to her friend the abbess of Chaillot, apparently written the day after the arrival of her son at St. Germains, betrays the harassing state of affairs in her little court, where every one was charging the disappointment on some inimical person or other. "The desolation of my soul," she says, "would excite your pity, if you could look into its depths. My heart is also much broken, and I have had, for these ten days past, business and domestic

[1] Calamy's Life and Notes.

[2] The landing of the son of James II., at this juncture, was eagerly expected by the Jacobite aristocracy on the banks of the Forth. James Stirling, esq., laird of Keir, Archibald Seaton, esq., laird of Touch, and other territorial chiefs in that neighbourhood, had armed themselves, their tenants and servants, and marched in a body from Keir to the bridge of Turk, where they had a rendezvous with their highland friends, and laid their plans for the general rising that was to take place the moment it should be proclaimed that the royal Stuart had set foot on Scottish ground. The laird of Keir and his neighbours determined to set an example of fearless devotion to the cause, by being the first to join him; they marched up and down the counties of Stirlingshire and Perthshire in expectation of the descent, till the news reached them that sir George Byng had driven the French fleet off the coast. Keir and the ringleaders of this levy were afterwards arrested, and thrown into the Tolbooth. They were indicted at Edinburgh on the 28th of the following November, "on the charge of having convocated themselves and appeared in arms to levy war against her majesty, at the time when an invasion of Scotland was threatened; and in addition to this offence, they had also publicly drunk the good health of 'their master,' as they called him who could be no other than the Pretender." The laird of Keir defended himself and his friends with great courage and ability. He said "that the gentlemen and himself were friends and kinsmen, and had met peaceably to enjoy their own diversions; that they had neither hired nor paid men for seditious purposes; and as for drinking to their master's good health, he defied them to make that out to be an act of high treason,—first, because there was no law against drinking any person's good health; and secondly, no name had been mentioned, therefore that the Pretender was meant could only be a conjecture."—State Trials, vol. vi. They were unanimously acquitted by the jury.

quarrels that have disquieted and vexed me to a degree of which I am ashamed; and I declare to you, that coming so immediately on the rest of my troubles, I have been completely overwhelmed with it all. Pray God, my dearest mother, to succour and support me, and to increase my strength, for never have I had greater need, and never have I appeared so feeble. I dare not tell you that I have not yet been with my son. I know it is a great fault, but these last affairs have scarcely left me time for my prayers; and although during the octave of the holy sacrament I have tried to go oftener to church (God knows with what distraction of mind), I have missed the first procession and the journey to Versailles. I shall go to Marli to-morrow. I was on Friday at the review; my son was there, and many of the English, who were, as it was said, well pleased with him. My God, what a world this is, and who can understand it! For my part, the more I know of it, the less I comprehend it: unhappy are they who have much to do with it! My son had arrived before me on my return from Chaillot."[1] This appears to have been the reason she had missed seeing him, as he had been compelled to show himself at the review, where, it should seem, he had been very well received, notwithstanding the failure of the late expedition, in which he had been evidently the victim of state policy, as absurd as it was incomprehensible. The queen concludes her letter in these words:—"Madame de Maintenon was here nearly two hours yesterday. Lady Bulkeley makes me pity her, although she does not know the unhappy manner of her husband's death." This sentence implies some tragedy connected with the fate of the gallant colonel Bulkeley, which the queen had learned, but had not courage to communicate to her faithful attendant, lady Sophia Bulkeley.[2]

Several persons of high rank in the British emigration had been captured in the 'Salisbury;' among the rest, the two sons of the earl of Middleton, lord Clermont, and Mr. Middleton, and the old attached servant of king James, lord

[1] Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

[2] Ibid.

Griffin. Mary Beatrice was greatly afflicted when she learned that they were all committed close prisoners to the Tower, to take their trials for high treason. She wrote, with her own hand, an earnest letter to the French minister, Chamillard, begging him to claim them as officers in the service of his royal master, and exerted her influence in every possible way for their preservation.[1] Simultaneously with these events, queen Anne's cabinet proceeded to set a price on her brother's head.[2] Anne, herself, who had hitherto styled him "the pretended prince of Wales," now gave him a new name in her address to parliament, calling him, for the first time, "the Pretender,"—a cunningly-devised *sobriquet*, which, perhaps, did more to exclude him from the throne than even his unpopular religion. The young prince served in the French army in the Low Countries the same spring as a volunteer, under the appropriate title of the chevalier de St. George; for, being destitute of the means of providing a camp equipage, and maintaining the state consistent with royalty, he claimed no higher distinction than the companionship of the national order, with which he had been invested in his fourth year by the late sovereign his father. He conducted himself during the campaign so as to win the affection and esteem of his comrades, and especially of his commander, the duke de Vendôme.[3]

While her son was with the army, Mary Beatrice was, of course, deeply interested in all the military operations, of which he sent her a regular account. In one of her letters to the abbess of Chaillot, she says,—

"We have been in expectation of great news for several days past. I will tell you, in confidence, that they have missed in Flanders the opportunity of a grand stroke, and I fear that a similar one will not present itself any more this campaign. God must be praised for all, and we ought to try to be satisfied with all that happens. . . . . .

"I have just learned that the thunder has fallen this night on the abbey of Poissy, and burned part of the monastery, and, what is worse, three or four of the *religieuses*. I have sent to the abbess to make inquiries; in truth, it makes me tremble."[4]

In another letter of the same period, dated at St. Germains, the 23rd of June, Mary Beatrice says,—

[1] Stuart Papers. [2] Burnet. [3] St. Simon.

[4] Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the Chaillot collection.

"My chevalier is in perfect health, thank God, and I am better than I have been for a long time. . . . . We have some hopes of obtaining the liberty of the two Middletons, and of the other Irish prisoners; but for my lord Griffin, they have condemned him to die on the 27th of this month, which causes me great pain. I recommend him to your prayers, and to those of our dear sisters."[1]

The chevalier St. George had the ill luck to be present, with his royal French cousins, Burgundy and Berry, at the battle of Oudenarde, a witness of the superior military genius of his secret correspondent, the duke of Marlborough. His more fortunate rival, the electoral prince of Hanover, afterwards George II., distinguished himself on the winning side. The chevalier caught the malignant intermittent fever of the country at Mons, and returned, greatly enfeebled, for change of air to St. Germains towards the close of the summer. It was a wet, cold autumn, severe winter, and ungenial spring; the queen was ill, anxious, and unhappy, on account of her son, for the fever hung upon him for many months; yet he was firm in his determination to try his fortunes in another campaign. On the 11th of April, 1709, Mary Beatrice writes to the abbess of Chaillot to excuse herself from passing the holy week with her friends there, the physicians having forbidden her to change her abode that month, unless the weather altered very much for the better; she adds,—

"If the war continues, as is supposed, the king my son will be very shortly on the point of leaving me for the army. It is not right, therefore, that I should quit him, more especially as he is not yet wholly recovered from his fever, for he had a little touch of it again yesterday, though he perseveres in taking the bark five times a-day."

The late defeat at Oudenarde, the loss of Lisle, the distress caused by the visitation of a famine, and above all, the deficiency in the revenues of that kingdom, rendered Louis XIV. not only willing, but anxious to listen to overtures of peace.[2] Instead of the armies taking the field, plenipotentiaries were despatched to meet the victorious Marlborough and Eugene at the Hague, to settle preliminaries for an amicable treaty. Mary Beatrice was well aware that no peace would or could be concluded, unless Louis XIV. withdrew his protection from her son. The prince was eager to prevent the mortification

[1] Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the Chaillot collection.
[2] Macpherson. Torcy's Memoirs.

of a dismissal from the French dominions, by trying his fortunes in Scotland.[1] He had received fresh invitations and assurances of support from the highland chiefs; the representations of his secret agents as to his prospects were encouraging enough to induce him to declare, that he would come if he were reduced to the necessity of performing the voyage in a hired vessel. When he threw himself at the feet of Louis XIV. and implored his aid, that monarch told him, plainly, "that situated as he then was, he had enough to do to defend his own dominions, without thinking of any thing so chimerical as invading those of the victorious queen of Great Britain." The ardour of the youthful adventurer was moreover checked by a significant hint, that if he attempted to embroil his present protector farther with queen Anne, by stealing over to Scotland and exciting an insurrection there, his royal mother would instantly be deprived of her present shelter, and that her pension, which formed the sole provision for the support of herself, her daughter, and the faithful followers who had sacrificed every thing to their adherence to the ruined cause of the house of Stuart, would be stopped.

It is a remarkable fact, that when Torcy mentioned the son of James II. to Marlborough, the latter evinced a warmth of feeling towards the exiled prince scarcely consistent with his professions to the electoral house of Hanover. He called him "the prince of Wales," and expressed an ardent desire of serving him, and that a suitable income should be secured to him. Nor was he unmindful of the claims of Mary Beatrice; he recommended Torcy to renew the demand of her dower. "Insist strenuously on that article to the viscount Townshend," said he; "that lord is a sort of inspector over my conduct. He is an honest man, but a whig. I must speak like an obstinate Englishman in his presence."[2] Marlborough was still more explicit in his conferences with his nephew Berwick, who, being the illegitimate brother of the prince, formed a curious link of connexion between the great

[1] Macpherson.

[2] Mémoires de Torcy. Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Continuator of Mackintosh.

captain of the age and the rejected heir of England. Undoubtedly Marlborough gave wise counsel, when he bade the duke of Berwick entreat the prince to emancipate himself from the political thraldom of France, by offering to disembarrass Louis XIV. of his presence as a preliminary to the negotiations for peace. He clearly demonstrated that no good could ever result from a connexion so offensive to the national pride of England, for the people, over whom he desired to rule, would never submit to the imposition of a sovereign from France. "He hoped," he said, "by extricating the prince in the first place from the influence of France, and by prudent arrangement, to see all parties uniting to recognise him as the successor to his sister's throne."[1] Neither the prince nor Berwick felt sufficient confidence in the integrity of Marlborough to take his advice. Men can only judge of intentions by past deeds. They called to mind his treachery to their royal father, and suspected that the zeal with which he urged the court of St. Germains to press for the payment of the queen-mother's dower, was for the purpose of beguiling the prince into bartering his pretensions to a diadem for a pension, and at the same time depriving him of the support of his only friend and protector, Louis XIV.

The pacific negotiations at the Hague proving fruitless, the conferences were broken up, and hostilities were renewed. The chevalier having recovered his health, set out for the French head-quarters, leaving his royal mother to struggle with pecuniary difficulties, which neither wisdom could foresee nor prudence prevent.[2] All hope of receiving her income as queen-dowager of England was of course suspended, and the pittance she received from the French government was now unpunctually paid, and subjected to curtailment on various pretences. The first attempt on the part of the officers of the French exchequer to extort a per centage from her treasurer, Mr. Dicconson, for paying her pension in ready money, was resisted by Mary Beatrice with some spirit, as an

[1] Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Correspondence quoted by the Continuator of Mackintosh's Reign of Queen Anne.

[2] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, in the hôtel de Soubise.

imposition and abuse of office, "which," she said, "she was sure would be displeasing to the king of France." They kept her then in arrear, and offered to pay in bills, on which she was compelled to allow as much for discount as the official thieves had demanded of her in the first instance.[1] She mentioned the circumstance to madame de Maintenon, but that lady, who had herself been an underling at court, and accustomed to perquisites and privileges, made light of it, and advised her majesty not to incur the ill-will of the financial corps by complaining to the king, who was greatly inconvenienced himself by the deficiency in his revenue. Bitterly did the royal dependent feel the humiliations and privations to which the wrongs of fortune had subjected her and her children, and vainly did she endeavour, by increasing self-denial and the most rigid economy in her personal expenditure, to spare more for the destitute families who had abandoned houses and broad lands in England for her husband's sake.

The pecuniary difficulties of the fallen queen were embittered, about this period, by a mortification from a quarter whence she least expected it. When at Chaillot, her daughter was accustomed to sleep in a chamber that opened into her own, an arrangement which their near relationship and tender affection rendered agreeable to both; but the queen being deeply in arrears to the convent for the rent of the suite of rooms she occupied, the abbess, feeling more disposed to consider the benefit of the community than the comfort of their royal friends, hinted, "that having a tenant for the apartment adjoining her majesty's bed-room, it would be desirable to remove her royal highness the princess of England to an upper story." Mary Beatrice did not attempt to dissemble the fact that the change would be both unpleasant and inconvenient to her, and was greatly hurt, a few months later, on finding that the room was actually let to madame de l'Orge, a lady of high rank, and her daughter, and that they had made sundry alterations, furnished, and taken possession of it. When, however, those ladies learned, from a letter written

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, in the hôtel de Soubise.

by lady Sophia Bulkeley to the abbess, how greatly the queen and princess would be inconvenienced by their occupation of this apartment, they said "her majesty should be welcome to the use of it when she came to Chaillot with the princess."[1] The high spirit of Mary Beatrice revolted at this proposal, yet she wrote, with great mildness and temper, to the abbess on the subject:—

"After having desired lady Bulkeley to write to you, my dear mother, touching the chamber where my daughter lodges at Chaillot, I have remembered me, that when last year you proposed to me to change my daughter's apartment and to put her higher, I found that it would be very difficult to arrange it, as my ladies would have much trouble to accommodate themselves in places which are now occupied by their waiting-maids, especially for any length of time, and that my daughter herself would not be so well above, nor would it be so convenient for me as at present I have no other chamber below besides that in which she lodges. However, if you, my dear mother, or madame and mademoiselle de l'Orge, have any trouble about taking this apartment, I pray you to tell me so plainly, with your usual sincerity, and I will endeavour to make some other arrangement, at least if it be in our power. You can, if you please, consult my dear sisters Catharine Angelique and M. Gabrielle, about it, and then take your resolution, and send me word; for in case my daughter can continue where she is, I should wish them to take away the furniture of madame and mademoiselle de l'Orge, and I would send mine. I also beg you to have the window put to rights, and the other things that are required in the little lodging, and send me the bill of what they come to, as that is only just. I cannot accept the offer madame de l'Orge makes me of the loan of her chamber; I say this, in case she wishes to take it away from me."[2]

The apartment was relinquished by the intruding tenant; it was, indeed, the dressing-room to her majesty's chamber, which no stranger could with any propriety have wished to occupy, and the attempt to deprive her of it served very painfully to remind the royal exiles of their adverse fortunes. The princess Louisa felt every slight that was offered to her mother or brother far more keenly than they did. Sometimes she said, "We are reduced to such pitiable straits, and live in so humble a way, that even if it were the will of Heaven to restore us to our natural rank, we should not know how to play our parts with becoming dignity."

The defeat of the French army at Malplaquet, on the 11th of September, 1709, increased the general gloom which pervaded all ranks in that nation, while it rendered the position

[1] Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, hôtel de Soubise.

[2] Inedited letters of queen Mary Beatrice, in the hôtel de Soubise; Chaillot collection. This letter is only dated May 1st.

of the court of St. Germains more painful and precarious. Yet the desolate heart of Mary Beatrice swelled with maternal pride in the midst of her solicitude, for her son had distinguished himself by a brilliant personal action in that fiercely contested fight, which had nearly turned the fortunes of the day. After maréschal Villars was carried dangerously wounded out of the field, Bouflers sustained the conflict; and when the cavalry of the allies broke into his lines, he ordered the chevalier de St. George to advance at the head of 1200 of the horse-guards. The princely volunteer performed this duty so gallantly, that in one desperate charge the German horse were broken and repulsed, and nothing but the steady valour of the English troops, and the consummate skill of their commanders, prevented the rout from becoming general.[1] The rejected claimant of the British crown did not disgrace his lineage on that occasion, though unhappily serving beneath the banner of the fleur-de-lis, and opposed to his own countrymen. He charged twelve times at the head of the household troops of France, and though wounded in the right arm by a sabre cut, he kept the ground manfully, under a continuous fire of six hours from the British infantry.[2] Bouflers, in his despatch to his own sovereign, detailing the loss of the battle, renders the following brief testimony to the gallantry of the royal volunteer. "The chevalier de St. George behaved himself during the whole action with the utmost valour and vivacity." The queen, who had been residing for many weeks in complete retirement with her daughter at Chaillot, came to welcome her son on his return to St. Germains, where they kept their united court, if such it might be called, that winter.

The following melancholy letter, without date, was probably written by Mary Beatrice towards the spring, when depressed by sickness and care, and harassed with business which, as she pathetically observes, was never of an agreeable kind:—

"At last I find a moment to write to you, my dear mother, and to ask tidings of your health, for which I am in pain, for M. Gaillar told me that it was not

[1] Macpherson. Jesse. Lediard's Life of the Duke of Marlborough. Despatches of Maréschal Bouflers. [2] Ibid.

too good. Be careful of it, for the love of Heaven, my dear mother, for I have need of you, as you know. Alas! there are none left to me now but you and father Ruga on earth, in whom I can have an entire confidence.

"I have read the homily on Providence, which is consolatory. I cannot say, however, that I have found consolation in that or any thing else. God is the master, and his holy will be done. I am not ill, but I sleep badly since I quitted you, and I am worse after the bath, which I cannot understand; but I have omitted it for the last fortnight, and take the powders and the waters of St. Remi. The king my son has had a cold, but I hope it will not increase: he does not keep his room. My daughter bathes twice a-week. She is, however, very well: it has refreshed her. I cannot tell you more for want of time, save to charge you with my regards."[1]

After various kind messages to the sisters of Chaillot, she mentions, with great concern, the sudden illness which had seized one of the most faithful and valued members of her household:—

"Mr. Strickland has been attacked with paralysis: he has great trouble to speak. His wife is in despair. They will send him to Bourbon. I am grieved about it, and shall be very sorry to lose him, for he is an ancient servant, and very affectionate. I recommend him to your prayers."

Endorsed—"To the mother Priolo."[2]

Reminiscences of her former greatness must have been associated in the mind of the fallen queen with her recollection of the services of the faithful adherent, whose illness she mentions with such compassionate feeling and regret. Robert Strickland was her vice-chamberlain; he was appointed to that office on the accession of the late king her husband to the throne of Great Britain, and he had walked at the head of her procession at the splendid ceremonial of her coronation.[3] What melancholy reverses had since then clouded the horizon of her who was the leading star of that glorious pageant! Alas! for the instability of human pomp and power, and worse, far worse, the deceitfulness of fair-day friends! Of all the courtly train who had contended for the honour of performing services for their young and beautiful queen that day,—the gay and gallant Dorset, the magnificent Devonshire, the specious Halifax, the astute Manchester, and the enamoured Godolphin, the bearers of her regalia,—who of all these had been willing to follow her in exile and in sorrow? Were not those men the first to betray their too confiding

[1] Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France. [2] Ibid.

[3] Sandford's Book of the Coronation of James II.

sovereign, and to transfer their worthless homage to the adversary? Well might the luckless queen prize the manly and true-hearted northern squire who had adhered to her fallen fortunes with unswerving loyalty, and having served her as reverently in her poverty and affliction as when he waited upon her in the regal palace of Whitehall, was now for her sake dying in a land of strangers, far from his home,—who can wonder at her lamenting the loss of such a servant?

Another of the queen's letters, apparently written in the spring of 1710, when her beloved friend, Françoise Angelique, and several of the sisters of Chaillot were dangerously ill of an infectious fever, is in reply to a request from the abbess that she would defer her visit to the convent for fear of exposing herself to the contagion, and bespeaks a generous warmth of feeling and freedom from all selfish fears only to be found in persons of piety and moral worth. It is altogether a unique royal letter, and the reader cannot fail to be amused as well as interested:—

"St. Germains, the 14th of May.

"Your last letter, my dear mother, has caused me great pain, by the sad account that you give me of the state of several of our dear sisters, but above all, that of my dear mother Priolo, of which I could much wish to inform myself; and if I had not intended to go to Chaillot for the Rogation, I should have been there yesterday or to-day, expressly for that purpose. I should be glad, also, to see my poor little portress; and I cannot see any reason, among all you have mentioned, why I should not come. You know that I have no fear but of colds, and I cannot perceive any cause to apprehend infection with you. So then, with your permission, my dear mother, I shall reckon to be with you on Monday evening about seven o'clock, and I entreat you to send me tidings of our invalids this evening. The drowsiness of my sister, F. A. [Françoise Angelique,] does not please me. I am very glad you have made her leave off the *viper broth*, which is too heating for her. I hope the sickness of my sister Louise Henriette will not be unto death. I have prayed much for you all. As for your temporal business, I saw M. de M. [Maintenon] this day week, and she said nothing to me about it, nor has she written of it since. I fear this is not a good sign. I send her letter. I know not whether you have read those of M. d'Autun to me, which you might have done, as they had only *a flying* seal. If you have, you will be convinced that our good mother of Annessey has engaged me very unluckily in the affair of that priest whom she called a saint, and who, it appears, was very far from meriting that name. I have made my excuses to M. d'Autun, and will write to him between this and Monday.

"We are all well here, thank God! I could wish to find all well, or at least better, with you. My daughter must not come, but for me there is nothing to fear. Adieu, my dear mother! I am yours with all my heart, and I embrace my dear mother Priolo."[1]

[1] Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice; Chaillot MS.

On the 16th of May, her son, the chevalier de St. George, left her to serve his third campaign in the Low Countries, under marshal Villars, with whom he formed an intimate friendship. The duke of Berwick was one of the commanders in the French army, and was the medium of a close political correspondence between his uncle Marlborough and Mary Beatrice. The victorious general of the British army was in disgrace with his sovereign, queen Anne; his son-in-law, Sunderland, had lost his place in her cabinet; his colleague, Godolphin, had been compelled to resign,[1] and nothing but the influence of the allies kept himself in his command of the forces. While the hostile armies were encamped on the banks of the Scarpe, there was a great deal of political coquetry going on between some of the English officers of Marlborough's staff and the personal retinue of the chevalier St. George, who, at the request of the former, showed himself on horseback, on the opposite side of the narrow stream, to a party who had expressed an ardent desire to see him. Medals, bearing the impression of his bust and superscription, were eagerly accepted by many of those who, though they had taken the oath of abjuration, could not refrain from regarding the representative of their ancient monarchs with feelings inconsistent with their duty to the constitutional sovereign. Marlborough's master of the horse, Mr. Pitt, was the recipient of several of these medals, which Charles Booth, one of the chevalier's grooms of the bedchamber, had the boldness to send by the trumpet. Medals were also addressed to several of the general officers, each being enclosed in a paper, on which was written: "The metal is good, for it bore six hours' fire; you know it was hot, for yourselves blew the coals." This observation was in allusion to the gallant conduct of the exiled prince at Malplaquet, which was rendered

[1] One of Godolphin's letters to the exiled queen, or her minister, had, some time previously, fallen into the hands of his great enemy, lord Wharton, who had used the power it gave him to obtain many things very much opposed to the interest of that party. As a measure of self-preservation, Godolphin and Marlborough had obtained from queen Anne the publication of a general pardon, in which an indemnity for all persons who had been guilty of a treasonable correspondence with the court of St. Germains was particularly specified.—Macpherson's Journals of the Lords. Dartmouth's Notes on Burnet.

more intelligible by the following postscript: "You know it was well tried on the 11th of September, 1709."[1]

Marlborough winked at all these petty treasons, apparently not displeased at seeing the son of his old master making the most of his proximity to the British army. Mary Beatrice, in reply to a communication which Marlborough made to her through his nephew, Berwick, confiding to her his intention of resigning his places under queen Anne, wrote a very remarkable letter to him, which marshal Villars himself enclosed in one of his own military notes to the British commander, written, in all probability, merely to furnish an excuse for sending a trumpet to the hostile camp for the purpose of delivering it to his double-dealing grace, to whom it was addressed under the name of Gurney, one of the numerous *aliases* by which he is designated in the Jacobite correspondence. Her majesty speaks of her son also by the *sobriquet* of Mr. Mathews. She informs Marlborough, that what he wrote to his nephew on the 13th of the last month, June 1710, was of such great importance to her son, as well as to himself, that she thinks herself obliged to answer it with her own hand, and then continues in these words :—

"I shall tell you, in the first place, that as I was glad to find you still continue in your good resolutions towards Mr. Mathews, [her son,] I was surprised, on the other hand, to see you had a design of quitting every thing as soon as the peace was concluded; for I find that to be the only means of rendering you useless to your friends, and your retreat may prove dangerous to yourself. You are too large a mark, and too much exposed, for malice to miss; and your enemies will never believe themselves in safety till they have ruined you."[2]

There is something very amusing in the pointed manner in which the widow of James II. endeavours to persuade her correspondent, that not only his revenge, but his self-interest ought to bind him to the cause of her son. She lets him see plainly, that she understands his game is a difficult one. No barrister could have argued the case with greater ingenuity than she does in her quiet lady-like logic. She says,—

"But as you are lost if you quit your employments, I see likewise, on the other hand, that it will be difficult for you to keep yourself in office as things are

[1] Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

[2] Letter of Mary Beatrice to the duke of Marlborough, in Macpherson's transcripts from Nairne's Stuart Papers.

now situated, so that your interest itself now declares for your honour. You cannot be in safety without discharging your duty, and the time is precious to you as well as to us."

In the next paragraph, the royal writer replies, with equal dignity and diplomacy, to some clause in Marlborough's letter relating to Mrs. Masham, the successful rival who had supplanted his duchess in his sovereign's regard :—

"The advice you give us in sending us to the new favourite is very obliging; but what can we hope from a stranger, who has no obligation to us? Whereas we have all the reasons in the world to depend upon you, since we have now but the same interest to manage, and you have the power to put Mr. Mathews [her son] in a condition to protect you. Lay aside, then, I beseech you, your resolution of retiring. Take courage, and, without losing more time, send us a person in whom you can have an entire confidence; or if you have not such a man with you, allow us to send you one whom we may trust, in order to concert matters for our common interest, which can never be properly done by letters. We shall know, by your speedy and positive answer to this letter, what judgment we can form of our affairs."[1]

Matters hung on a perilous balance for the Protestant succession when a correspondence, of which this letter is a sample, was going on between the mother of the chevalier de St. George and the commander of the British army, of which the said chevalier himself was within a morning's ride. Perhaps, if the duchess of Marlborough, with her vindictive passions and governing energies, had been in the camp of the allies, the game that was played by Marlborough in 1688 at Salisbury, might have been counteracted by a more astounding change of colours on the banks of the Scarpe in 1710. Ninety thousand a-year was, however, too much to be hazarded by a man, whose great object in life was to acquire wealth; and having acquired, to keep it. He took the wiser part, that of trimming, in readiness to sail with any wind that might spring up, but waited to see in which direction the tide of fortune would flow. It is to be observed, withal, that Mary Beatrice neither makes professions in her letter, nor holds out any prospect of reward. "I must not finish my letter," she says, in conclusion, "without thanking you for promising to assist me in my suit at the treaty of peace," meaning the payment of her jointure and arrears, for which

[1] Letter of Mary Beatrice to the duke of Marlborough, printed in Macpherson's documents from Nairne's Collection in the Scotch college.

Marlborough had always been an advocate under the rose, for he took good care not to commit himself by a public avowal of his sentiments on that head. "My cause," continues the royal widow, meekly, "is so just, that I have all reason to hope I shall gain it; at least, I flatter myself that Mr. Mathew's *sister* [her step-daughter, queen Anne] is of too good a disposition to oppose it."[1] The pretence made by Anne or her ministers for withholding the provision guaranteed by parliament for her father's widow, that the fund voted to king William for that purpose had been applied, since his death, to other uses, could scarcely be regarded as a legal excuse, especially since the death of the other queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza, had placed her appanage and income at the disposal of the crown; and this Mary Beatrice, in her bitter penury, would gladly have accepted in lieu of her own.

Marlborough's correspondence is thus alluded to by the chevalier de St. George, in one of his droll letters to the earl of Middleton, dated Arras, July 25th, 1710:—

"I shall not write to the queen to-day, having nothing to say to her more than what is done. Present my duty to her. . . . . I have at last quite done with physic, and I hope with my ague, and that with only ten doses of quinquina; but I shall still keep possession of my gatehouse till the army removes, which must be soon. Our Hector [Villars] doth talk of fighting in his chariot, but I don't believe him, especially now that the conferences of peace are certainly renewed. . . . . You will have seen, before this, Gurney's [Marlborough's] letter to Daniel, [Berwick,] and another to Hector, in which Follette's [queen Mary Beatrice's] children [himself and the princess his sister] are mentioned. I find Hector very willing to do any thing in his power for him."[2]

The rest of the letter is very lively and amusing, but chiefly relating to a masked ball, at which he had been present. In his next he says, "I was surprised to find by my sister's letter of the 30th, that the queen had been ill at Marli, but am mighty glad it is so well over. Present her my duty."

Mary Beatrice and her daughter wrote very frequently to the chevalier de St. George during his absence with the army. Their letters, if preserved, would be of no common interest, endearing and confidential as the style of both these royal ladies was, considering, too, the romantic position occu-

[1] Letter of Mary Beatrice to the duke of Marlborough, in Macpherson's documents from Nairne's collection in the Scotch college. [2] Ibid.

pied by the prince. As for him, he was just two-and-twenty, and writes with all the gaiety of his uncle, Charles II., at the same age.[1]

"I gave the maréschal, he says, "this day the queen's packet, [containing her letter to Marlborough,] which I reckon gone by this time. Though Follette has said nothing of her children, yet Hector has again writ about them. I could not put off his writing about them till I heard from you, because he had now no other pretence, as I thought he had. Pray send me back Gurney's [Marlborough's] letter to him, [Villars,] for he wants the name of the colonel that is in it."

Mary Beatrice, meantime, to spare herself the painful attempt at keeping up the shadowy imitation of a royal court, had withdrawn with her daughter, the princess Louisa, to her apartments in the convent of Chaillot, where they lived in the deepest retirement. Her majesty occasionally paid flying visits to St. Germains, for the purpose of holding councils and transacting business; but her ministers, generally, came to wait on her at the convent.

The manner in which the royal widow passed her time when on a visit to the convent of Chaillot, is thus detailed by one of the ecclesiastics attached to that foundation: "At eight o'clock she rises, having previously read the epistle and gospel for the day after the morrow, with great attention, and after that some of the circular-letters of the convent, containing the records of departed sisters of the order of distinguished piety. She possesses," continues our author, "a perfect knowledge of the blessed Scriptures, as well as the writings of our holy founder; so that she is able to cite the finest passages on occasion, which she always does so much to the purpose, that one knows not which to admire most, the eloquence of her words, or the aptness of her wit. She knows Latin, French, Italian, and English, and will talk consecutively in each of these languages, without mixing them, or making the slightest mistake. But that which is the most worthy of observation in this princess, is the admirable charity and moderation with which she speaks of every one. Of her enemies she would rather not speak,—following the precept of our holy founder, 'that when nothing good can be said, it is best to say

[1] See his playful letter to the earl of Middleton, from the camp at Arlien, dated June 2nd, in Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. ii. p. 152, octavo edition.

nothing.' She has never used one word of complaint or invective of any of them, neither has she betrayed impatience of their prosperity, or joy at their sufferings. She said little of them, and recommended those about her to imitate her example; yet she assured us that she had no difficulty in forgiving them, but rather pleasure. If she heard either good or evil news, she recognised the hand of God in both alike, often repeating the words of the holy Psalmist, — I was silent, and opened not my mouth, for it is thou, Lord, that hast done it."[1]

From the same authority we learn, that on leaving her chamber the queen always entered her oratory, where she spent an hour in her private devotions; she afterwards attended the public services of the church, then returned to dress for the day. She either dined in her own chamber, or in the refectory with the community, where she seated herself in the midst of the sisters, near the abbess. Her ladies occupied a table by themselves; she was always served by two of the nuns. At ten o'clock, one of the sisters read to her, for half an hour, from the Imitation of Jesus Christ, by Thomas à Kempis, or some good book on the love of God. She observed all the regulations of the convent when with the community, and read, listened, meditated, or worked with them, as if she had belonged to the order. If there were any sick persons in the infirmary, she always visited them in the course of the day. During her retreats to Chaillot, she received visits from the dauphin, dauphiness, and almost all the princesses of the blood. She once assisted at the profession of a novice, whom she led by the hand to the altar to receive the veil, and bestowed upon her her own name, Marie Beatrice.[2] The reverence, modesty, and profound silence which she observed at church were very edifying. If they brought to her letters from her son, she never opened them in that holy place, or withdrew till the service was concluded, when she retired into the sacristy and read them there, as she had formerly done with regard to those from the king, her late royal husband.[3]

[1] Records of Chaillot, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris. [2] Ibid.
[3] Records of the convent of Chaillot.

Motives of economy had, doubtless, as much to do with these retreats of the exiled queen to the convent of Chaillot as devotion. She could live with the princess her daughter and their ladies at a very trifling expense, in a place where simplicity of dress and abstemiousness of diet, instead of incurring sarcastic observations, were regarded as virtues. The self-denying habits practised by Mary Beatrice while an inmate of this convent, neither resulted from superstition nor parsimony, but from a conscientious reluctance to expend more than was absolutely necessary upon herself in a time of general suffering and scarcity. One day, when she was indisposed, and dining in her own apartment at Chaillot, the two nuns who waited upon her observed that she was vexed at something, and spoke angrily to lady Strickland, the keeper of her privy-purse, whose office it was to superintend the purveyances for the queen's private table. As her majesty spoke in English, the nuns did not understand what it was that had displeased her; but in the evening she said, "she was sorry that she had spoken so sharply to lady Strickland, who had served her faithfully for nearly thirty years." The nuns took the liberty of inquiring what that lady had done to annoy her majesty. "She thought," said the queen, "that, as I was not well, I should like some young partridges for my dinner; but they are very dear at this time, and I confess I was angry that such costly dainties should be procured for me, when so many faithful followers are in want of bread at St. Germains.[1] It is true," continued her majesty, "that all the emigrants are not persons who have lost their fortunes for our sakes. Too many who apply to me for relief are ruined spendthrifts, gamblers, and people of dissipated lives, who have never cared for the king nor me, but came over to be maintained in idleness out of our pittance, to the loss and discredit of more honourable men. Those sort of people," she said, "were more importunate for relief than any other, and had caused her great annoyance by their irregularities, for she was somehow considered responsible for the misdemeanours of every member of the British emigration."

[1] Diary of Chaillot, MSS. in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

The keepers of the royal forest and preserves of St. Germains-en-laye once made a formal complaint to our unfortunate queen, that her purveyors had purchased poached game belonging to his most Christian majesty for her table. Mary Beatrice was indignant at the charge, and protested "that it was incredible." They assured her, in reply, "that they could bring ample proofs of the allegation, having traced the game into the château."—"Then," retorted her majesty, with some warmth, "it must have been poached by Frenchmen, for I am sure the English are too honourable and honest to do any thing of the kind;" and turning to the vicar of St. Germains, who was present, she asked him "if he thought they were capable of such malpractices as poaching?"—"Alas! madame," exclaimed the old ecclesiastic, "it is the besetting sin of your people. I verily believe that if I were dressed in hare-skin, they would poach me."[1] The queen then gave orders that, for the time to come, no game should be purchased for her table, or even brought into the château, unless accompanied by a satisfactory account of whence it came, lest she should be in any way implicated in the evil deeds of her followers. Doubtless the well-stocked preserves of his French majesty were somewhat the worse for the vicinity of fox-hunting Jacobite squires, and other starving members of the British colony at St. Germains who had been accustomed to sylvan sports, and had no other means of subsistence than practising their wood-craft illegally on their royal neighbour's hares and pheasants. Mary Beatrice was the more annoyed at these trespasses, because it appeared an ungrateful return for the kindness and hospitality that had been accorded to herself, her family, and followers by Louis XIV., who had always allowed the use of his dogs and the privilege of the chase to her late consort and their son.

While at Chaillot, the queen and her daughter were invited to the marriage of the dauphin's third son, the duke de Berri, with mademoiselle d'Orleans; but they were both at that time so depressed in spirits by the sufferings of their faithful friends at St. Germains, and the failure of all present hope for the

[1] Diary of Chaillot, MSS. in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

restoration of the house of Stuart, that they were reluctant to sadden the nuptial rite by their appearance. The king of France, knowing how unhappy they were, excused them from assisting at the ceremonial, but the court ladies were ordered to be in grand costume for their state visit of congratulation at Marli the following evening. When they arrived, the princes and princesses and great nobles were disposed at different card-tables, and, according to the etiquette of that time, the queen and princess made their visits of congratulation at each of them. They then returned to their calm abode at Chaillot, without participation in the diversions of the court.[1]

The chevalier de St. George returned from the army at the end of the campaign, ill and out of spirits. He came to see his mother and sister at Chaillot, by whom he was tenderly welcomed: all three assisted at the commemorative service of their church on the 16th of September, the anniversary of James II.'s death. The next day the chevalier escorted his sister, the princess Louisa, back to St. Germains; but Mary Beatrice, who always passed several days at that mournful season in absolute retirement, remained at the convent for that purpose. She was also suffering from indisposition, it appears, from an observation in the following affectionate little billet, which the princess Louisa wrote to her beloved parent before she went to bed:—

"Madame,

"I cannot refrain from writing to your majesty this evening, not being able to wait till to-morrow, as the groom does not go till after dinner. I am here only in person, for my heart and soul are still at Chaillot, at your feet, too happy if I could flatter myself that your majesty has thought one moment this evening on your poor daughter, who can think of nothing but you. We arrived here just as it was striking nine. The king, thank God, is very little fatigued, and has eaten a good supper. You will have the goodness to pardon this sad scrawl, but having only just arrived, my writing-table is in great disorder. I hope this will find your majesty much better than we left you, after a good night's rest.

"I am, with more respect than ever, your majesty's most humble and obedient daughter and servant, "Louise Marie.

"At St. Germains, this 17th Sept., in the evening."[2]

Most precious, of course, must this unaffected tribute of filial devotion have been to her to whom it was addressed. The

[1] Mémoires de St. Simon, vol. viii. p. 366.

[2] Chaillot MSS., in the hôtel de Soubise.

faded ink and half-obliterated characters of the crumpled and almost illegibly-scribbled letter, which was too soon to become a relic of the young warm-hearted writer, testify how often it has been bathed in a mother's tears. Mary Beatrice made her daughter very happy, by writing to her by her son's physician, Dr. Wood; and her royal highness responds, with all the ardour of devoted love, in the following pleasant letter:—

"MADAM,

"Mr. Wood gave me yesterday the letter your majesty has done me the honour of writing to me. I received it with inexpressible joy, for nothing can equal the pleasure I feel in hearing from you, when I have the misfortune to be absent from you. I am delighted that you are improved in health, and I hope you will be sufficiently recovered to-morrow to undertake the journey with safety. I cannot tell you how impatient I am to kiss your majesty's hand, and to tell you, by word of mouth, that I can see nothing, nor attend to any thing, when I am away from you. The last few days I have passed here have been weary, for I care for nothing without you.

"Yesterday and to-day have seemed to me like two ages. Yesterday I had not even the king, my brother, for you know he was the whole day at Versailles. I could do nothing but pace up and down the balcony, and, I am sorry to say, only went to the *récollets*."

Meaning, that she attended one of the short services in the Franciscan convent. Her royal highness, however, goes on to confess to her absent mamma that she provided herself with better amusement in the sequel, for she says,—

"In the evening, finding a good many of the young people had assembled themselves together below, I sent in quest of a violin, and we danced country-dances till the king returned, which was not till supper-time. I could write till to-morrow without being able to express half the veneration and respect that I owe to your majesty, and, if I might presume to add, the tenderness I cherish for you, if you will permit that term to the daughter of the best of mothers, and who will venture to add, that her inclination, even more than her duty, compels her to respect and honour your majesty more than it is possible either to imagine or express, and which her heart alone can feel."[1]

Mary Beatrice returned to St. Germains towards the end of September, and spent the winter there with her children. She and her son held their separate little courts under the same roof,—he as king, and she as queen-mother of England, with all the ceremonials of royalty. Their poverty would have exposed them to the sarcasms of the French courtiers

[1] From the original French autograph letter, preserved among the Chaillot collection, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

and wits, if compassion for their misfortunes and admiration for the dignity with which the fallen queen had supported all her trials, had not invested her with romantic interest in the eyes of a chivalric nation. From the monarch on the throne to the humblest of his subjects, all regarded her as an object of reverential sympathy.

On the death of the dauphin, in April 1711, Louis XIV. sent his grand-chamberlain, the duc de Bouillon, to announce his loss to Mary Beatrice and her son; this was done with the same ceremony as if they had been in reality what he thought proper to style them, the king and queen-mother of Great Britain. Mary Beatrice paid Louis a private visit of sympathy at Marli, on the day his son was interred. Her daughter the princess Louisa accompanied her, but it was observed that her majesty left her in the coach, for the dauphin had died of the smallpox, and she feared to expose her darling to the risk of the infection by allowing her to enter the palace. She excused the absence of her son for the same reason. State visits of condolence were afterwards paid by her and her son in due form to every member of the royal family. These were returned, on the 21st of April, by the French princes and princesses in a body, greatly resembling a funeral procession, for the ladies wore mourning hoods, and the gentlemen muffling cloaks. Their first visit was paid to the chevalier de St. George, where the respect claimed by his titular rank as king of England forbade the mourners to be seated; after a few solemn compliments had been exchanged, they were ushered into the presence-chamber of queen Mary Beatrice, who was, with all her ladies, in deep mourning. Six *fauteuils* were placed for the accommodation of the privileged; namely, herself, her son, the new dauphin and dauphiness, and the duke and duchess of Berri. The latter, as the wife of a grandson of France, took precedence of her parents, the duke and duchess of Orleans, who were only allowed folding chairs.[1] When the party were seated, Mary Beatrice apologized for not being herself *en mante*,—that is to say, dressed in a mourning hood to receive them; but this, as she always wore

[1] St. Simon.

the veil and garb of a widow, was incompatible with her own costume, in which she could not make any alteration. When this was repeated to Louis XIV., he kindly said, "he would not have wished her to do violence to her feelings by altering her costume to assume a mourning hood, even if it had been for himself instead of his son, the dauphin."[1] After the prince and princesses had conversed with Mary Beatrice a few minutes, they all rose, and signified their wish "of returning the visits of her royal highness the princess of England," as the youngest daughter of James II. was always styled in France, but the queen prevented them, by sending for her. She was satisfied that they were prepared to pay her daughter that punctilious mark of respect. The princess had absented herself, because it was proper that her visits of condolence should be separately acknowledged, and also because etiquette forbade her to sit in her mother's presence on this occasion; and if she stood, the French princesses must also do so, for, as a king's daughter, she took precedence of them all.

In the summer of 1711, the chevalier de St. George made an *incognito* tour through many of the provinces of France; and Mary Beatrice, to avoid the expense of keeping up her melancholy imitation of queenly state at St. Germains in his absence, withdrew with the princess her daughter to her favourite retreat at Chaillot. It was within the walls of that convent alone, that the hapless widow of James II. enjoyed a temporary repose from the cares and quarrels that harassed her in her exiled court,—a court made up of persons of ruined fortunes, with breaking hearts, and tempers soured by disappointment; who, instead of being united in that powerful bond of friendship which a fellowship in suffering for the same cause should have knit, were engaged in constant altercations and struggles for pre-eminence. Who can wonder that the fallen queen preferred the peaceful cell of a recluse from the world and its turmoils to the empty parade of royalty, which she was condemned to support in her borrowed palace at St. Germains, where every chamber had its separate intrigues, and whenever she went abroad for air and exercise,

[1] St. Simon.

or for the purpose of attending the service of her church, she was beset with the importunities of starving petitioners, who, with cries and moving words, or the more touching appeal of pale cheeks and tearful eyes, besought her for that relief which she had no means of bestowing. Even her youthful daughter, who by nature was inclined to enjoy the amusements of the court, and the sylvan pastimes of the forest or the pleasant banks of the Seine with her beloved companions, and to look on Chaillot as a very lugubrious place, now regarded it as a refuge from the varied miseries with which she saw her royal mother oppressed at St. Germains. They arrived at the convent on the 20th of July, and were received by the abbess and the nuns with the usual marks of respect. The following day the queen had the satisfaction of reading a letter written by the bishop of Strasbourg to the abbé Roguette, full of commendations of her son, whom he had seen during his travels. Mary Beatrice was so much delighted with the tenour of this letter and the quaint simplicity of the style, that she requested it might be put in the drawer of the archives of James II., to be kept with other contemporary records, which she carefully preserved, of her royal consort and their son. The next day she received a letter from the chevalier himself, giving an account of some of the most interesting objects he had noticed during his travels. Among other things, he mentioned "having visited the hospital and the silk factories of Lyons. In the latter, he had been struck with surprise at seeing 2000 reels worked by one wheel,"[1]—an observation from which we learn that France was much in advance of England in machinery at the beginning of the last century, and that looms, worked by water instead of hands, performed on a small scale at Lyons some of the wonders which we see achieved by the power of steam at Manchester and Glasgow in the present age. Like all the royal Stuarts, the son of James II. took a lively interest in the arts of peaceful life, and the progress of domestic civilization. His letters to his mother, during this tour, abounded with remarks on these subjects. Mary Beatrice expressed

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

great satisfaction to her friends at Chaillot at the good sense which led him to acquaint himself with matters likely to conduce to the happiness of his people, in case it should be the will of God to call him to the throne of England. The nuns were much more charmed at the prince telling his royal mother, "that he had been desirous of purchasing for the princess, his sister, one of the most beautiful specimens of the silks made at Lyons for a petticoat, but they had not shown him any that he thought good enough for her use. He had, however, wisely summoned female taste to his aid, by begging madame *l'intendante* to undertake the choice for him, and she had written to him, 'that she believed she had succeeded better than his majesty; so he hoped his sister would have a petticoat of the most rich and splendid brocade that could be procured, to wear in the winter, when she left off her mourning."[1] The genuine affection for his sister, which is indicated by this little trait, may well atone for its simplicity. Mary Beatrice, having no allowance of any kind for her daughter, was precluded by her poverty from indulging her maternal pride by decking her in rich array. The chevalier de St. George, who had enough of the Frenchman in him to attach some importance to the subject of dress, was perhaps aware of deficiencies in the wardrobe of his fair sister, when he took so much pains to procure for her a dress calculated to give her, on her re-appearance at the French court, the *éclat* of a splendid toilette to set off her natural charms.

The pure, unselfish affection which united the disinherited son and daughter of James II. and his queen in exile and poverty, affords a remarkable contrast to the political jealousies and angry passions which inflamed the hearts of their triumphant sisters, Mary and Anne, against each other, when they had succeeded in driving their father from his throne, and supplanting their brother in the regal succession. Mary Beatrice always trembled lest her daughter, the princess Louisa, should be induced to listen to the flattering insinuations of persons in her court, who scrupled not to say that nature had fitted her better for a throne than her brother

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

The duke of Perth, when governor to the prince, always entreated him to imitate the gracious and popular manners of his sister, telling him "that he ought to make it his study to acquire that which was with her free and spontaneous."[1] The princess received a very amusing letter from her brother on the 3rd of August, informing her that he had been to Valence, and afterwards paid an *incognito* visit to the army under the command of the duke of Berwick, in Dauphiny. The queen permitted her daughter to gratify the sisters of Chaillot by reading this letter aloud to them at the evening recreation, at which they were delighted; the fond mother herself, although she had read it previously, could not refrain from commending the witty and agreeable style in which it was written. She told the nuns, "that her son would certainly render himself greatly loved and esteemed, wherever he went;" adding, "that she had been surprised at what he had written to lord Middleton about two deserters from the regiment of Berwick, who had gone over to the enemy's army, and surrendered themselves to general Raon, a German, who commanded the army of the duke of Savoy. When they arrived, general Raon was with the bailli of a French village, who had come to treat about a contribution; being informed of the circumstance, he ordered them to be brought before him, but, instead of giving them the flattering reception they doubtless anticipated, and asking for intelligence of their camp, he said to them, very sternly, "You are very base to desert your army; and what renders your conduct still more infamous is, your doing so at the time the king of England, your master, is there."[2]—"I was surprised," continued the queen, "to learn that a German had so much politeness as to venture to give my son the name of king."—"It seems, madam," observed the nuns, "as if he had a secret presentiment that the time decreed by Providence is approaching for a happy revolution. The boldness of Mr. Dundas makes us think so; for otherwise, according to the justice, or rather, we ought to say, the injustice of England, he would have been punished for his

[1] Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.
[2] Ibid.

speech."—"No," replied the queen, "they cannot do him any harm; and his speech has been printed in England, and dispersed throughout Scotland, and everywhere else." [1]

It is amusing to find the cloistered sisters of Chaillot talking of the speech of an Edinburgh advocate, but not surprising, since the widowed queen of James II., who still continued to be the central point to which all the Jacobite correspondence tended, held her privy councils at this time within their grate, and constantly discussed with her ladies, before the favourite members of the community who had the honour of waiting on her, the signs of the times, and the hopes or fears which agitated her for the cause of her son. If one of the state ministers of France visited Mary Beatrice and made any particular communication to her, and she prudently kept silence on the subject, its nature was divined by her looks, or the effect it produced on her spirits, and in due time the mystery unravelled itself. In regard, however, to the speech of Mr. Dundas, of Arniston, there was no necessity for secrecy, for the sturdy Scot had fearlessly perilled life and limb to give publicity to his treasonable affection for the representative of the exiled house of Stuart, and his audacity was regarded as a favourable indication of public feeling towards the cause of that unfortunate prince Mary Beatrice had sent some silver medals of her son to several of her old friends in England; among the rest, to that errant Jacobite lady, the duchess of Gordon. These medals bore the profile of the chevalier de St. George, with a superscription endowing him with the title of James III., king of Great Britain, Ireland, and France. On the reverse was the map of the Britannic empire, with a legend, implying that these dominions would be restored to him as their rightful king.

The duchess of Gordon, to try how the lawyers of Scotland stood affected towards a counter-revolution, sent one of these medals as a present to the dean of the faculty of advocates. It was received by that learned body with enthusiasm, and Robert Dundas, of Arniston, being deputed to convey their

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice. See, also, Macpherson's History of England, and Lockhart Papers.

acknowledgments to her grace, told her, "that the faculty of advocates thanked her for presenting them with the medal of their sovereign lord the king, and hoped her grace would soon have the opportunity of sending them a medal to commemorate the restoration of the king and royal family, and the finishing of rebellion, usurpation, treason, and whiggery."[1] Such was the weakness of queen Anne's regnal power in Scotland at that time, that no notice was taken of this seditious declaration till the Hanoverian envoy complained of it to the queen. In consequence of his representation, orders were given to sir David Dalrymple, the lord-advocate, to proceed against Dundas; but the prosecution was presently dropped. Dundas printed his speech, and boldly defended it in a still more treasonable pamphlet, which, in due time, found its way, not only to St. Germains, but to the convent of Chaillot, and was highly relished by the nuns.

Once, when the prospects of the restoration of the exiled Stuarts to the throne of Britain were discussed, the princess Louisa said, "For my part, I am best pleased to remain in ignorance of the future."—"It is one of the greatest mercies of God that it is hidden from our sight," observed the queen. "When I first passed over to France, if any one had told me I should have to remain there two years, I should have been in despair; and I have now been here upwards of two-and-twenty,—God, who is the ruler of our destinies, having so decreed."—"It seems to me, madam," said the princess, "that persons who, like myself, have been born in adversity, are less to be pitied than those who have suffered a reverse. Never having tasted good fortune, they are not so sensible of their calamities; besides, they always have hope to encourage them. Were it not," continued she, "for that, it would be very melancholy to pass the fair season of youth in a life so full of sadness."[2]

Sister Catharine Angelique told her royal highness, that her grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria, was accustomed to thank God that he had made her a queen, and an unfortunate

[1] Macpherson's History of England.

[2] MS. Diary of a nun of Chaillot, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

queen. "Thus, madam," continued the old *religieuse*, "it is, in reality, a great blessing that your royal highness has not found yourself in a position to enjoy the pleasures and distinctions pertaining to your rank and age."—"Truly," said the queen, turning to her daughter, "I regard it in the same light, and have often been thankful, both on your account and that of my son, that you are, at present, even as you are. The inclination you both have for pleasure might otherwise have carried you beyond due bounds."[1] Such were the lessons of Christian philosophy with which the royal mother endeavoured to reconcile her children to the dispensations of Divine Providence, which had placed them in a situation so humiliating to their pride, and that ambition which is generally a propensity inseparable from royal blood. Catharine Angelique told the queen and princess, "that their royal foundress," as she called queen Henrietta Maria, "in the midst of her misfortunes, was glad to be a queen; and that she would sometimes say, 'It is always a fine title, and I should not like to relinquish it.'"—"For my part," observed Mary Beatrice, "I can truly say, that I never found any happiness in that envied title. I never wished to be queen of England; for I loved king Charles very sincerely, and was so greatly afflicted at his death, that I dared not show how much I grieved for his loss, lest I should have been accused of grimace."[2] It was during one of those conversations that the name of the late queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza, being brought up, the princess Louisa asked her mother, if there were any grounds for the reported partiality of that queen for the earl of Feversham? "No," replied Mary Beatrice: "not the slightest."—"It is very strange," observed the princess, thoughtfully, "how such invidious rumours get into circulation; but," continued she, "the prudence of your majesty's conduct has been such as to defy scandal itself, which has never dared to attack your name." "You are too young to know any thing about such matters, my child," replied the queen, gravely. "Pardon me, madam," rejoined the princess, "these things are always known; for,

[1] MS. Diary of a nun of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

as one of the ancient poets has said of princes, 'Their faults write themselves in the public records of their times.'" [1]

Mary Beatrice enjoyed unwonted repose of mind and body at this season. She had cast all her cares on a higher power, and passed her time quietly in the cloister, in the society of her lovely and beloved daughter, in whose tender affection she tasted as much happiness as her widowed heart was capable of experiencing. The lively letters of her son, who was an excellent correspondent, cheered the royal recluse, and furnished conversation for the evening hours of recreation, when the nuns were permitted to relax their thoughts from devotional subjects, and join in conversation, or listen to that of their illustrious inmates. It was then that Mary Beatrice would occasionally relieve her overburthened mind by talking of the events of her past life, and deeply is it to be regretted, that only disjointed fragments remain of the diary kept by the nun who employed herself in recording the reminiscences of the fallen queen. Occasionally the holy sister enters into particulars more minute than interesting to the general reader, such as the days on which her majesty took medicine, and very often the drugs of which it was compounded are enumerated. Successive does of quinquina, with white powder of whalebone, and the waters of St. Remi, appear to have been a standing prescription with her. By the skill of her French surgeon, Beaulieu, the progress of the cancer had been arrested so completely, that it was regarded at this period as almost cured. Whether this were attributable to her perseverance in the above prescription, or to the diversion caused in her favour by a painful abscess, which fixed on one of her fingers at this time, may be a question, perhaps, among persons skilled in the healing art. Mary Beatrice suffered severely with her finger, and her sufferings were aggravated by the tedious proceedings of Beaulieu, who had become paralytic in her service, and though his right hand had lost its cunning, was so tenacious of his office, that he would not suffer any one to touch his royal mistress but himself. Her ladies, and even the nuns, were annoyed at seeing his ineffectual attempts

[1] MS. Diary of a nun of Chaillot.

at performing operations with a trembling uncertain hand, and said he ought not to be allowed to put the queen to so much unnecessary pain; but Mary Beatrice, who valued the infirm old man for his faithful services in past years, bore every thing with unruffled patience.[1] It was a principle of conscience with her, never to wound the feelings of those about her if she could avoid it. She was very careful not to distinguish one of her ladies more than another by any particular mark of attention, for all were faithfully attached to her. How much milder her temper was considered by persons of low degree than that of one of her ladies, may be inferred from the following whimsical incident: One day, at dinner, she complained "that the glass they had brought her was too large and heavy for her hand," and asked for that out of which she was accustomed to drink, which she said "was both lighter and prettier." The young domestic probationer who washed the glass and china belonging to her majesty's table hearing this, ran in great fright to the *économe*, and confessed that she had had the misfortune to break the queen of England's drinking-glass. "I don't mind the queen knowing that it was I who did it," said she, "but I hope she will not tell lady Strickland." Mary Beatrice was much amused when this was repeated to her, and laughed heartily at the simplicity of the poor girl.[2] The same damsel, whose name was Claire Antoinette Constantin, being about to take the veil as a humble sister of that convent, expressed an earnest desire, the night before her profession, to make a personal confession to the queen of England of an injury she had been the cause of her suffering, for that she could not be happy to enter upon her new vocation till she had received her pardon. The unfortunate widow of James II., having had painful experience of the deceitfulness and ingratitude of human nature, doubtless expected to listen to an acknowledgment of treacherous practices with regard to her private papers or letters, that had been productive of mischief to her interests and the cause of her son, when she consented to see the penitent offender, who, throwing herself at her feet, with great solem-

[1] MS. Diary of a nun of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

nity confessed a peccadillo that inclined her majesty to smile. She spake the girl kindly, and having talked with her about her profession, sent her away with a light heart. Mary Beatrice met one of the nuns in the gallery presently after, to whom she said, laughing at the same time, "Do you know that sister Claire Antoinette has just been asking my pardon for causing me the afflicting loss of a little silver cup and two coffee spoons."—"It was derogatory to your majesty for her to say that you could feel any trouble for such a loss," replied the nun; "but she hardly knew what she said when she found herself in the presence of royalty." The queen condescended to assist at the profession of the humble Claire Antoinette.[1]

The 19th of September being a very rainy day, the queen did not expect any visitors, and was surprised at seeing one of the dauphiness's pages ride into the court: he came to announce that her royal highness intended to pay her majesty and the princess of England a visit after dinner. Adelaide of Savoy, duchess of Burgundy, was then dauphiness: she arrived with her retinue at four o'clock, accompanied by her sister-in-law, the duchess de Berri. The abbess received them at the grate, and the princess Louisa came to meet them in the cloister leading to the queen's suite of apartments. As soon as the dauphiness saw her, she signified to her train-bearer that she did not require him to attend her farther; and it seems she disencumbered herself of her train at the same time, for our circumstantial chronicler says, "she went to the princess of England *en corpo*," which means in her bodice and petticoat, without the royal mantle of state, which was made so as to be thrown off or assumed at pleasure. The princess Louisa conducted the royal guests into the presence of the queen, who being indisposed, was on her bed. Mary Beatrice greeted the kind Adelaide in these words, "What has induced you, my dear dauphiness, to come and dig out the poor old woman in her cell?" The dauphiness made an affectionate reply. "I don't know exactly what she said," continues our Chaillot chronicler, "but the queen told me that she conversed

[1] Diary of the nun of Chaillot; inedited MSS. in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

with her apart very tenderly, while the princess entertained the duchess de Berri." After some time, her majesty told her daughter to show the duchess de Berri the house, and the dauphiness remained alone with her. When the princess and the duchess returned, the dauphiness begged the queen to allow the princess to take a walk with her, to which a willing assent being given, they went out together. The heavy rain having rendered the gardens unfit for the promenade, the royal friends returned into the house, and the princess took the dauphiness to see the work, with which she seemed much pleased; they afterwards rejoined Mary Beatrice in her apartment. "As it was Saturday afternoon, and past four o'clock," continues our authority, "her majesty did not offer a collation to the dauphiness, but only fish and bread, with a flask of Muscat."[1]

The dauphiness, the same day, gave orders to the duchess de Lauzun, that there should be a party made for the chase in the Bois de Boulogne on purpose for the princess of England, and a supper prepared for her at the house of the duchess at Passy. There were two great obstacles in the way of the princess enjoying this pleasure, which the poverty of her royal mother apparently rendered insurmountable: she had neither a horse that she could safely mount, nor a riding-dress fit for her to appear in before the gay and gallant court of France. Bitter mortifications those for a youthful beauty, and she the daughter of a king. The amiable dauphiness, however, who had either been informed of these deficiencies, or guessed the state of her unfortunate cousin's stud and wardrobe appointments, sent one of her equerries, on the morning of the important day, with a beautiful well-trained palfrey from her own stable for the princess's use, together with a splendid riding-dress. She wrote, at the same time, to the queen, "entreating her to permit the princess to join the hunting-party on horseback, for she had sent one of the horses she had been herself accustomed to mount for her to ride;" adding, "that she hoped her majesty would excuse the liberty she had ventured to take in presenting, also, one of

[1] Diary of the nun of Chaillot; inedited MSS. in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

her own hunting-dresses to her royal highness the princess of England, the time being too short to allow of having a new one made on purpose." The pride of a vulgar mind might have been offended at this little circumstance, but Mary Beatrice, though her naturally lofty spirit had been rendered more painfully sensitive by her great reverse of fortune, fully appreciated the affectionate freedom of her royal kinswoman, and wrote to her with her own hand, in reply, "that it would be very unkind to refuse what was so kindly meant and courteously offered; that she thanked her very sincerely, and assured her that she should have much joy in the pleasure that had been provided for her child."[1] On the Tuesday following, Mary Beatrice considered it proper to pay a visit to the king of France at Versailles, and to thank the dauphiness for her attention to her daughter. It cost her a struggle to emerge from her present quiet abode to present herself at court again, after so long an absence. She said, several times, "I am getting such an old woman, that I feel embarrassed myself on such occasions, and shall only be a restraint on others." She took her young bright Louisa with her to Versailles, to make all the round of state visits to the members of the royal family. Her majesty wore a black mantle and cap, but the princess was in full court costume: they returned to the convent at eight in the evening.

Mary Beatrice wished to make a round of visits to the religious houses of Paris, and especially to the sisters of St. Antoine; but, as the pestilence was raging in that city, she was deterred, from the fear of exposing her daughter to the infection. She had promised the princess the pleasure of going to the Italian comedy at this time, and a day was fixed; but the evening before, lady Middleton represented to the queen that it might be attended with danger to the princess, as Paris was so full of bad air; on which her majesty told her daughter, "that although it gave her some pain to deprive her of so small a pleasure, she could not allow her to go." The princess had reckoned very much upon it, but said her majesty's kindness quite consoled her for her disappoint.

[1] Diary of the nun of Chaillot; inedited MSS. in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

ment.[1] Never was a mother more devotedly loved and honoured than was Mary Beatrice by her sweet daughter, who had now become her friend and companion. One day, when she had allowed the princess to go *incognita* to Paris with lady Middleton, to dine with madame Rothes, the married daughter of that lady, she could not help repeating many times during dinner, "It must be owned that we miss my daughter very much." Mary Beatrice, notwithstanding her fears of exposing that precious one to the danger of entering the infected city, was persuaded to take her with her to the church of the English Benedictines, when she went to pay her annual visit of sorrowful remembrance to the remains of her lamented lord, king James, which still remained unburied, under a sable canopy surmounted with the crown of England, in the aisle of St. Jacques, though ten years had passed away since his death. To avoid attracting attention, or the appearance of display, the royal widow and orphan daughter of that unfortunate prince went in a hired coach, attended by only two ladies, the duchess of Perth and the countess of Middleton, to pay this mournful duty, and to offer up their prayers in the holy privacy of a grief too deep to brook the scrutiny of public curiosity. On one or two previous occasions, the coach of the exiled queen had been recognised, and followed by crowds of persons of all degrees, who, in their eagerness to gaze on the royal heroine of this mournful romance of history, had greatly distressed and agitated her, even by the vehemence of their sympathy,—the French being then, not only an excitable but, a venerative people, full of compassion for the calamities of royalty. Popular superstition had invested the deceased king with the name of a saint, and attributed to his perishable mortal remains the miraculous power of curing diseases. His bier was visited by pilgrims from all parts of France, and on this occasion his faithful widow and daughter, shrouded in their mourning cloaks and veils, passed unnoticed among the less interesting enthusiasts who came to offer up their vows and prayers in the aisle of St. Jacques. Some persons outside the church asked the coachman whom he had

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Este.

driven there? The man not being at all aware of the quality of the party, replied, "that he had brought two old gentlewomen, one middle aged, and a young lady."[1]

This unceremonious description beguiled the fallen queen of England of a smile, perhaps from the very revulsion of feeling caused by its contrast to the reverential and elaborate titles with which royal personages are accustomed to hear themselves styled. Queen now only by courtesy, deprived of pomp, power, and royal attributes, Mary Beatrice had gained by her adversity better things than she had lost,—patience, resignation, and sufficient philosophy to regard the distinctions of this world and its vanities in their true light; yet, like all human creatures, she had her imperfections. That quaintly minute chronicler, the nun of Chaillot, records, "that she once saw her royal friend visibly discomposed for a very slight matter, and that, strange to say, caused by an unwonted act of awkwardness on the part of her daughter, the princess Louisa, who, in drawing the soup to her at dinner, spilt it on the table-cloth, and all over the queen's napkin. Her majesty's colour rose, she looked angry, but said nothing." In the evening she confessed that "she felt so much irritated at the moment, that she had with great difficulty restrained herself from giving vent to her annoyance in words;" she severely censured herself at the same time, for allowing her temper to be ruffled by such a trifle. Mary Beatrice bore a serious trial, soon after, with the equanimity of a heroine and the dignity of a queen. On the day of St. Ursula, as she was about to enter the choir of the conventual church with her daughter, to perform her devotions, a letter was delivered to her from the duke de Lauzun, informing her that the negotiations for a peace between England and France had commenced, which must involve the repudiation of her son's title and cause by Louis XIV. Mary Beatrice read the letter attentively through without betraying the slightest emotion, then showed it to her daughter, who wept passionately. The queen

[1] The ladies Perth and Middleton, being the elders of the party, came under the description of the two old gentlewomen; the queen, of the middle aged; and the princess, of the young lady.

turned into the aisle of St. Joseph, where, finding one of the nuns whom she sometimes employed as her private secretary, she requested her to write, in her name, to the duke de Lauzun, "thanking him for the kind attention he had shown in apprizing her of what she had not before heard, and begging him to give her information of any further particulars that might come to his knowledge." She then entered the church, and attended the service, without allowing any confirmation to be read in her countenance of the ill news which the tearful eyes of the princess indicated that letter had communicated.[1] An anxious interest was excited on the subject among the sisters of Chaillot, who certainly were by no means devoid of the feminine attribute of curiosity. At dinner, Mary Beatrice betrayed no appearance of dejection, and no one ventured to ask a question. The next morning, at the hour of relaxation, seeing all the nuns near her, she said "she would impart to them something that was in the duke de Lauzun's letter; namely, that their king had said at his levee, 'The English have offered me reasonable terms of peace, and the choice of three cities for the treaty.'" She said no more, and the abbess of Chaillot, taking up the discourse, rejoined, "But, madam, what advantage will your majesty and the king, your son, find in this peace?" The queen, instead of making a direct reply, said, "Peace is so great a blessing, that it ought to be rejoiced at; and we owe such signal obligations to France, that we cannot but wish for any thing that is beneficial to it."[2] At supper, she told the community the names of the plenipotentiaries on both sides. She said "that she had, as soon as she was informed of these particulars, written to her son to hasten his return, because it would be desirable for her to see and consult with him on the steps proper to be taken for supporting his interests." The chevalier de St. George was then at Grenoble, from whence he wrote a long amusing letter to his sister, descriptive of the place and its history, and of the principal towns and ports he had visited. The princess read the letter aloud to the nuns, in the presence of

[1] MS. Diary of the nun of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

her royal mother, who, though she had perused it before, listened with lively interest to all the details.

Mary Beatrice gave a medal of her son to the abbess of Chaillot, "which," says the recording sister of that community, "will be found among our archives, together with a copy of the speech made by the sieur Dundas, in Scotland." The princess Louisa had given the duke de Lauzun one of these medals in the summer, and he, in return, presented to her, through his wife's relation, sister Louise de l'Orge, a nun in that convent, a miniature of the queen magnificently set with diamonds, in a very pretty shagreen box. The princess testified great joy at this present, but the queen appeared thoughtful and sad; at last she said, "I have been several times tempted to send it back. I see I am still very proud, for I cannot bear that any one should make presents to my daughter, when she is not able to make a suitable return. It is from the same principle of pride," continued her majesty, "that I cannot consent to allow my portrait to be painted now. One should not suffer oneself to be seen as old and ugly by those who might remember what one has been when young." She was, however, induced to allow the princess to retain the gift which had been so kindly presented by her old and faithful friend, de Lauzun.[1]

At supper, on the 3rd of November, some one told the queen "that the marshal Tallard had facetiously proposed to the ministers of queen Anne, that the prince, whom they called the Pretender, should espouse their queen, as the best method of reconciling their differences."—"You are mistaken," said Mary Beatrice. "It was a priest who made that proposal, and I will tell you what he said at the recreation to-night." All were impatient to hear the right version of the story, and at the time appointed Mary Beatrice told them, with some humour, "that a witty Irish priest, having been summoned before a bench of magistrates for not taking the oath of abjuration, said to their worships, 'Would it not be best, in order to end these disputes, that your queen should marry the Pretender?' To which all present exclaimed, in a tone

[1] MS. Diary of the nun of Chaillot.

of horror, 'Why, he is her brother!'—'If so,' rejoined the priest, 'why am I required to take an oath against him?'"[1]

The abbess of Chaillot asked the queen, in confidence, "if the reports about a peace were correct? and if so, whether any thing for the relief of her majesty were likely to be stipulated in the treaty?" Mary Beatrice replied, "that the peace was certain to take place, and that she had some prospect of receiving her dower; but it must be kept a profound secret, because of the Irish, who would all be about her."[2] Her great anxiety was to pay her debts, of which by far the largest was what she owed to the convent of Chaillot; it gave her much pain, she said, that she had not been in a condition to pay the annual rent,—namely, 3000 livres, for the apartments she hired there, the arrears of which now amounted to a very large sum. The abbess took the opportunity of reminding her indigent royal tenant of the state of outstanding accounts between her majesty and that house. She said, "that in addition to the 18,000 livres her majesty had had the goodness to pay them, she had given them a promissory note for 42,000 more, being unpaid rent for the last fourteen years." Mary Beatrice was so bewildered at the formidable sound, in French figures, of a sum which did not amount to 2000*l.* of English money, that she could not remember having given such an engagement, and begged the abbess to let her see it. The abbess produced the paper out of the strong box, and her majesty, presently recollecting herself, freely acknowledged and confirmed it. The abbess in the evening called a council of the elders of the community on the subject, and they agreed that they ought to thank her majesty for what she had done. The very politeness of her creditors was painful to the sensitive feelings of the unfortunate queen. She interrupted them with great emotion, by saying, "that one of the greatest mortifications of her life was, to have seen how many years she had been lodging with them for nothing; and that they must attribute it to the unhappy state of her affairs, and to the extremity of that necessity which has no law."[3] Among all the sad records of the cala-

[1] Diary of the nun of Chaillot. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

mities of royalty, there are few pictures more heart-rending that that of the widow of a king of Great Britain reduced to the humiliation of making such an avowal. The money that should have been devoted to the payment of her rent at Chaillot, had been extorted from her compassion by the miseries of the starving thousands by whom she was daily importuned for bread when at St. Germains. As long as the royal widow had a livre in her purse, she could not resist the agonizing petitions of these unfortunates; and when all was gone, she fled to Chaillot, literally for refuge. She told the community "that they might reckon on her good offices, whenever they thought it might be in her power to be of service to them." One of the nuns who waited on Mary Beatrice took the liberty of approaching her when they were alone, and endeavoured to soothe her wounded spirit by assuring her, "that the abbess and sisters could never sufficiently acknowledge her goodness and her charity to their house; and that the whole community were truly grateful for the blessing of having her among them, for her example had inspired them with a new zeal for the performance of the duties of their religion;" adding, "that it gave their community great pain, when the poverty of their house compelled them to mention any thing that was due to them; but they should all be most willing to wait her majesty's convenience." Mary Beatrice talked of changing her apartments for those lately occupied by mademoiselle de la Motte, which were only half the rent of hers, but it was begged that she would retain her own.[1]

The next day Mary Beatrice had the consolation of embracing her son, who arrived at Chaillot on the fourth of November, at nine in the morning, having slept at Chartres the preceding night. He entered alone, having hastened on before his retinue to greet his royal mother and sister. They both manifested excessive joy at seeing him; he dined with them in her majesty's apartment, and the abbess waited on them at dinner. The queen and princess both said, several times, that he greatly resembled his late uncle, king Charles II.

[1] Diary of the nun of Chaillot, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

"This prince," says the recording sister of Chaillot, "is very tall and well formed, and very graceful. He has a pleasant manner, is very courteous and obliging, and speaks French well." After dinner, permission was asked of the queen for the community to have the honour of coming in to see the king, as they called her son. Her majesty assenting, they entered, and seated themselves on the ground, and listened with great interest to the chevalier's conversation, which consisted chiefly of his remarks on the various places he had visited during his late tour, on which, like other travellers, he delighted to discourse to reverential listeners. Mary Beatrice kindly sent for sister Louise de l'Orge, one of the nuns, who, although she was then in her retreat, was well pleased at being indulged with a peep at the royal visitor. Mary Beatrice announced her intention of returning to St. Germains with her son that evening, and said she would not make any adieus. She paid, however, a farewell visit after vespers to the tribune, where the heart of her beloved consort was enshrined, and then returned to her own apartment, and waited there while the princess took leave of the abbess and the community. Notwithstanding the joy of the princess at this reunion with her much-loved brother, she was greatly moved at parting from the kind nuns; and when she bade adieu to her particular friend, sister Marguerite Henriette, she burst into tears. The queen herself was agitated: she said several times, "that she could not understand two conflicting inclinations in her mind,—her desire to return with her son, and her fear of quitting her home at Chaillot for the turmoils and difficulties that would beset her at St. Germains."[1] At her departure, she said a few gracious words of acknowledgment, as she passed them, to those nuns who had had the honour of waiting upon her. Her beloved friend, Françoise Angelique Priolo, was in ill-health; and the following playful letter, without date, was probably written to her by Mary Beatrice, soon after her return to St. Germains:—

"Although you have preferred my daughter to me, in writing to her rather than to me, about which I will not quarrel with you, I must needs write two

[1] Diary of the nun of Chaillot.

words to you to explain about the money that Demster brings you. There are 22 louis, of which 200 livres must be taken for the half year of the perpetual mass; 29 for the two bills that you have given to Molza; and the rest to purchase a goat, whose milk will preserve and improve the health of my dear good mother. They assure me that they have sent the money for the wood."

Endorsed—"To the mother Priolo."[1]

Mary Beatrice came to see her sick friend at the convent of Chaillot on the 9th of December, accompanied by the princess, her daughter, and returned the next day to St. Germains. The preliminary negotiations for the peace of Utrecht filled the exiled court with anxiety and stirring excitement. The duke of Marlborough renewed his secret correspondence with Mary Beatrice and her son, through the medium of his nephew, Berwick, and even committed himself so far as to confer personally with Tunstal, one of the emissaries of the earl of Middleton. In the curiously mystified official report of these conferences, written by the latter to Middleton, Mary Beatrice is, as usual, mentioned under two different feigned names; her dower is called her law-suit, and Marlborough is styled the lawyer.

"I had two long conferences with him," writes Tunstal, "about Mr. Bernhard's lawsuit, and Mr. Kelly's [the Pretender's] affairs, as to both which he shows a good will, and gives, in appearance, sincere wishes; but how far he will be able to work effectually in the matter, I leave you to judge. First, as to Mr. Bernhard's [the queen's] deed; he says, it must be insisted upon in time, for he looks upon it as certain that an accommodation [peace] will be made; and if he shall be found capable of helping or signing this deed, he assures Mr. Bernhard [the queen] of his best services. But he believes measures are taken in such a manner, that he shall be excluded from having any hand in concluding matters at Poncy, [the peace]."[2]

Tunstal goes on to state Marlborough's opinion, that the payment of the jointure of the widowed queen ought to be strenuously insisted upon; "and the gaining that point of the deed," continues he, "to be of great consequence, not only as to the making my lady Betty [queen Mary Beatrice] easy as to her own circumstances, but very much conducing to the advancing Mr. Anthony's [the chevalier St. George's] interest; and this not so much, again, as to the money itself, as to the grant of it, which cannot be refused, it being formerly conceded at Poncy, [the peace of Ryswick,] and only

[1] From the original French of an inedited letter of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

[2] Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

diverted by the unworthiness of him who then ruled the roast,"[1] meaning William III. On the subject of the jointure, Marlborough begged Tunstal to assure Mary Beatrice, "that if the payment were put to the vote of parliament, it would find many supporters, who would be glad of the opportunity of making their compliments to her *à bonne grace*, and giving some testimony of their good-will; and if she thought that he were himself in a capacity to serve her in that matter, he would be glad of showing himself her humble servant." In the same conference, Marlborough begged that the prince would not listen to any proposal of taking refuge in the papal dominions; for if the queen consented to his doing that, it would be no better than ruining the cause of her son, and murdering him outright. He recommended some Protestant state as a more popular asylum, and declared—nay, solemnly swore—that the recall of the prince appeared to him as certain to take place.[2] Neither oaths nor professions from that quarter appear to have had much weight at the court of St. Germains, if we may judge from the dry comments made by the earl of Middleton to his political agent on this communication:—

"As for your *lawyer*, he is gone, and before you meet again, we shall see clearer..... He might have been great and good, but God hardened Pharaon's heart, and he can now only pretend to the humble merit of a post-boy, who brings good news to which he has not contributed."[3]

The affairs of the widow and son of James II. were far enough from being in the favourable position which the flattering courtship of the disgraced favourite of queen Anne led their shallow minister to imagine. Middleton was not, however, the only person deceived in this matter; for the dauphin paid a visit to Mary Beatrice and the chevalier at this crisis, expressly to congratulate them on their prospects.[4] Mary Beatrice placed great reliance on the friendship always testified by that amiable prince and his consort for her and her children, but the "arm of flesh" was not to profit them. The dauphiness was attacked with malignant purple fever on the 6th of February. Fatal symp-

[1] Stuart Papers, in Macpherson. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.
[4] St. Simon. MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

toms appeared on the 9th; on the 11th her life was despaired of, and they forced her distracted husband from her bedside, to breathe the fresh air in the gardens at Versailles. Mary Beatrice, ever fearless of infection for herself, hastened to Versailles, but was not permitted to enter the chamber of her dying friend. She sat with the king and madame de Maintenon, in the room adjoining to the chamber of death, while the last sacraments of the church of Rome were administered, and remained there all that sad night.[1] She was also present at the consultation of the physicians, when they decided on bleeding the royal patient in the foot. She saw, as she afterwards emphatically observed, "that physicians understood nothing, comparatively speaking, of the life of man, the issues of which depend on God." The dauphiness expired on the 11th of February; the afflicted widower only survived her six days. The inscrutable fiat which, at one blow, desolated the royal house of France, and deprived a mighty empire a second time of its heir, involved also the ultimate destruction of the hopes of the kindred family of Stuart. The fast-waning sands of Louis XIV., now sinking under the weight of years and afflictions, were rudely shaken by this domestic calamity, which was immediately followed by the death of the eldest son of the young pair, leaving the majesty of France to be represented, in less than three years, by a feeble infant, and its power to be exercised by the profligate and selfish regent, Orleans.

"I have been deeply grieved," writes Mary Beatrice, "for the deaths of the dauphin and our dear dauphiness. After the king, there are no other persons in France whose loss could have affected us in every way like this. The death of the young dauphin has not failed to touch me also. We must adore the judgments of God, which are always just, although inscrutable, and submit ourselves to His will."[2]

The portentous shadows with which these tragic events had darkened the political horizon of her son, affected Mary Beatrice less than the awful lesson on the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of earthly expectation, which the sudden death of these illustrious persons, snatched away in the flower

[1] St. Simon. MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

[2] MS. letters of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

of youth and high and glorious anticipation, was calculated to impress. The royal widow regarded their deaths as a warning to put her own house in order; and in the self-same letter in which she mentions the threefold tragedy to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, she says,—

"I pray you, my dear mother, to send me by the courier the packet that I left with you of my will; and also the copies of all the papers written in my hand for moneys paid or to pay, and likewise what I have promised for my sister M. Paule de Douglas. I would wish to put them all in order before the approach of death, whom, we see, comes always when we think of him the least. "M."[1]

Endorsed—"The 15th March, 1712: We have not sent the queen her will, according to what she has ordained us in this letter, but the copies of the papers written by her hand which remain in the box, her majesty having done us the honour to consign them to us, but not her will."

These papers were the vouchers which the queen had given to the abbess and community of Chaillot for the sums of money in which she stood indebted to them, as before mentioned, for the hire of the apartments she and the young princess her daughter, and their ladies, had occupied during their occasional residence in that convent for many years. Whether she came there much or little, the apartments were always reserved for her use at an annual rent of three thousand francs. This sum, less than one hundred and thirty pounds a-year, the destitute widow of king James II., who had been a crowned and anointed queen-consort of Great Britain, had never been able to pay; but had been reduced to the mortifying necessity of begging the community of Chaillot to accept such instalments as her narrowed finances and the uncertain payments of her French pension enabled her to offer, with a written engagement to liquidate the debt, either when she should receive the payment of her dower as queen of England, or at the restoration of the house of Stuart. Under these conditions, the compassionate sisterhood of Chaillot had allowed their royal friend's debt to accumulate to fifty thousand francs, up to the year 1712, as specified in the following document:—

"Having always intended to make arrangements for the good of the monastery of the Visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot, because of the affection which I have to their holy order in general, and to this house in particular, in which I

[1] Autograph letter of the queen of James II., in the archives of France.

have been so many times received and well lodged for nearly the four-and-twenty years I have been in France, and wishing at present to execute this design better than it is possible for me to do in the circumstances under which I find myself at present: I declare that my intention, on my retiring into this monastery, has always been to give three thousand livres a-year for the hire of the apartments I have occupied here since the year 1689, till this present year 1712, in all which time I have never paid them but nineteen thousand livres. It still remains for me to pay fifty thousand, which fifty thousand I engage and promise to give to the said monastery of the Visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot on the establishment of the king my son in England."

It is remarkable, that the agitated hand of the poor exile, who had been queen of the realm, has written that once-familiar word *Aengelter*, instead of *Angleterre*, in this record of her poverty and honest desire to provide for the liquidation of her long arrears of rent to the convent of Chaillot. She continues in these words,—

"And not having the power to do this while living, I have charged the king my son, in my testament, and engaged him to execute all these promises, which he will find written by my own hand, and that before one year be passed after his restoration."

Alas! poor queen, poor prince, and luckless nuns, on what a shadowy foundation did these engagements rest! Yet at that time, when it was the general opinion of all Europe that the childless sovereign of England, Anne, designed to make, as far as she could, reparation for the wrongs she had done her brother, by appointing him as her successor to the royal inheritance in which she had supplanted him, few people would have despised a bond for a sum of money, however large, payable at such a day.

"I have left also," continues the queen, "in my will, wherewithal to make a most beautiful restoration for the great altar of the church of the said monastery of Chaillot, dedicated to the Holy Virgin, or a fine tabernacle, if they should like it better; and also I have left for a mausoleum, to be made for the heart of the king, my lord and husband.

"And I engage and promise, in the mean time, to pay to the said monastery the sum of three thousand livres a-year for the time to come, counting from the 1st of April, 1712; but if, through the bad state of my affairs, I should not be able to pay the said annual sum for the future, or only to pay in part, I will reckon all that I fail in as a debt, which shall augment and add to the fifty thousand francs which I owe already, to be paid at the same time, which he [her son] will understand, for all the years that I may remain in France.

"MARIE, R."[1]

The presentiment that death was about to visit her own melancholy palace, which had haunted Mary Beatrice ever

[1] Chaillot MSS.

since she had wept with Louis XIV., thrice in a few brief days, over the stricken hopes of gay Versailles, was doomed to be too sadly realized, but not, as she had imagined, on herself. She, the weary pilgrim who had travelled over nearly half a century of woe, and had carried in her mortal frame for the last twelve years the seeds of death, was spared to weep over the early grave of the youngest born and most hopeful of her children, her bright and beautiful Louisa.

On Easter-Wednesday, March 29th, Mary Beatrice visited Chaillot with her daughter, who was then in blooming health. The nuns told their royal visitors a piteous tale of the damage their house had sustained by the dreadful storm of December 11th, two days after their last visit. Her majesty listened with great concern, regretted her inability to aid them as she could wish, but promised to do her best in representing their case to others. "At four o'clock the following day, the chevalier de St. George, who had been hunting in the Bois de Boulogne, came here," says our Chaillot chronicler, "in quest of the queen. He behaved with much courtesy to our mother, thanking her for the prayers she had made for him at all times, and for the care she had taken of the queen, his mother, and the consolation she had been to her. He appeared a little indisposed that day, but returned to St. Germains in the evening, with the queen and the princess." Two days afterwards he was attacked with the smallpox,[1] to the inexpressible dismay of Mary Beatrice, who knew how fatal that dreadful malady had, in many instances, proved to the royal house of Stuart. The princess Louisa was inconsolable at the idea of her brother's danger, but felt not the slightest apprehension of infection for herself. On the 10th of April the malady appeared visibly on her, while she was at her toilette. The distress of the queen may be imagined. The symptoms of the princess were at first favourable, so that hopes were entertained that not only her life, but even her beauty would be spared. Unfortunately the practice of bleeding in the foot was resorted to in her case, and the effects were fatal.

[1] Inedited Memorials by the sister of Chaillot.

The last and most interesting communication that ever took place between Mary Beatrice and her beloved daughter, was recorded *verbatim* from the lips of the disconsolate mother, by one of the nuns of Chaillot, who has thus endorsed the paper containing the particulars :—

"The queen of England, this 12th of October, was pleased herself to repeat to us the words which the princess, her daughter, said to her, and they were written down in her majesty's chamber this evening, at six o'clock."[1]

Thus we see, that six months elapsed ere Mary Beatrice could bring herself to speak of what passed in the holy privacy of that solemn hour, when, after the duties enjoined by their church for the sick had been performed, she came to her dying child and asked her how she felt. "Madame," replied the princess, "you see before you the happiest person in the world. I have just made my general confession, and I have done my best to do it; so that if they were to tell me that I should die now, I should have nothing more to do. I resign myself into the hands of God; I ask not of Him life, but that his will may be accomplished on me."—"My daughter," replied the queen, "I do not think I can say as much. I declare that I entreat of God to prolong your life, that you may be able to serve Him, and to love Him better than you have yet done."—"If I desire to live, it is for that alone," responded the princess, fervently. But the tenderness of earthly affections came over the heavenward spirit, and she added, "and because I think I might be of some comfort to you."

At five o'clock the next morning, Monday, April 18th, they told the queen that the princess was in her agony. She would have risen to go to her, but they prevented her by force. The princess expired at nine. At ten, the heavy tidings were announced to her majesty by père Gaillar, her departed daughter's spiritual director, and père Ruga, her own.[2] Bitter as the trial was, Mary Beatrice bore it with the resignation

[1] Translated from the original French of the autograph document in the private archives of the kingdom of France, in the hôtel de Soubise, where it was transferred, with other curious contemporary records, at the dissolution of the royal foundation of the convent of the Visitation of St. Mary of Chaillot.

[2] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a sister of Chaillot.

of a Christian mother, who believes that the child of her hopes and prayers has been summoned to a brighter and better world. The prince, her son, was still dangerously ill. Grief for the departed, and trembling apprehension for the last surviving object of maternal love and care, brought on an attack of fever, which confined her to her bed for several days. Meantime, it was generally reported that the prince was either dying or dead. Much anxiety was expressed on his account in some of the mysterious Jacobite letters of the period; deep regret for the loss of the princess, and general sympathy for the afflicted mother, touched every heart in which the leaven of political animosity or polemic bitterness had not quenched the sweet spirit of Christian charity and pity. In one of the letters of condolence from some person in the court of queen Anne, apparently to the countess of Middleton, on the death of the princess Louisa, the writer says,—

"You cannot imagine how generally she is lamented, even by those who have ever been enemies to her family. I and mine have so shared in your loss, that we thought our sorrows could have no addition when we heard your chevalier was recovered; but now we find our mistake, for since we had yours to my daughter Jenny, 'tis said at court he is despaired of, and on the Exchange, that he is dead; that he ate too much meat, and got a cold with going out too soon. If this be true, all honest people will think no more of the world, for sure never were mortals so unfortunate as we. . . . . I beg you will make our condoling compliments, for to write it myself to your mistress is only tormenting her now; but pray assure her I grieve for her loss, and the sense I am sure she has of it, to a degree not to be expressed, but felt with true affection and duty. . . . . I do not question but you must guess at the concern my sisters were in when we received the news of your loss. Upon my word I was stupified at it, and cannot help being still anxious for the brother's health, notwithstanding your assurances of his recovery, for we have so many cruel reports about him, that it is enough to make us distracted. Pray assure his afflicted mother of my most humble duty. God in heaven send her comfort, for she wants it: nothing but her goodness could resist such a stroke."[1]

Among the letters to the court of St. Germains, in which real names are, as usual, veiled under quaint and fictitious ones,—a flimsy precaution at that time, when the real persons intended must have been obvious to every official of the British government into whose hands these missives might chance to fall,—there is one really curious from Sheffield

[1] In Macpherson's Stuart Papers, from Nairne.

duke of Buckingham,[1] which is supposed to convey the expression of queen Anne's sympathy for the illness of her unfortunate brother, and her regret for the death of her young lovely sister. Another, from some warm friend of the exiled family, well known of course to the party to whom it was addressed, in reply to a communication that the chevalier was out of danger, runs as follows :—

"Dear Sir,

"Hannah [Mr. Lilly] says, yours of the 29th was the joyfullest her eyes ever saw; for it restored her to life after being dead about a week, but not to perfect health, for her dear Lowder, [the princess,] and her heart bleeds for poor Quaile, [the queen]."[2]

The heart of the princess Louisa Stuart was enshrined in a silver urn, and conveyed to the convent of Chaillot, where it was presented, with an elegant Latin oration, to the abbess and community of the Visitation of St. Marie of Chaillot. They received it with great solemnity and many tears, and placed it, according to the desire of the deceased princess, in the tribune, beside those of her royal father, king James II., and her grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria. Her body was also deposited, by that of her father, in the church of the English Benedictines, in the rue de St. Jacques, Paris, there to remain, like his, unburied, till the restoration of the royal Stuarts to the throne of Great Britain, when it was intended to inter them in Westminster-abbey.

The death of the princess Louisa was the greatest misfortune that could have befallen the cause of the house of Stuart, of which she was considered the brightest ornament, and it also deprived her brother of an heiress-presumptive to his title, for whose sake much more would have been ventured than for himself, while her ardent devotion to his interest precluded any apprehension of attempts at rivalry on her part. There is a very fine three-quarter length original portrait of this princess in the possession of Walter Strickland, esq., of Sizergh-castle, the gift of queen Mary Beatrice to lady Strick-

[1] The husband of the daughter of James II. by the countess of Dorchester. He was queen Anne's chamberlain. The political *alias* under which he figures in the secret Jacobite correspondence, is 'Matthew.'

[2] In Macpherson's Stuart Papers, from Nairne.

land. She is there represented in the full perfection of her charms, apparently about eighteen or nineteen years of age. Nothing can be more noble than her figure, or more graceful than her attitude: she is gathering orange-blossoms in the gardens of St. Germains. This occupation, and the royal mantle of scarlet velvet, furred with ermine, which she wears over a white satin dress, trimmed with gold, have caused her to be mistaken for the bride of the chevalier de St. George; but she is easily identified as his sister by her likeness to him, and to her other portraits, and her medals. In fact, the painting may be known at a glance for a royal Stuart and a daughter of Mary Beatrice d'Este, although her complexion is much fairer and brighter, and her eyes and hair are of a lively nut-brown tint, instead of black, which gives her more of the English, and less of the Italian character of beauty. She bears a slight family likeness, only with a much greater degree of elegance and delicacy of outline, to some of the early portraits of her elder sister, queen Mary II.

Mary Beatrice received visits of sympathy and condolence on her sad loss from Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon. The latter says, in one of her letters, "I had the honour of passing two hours with the queen of England: she looks the very image of desolation. Her daughter had become her friend and chief comfort. The French at St. Germains are as disconsolate for her loss as the English; and, indeed, all who knew her loved her most sincerely. She was truly cheerful, affable, and anxious to please, attached to her duties, and fulfilling them all without a murmur."

The first confidential letter written by Mary Beatrice, after the afflicting dispensation which had deprived her of the last sunshine of her wintry days, is dated May 19, 1712: it is addressed to her friend Angelique Priolo. It commences with a congratulatory compliment to that *religieuse* on her re-election to her third triennial as superior of the convent of Chaillot, but the royal writer quickly passes to a subject of deeper, sadder interest to herself,—the death of her child. It is not always in the power of an historian to raise the veil that has hidden the treasured grief of a royal mother's heart

from the world, and after nearly a century and a half have passed away since the agonizing pulses of that afflicted heart have been at rest, and its pangs forgotten, to place the simple record of her feelings before succeeding generations in her own pathetic words. The holy resignation of the Christian renders the maternal anguish of the fallen queen more deeply interesting; she shall speak for herself:[1]—

"But what shall I say to you, my dear mother, of that beloved daughter whom God gave to me, and hath now taken away? Nothing beyond this, that, since it is he who hath done it, it becomes me to be silent, and not to open my mouth unless to bless His holy name. He is the master, both of the mother and the children; he has taken the one and left the other, and I ought not to doubt but that he has done the best for both, and for me also, if I knew how to profit by it. Behold the point, for, alas! I neither do as I say, nor as God requires of me, in regard to his dealings with me. Entreat of him, my dear mother, to give me grace to enable me to begin to do it. I cannot thank you sufficiently for your prayers, both for the living and the dead. I believe the latter are in a state to acknowledge them before God, for in the disposition he put into my dear girl at the commencement of her malady to prepare herself for death, I have every reason to hope that she enjoys, or soon will enjoy, his blessedness with our sainted king; and that they will obtain for me his grace, that so I may prepare to join them when, and where, and how it shall please the master of all things in his love to appoint."

The poor queen goes on to send messages of affectionate remembrance to the sisters of Chaillot, whose kind hearts had sorrowed for her, and with her, in all her afflictions during her four-and-twenty years of exile and calamity; but more especially in this last and most bitter grief, in which, indeed, they had all participated, since the princess Louisa had been almost a daughter of their house. The queen names two of the nuns, Marie Gabrielle and Marie Henriette, and says,—

"I shall never forget, in all my life, the services which the last has rendered to my dear daughter, nor the good that she has done her soul, although the whole of our dear community have contributed to that which would oblige me, if it were possible, to redouble my friendship for them all."

The hapless widow of James II. adverts, in the next place, to another bitter trial, which she knew was in store for her, —that of parting with her son, now her only surviving child. Ever since the commencement of the negotiations for the peace between England and France, it had been intimated to the chevalier de St. George that it was necessary he should

[1] The original, written in French, is preserved among the Chaillot collection, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

withdraw from St. Germains, in the first instance, and finally from the French dominions. In consequence of his dangerous illness and debility, and the indulgence due to the feelings of poor Mary Beatrice on account of her recent bereavement, a temporary delay had been permitted. He now began to take the air and gentle exercise on horseback daily, and it was considered that he would soon be strong enough to travel.

"I know not," continues her majesty, "when the king my son will set out, nor whither I shall go, but his departure will not be before the first week in the next month. When I learn more about it I will let you know, for I intend to come to Chaillot the same day that he goes from here, since, if I am to find any consolation during the few days which remain to me, I can only hope for it in your house.

"M. R."

When Mary Beatrice visited Louis XIV. at Marli for the first time after the death of her daughter, the heartless ceremonials of state etiquette were alike forgotten by each, and they wept together in the fellowship of mutual grief, "because," as the disconsolate mother afterwards said, when speaking of the tears they shed at this mournful interview, "we saw that the aged were left, and death had swept away the young."[1] All the pleasure, all the happiness, of the court of Versailles expired with the amiable dauphin and dauphiness: the death of the princess Louisa completed the desolation of that of the exiled Stuarts. Mary Beatrice endeavoured to calm her grief by visiting the monastery of La Trappe with her son, but confessed that she had not derived any internal consolation[2] from passing two days in that lugubrious retreat. On her return to St. Germains, the royal widow added the following codicils to the paper containing her testamentary acknowledgments of her debts to the convent of Chaillot:—

"I declare, also, that my intention and will is, that the thousand livres which I have left in my testament to lady Henrietta Douglas, who has been a nun professed in the monastery of the Visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot, and who bears there the name of sister Marie Paule, be paid to the said monastery, notwithstanding the decease of the said sister Marie Paule Douglas.

"MARIE, R.

"Done at St. Germains, this 7th of July, 1712."

"I have left also in my will for the said monastery to found a perpetual mass for the repose of my soul, and those of the king my lord and my dear daughter.

"MARIE, R."

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a sister of Chaillot.

[2] Autograph letters of Mary Beatrice to the abbess of Chaillot.

A rent which appears in the sheet of paper on which the poor queen has endeavoured to provide for the payment of her debt to the convent of Chaillot, is thus *naïvely* explained by herself in the following notification:—

"It is I who by accident have torn this paper, but I will that it have effect throughout, notwithstanding. "MARIE, R."[1]

It was not till the 28th of July that Mary Beatrice could summon up sufficient resolution to visit her friends at Chaillot; the sight of the nuns who had been accustomed to wait on her and the princess Louisa during their long sojourn in the convent in the preceding year, renewed her anguish. She uttered a bitter cry, and exclaimed,—"Oh! but this visit is different from my last. But God is the master: it is he that hath done it, and His holy name be for ever blessed."[2] When she entered, she sat down by the princess de Condé, who had come, like herself, to assist at the profession of a nun. The community retired, and she consented to see her friends, Françoise Angelique and Claire Angelique, for a few moments, but nothing seemed to give her consolation. The probationer, Marie Helena Vral, who was about to make her irrevocable vow, came to speak to her majesty, and said she would pray for her while she was under the black pall. "Pray only that God's holy will may be done," said the afflicted mother. When the profession was over, Mary Beatrice composed herself sufficiently to give audience to the Spanish ambassador, and some others who desired to pay their compliments to her. She afterwards insisted on visiting the tribune, where the heart of her lost darling was now enshrined, beside that of her lamented lord king James. The sight of those mournful relics, thus united, renewed all her agonies, and it was with difficulty that the nuns could draw her from the spot, after she had assisted in the prayers that were offered up for the departed. When she was at last induced to return to her apartment, the princess de Condé endeavoured to persuade her to take her tea; but her grief so entirely choked her, that she could not swallow it, and sickened at each attempt.

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a nun of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

The same evening, the duchess of Lauzun expressing a great desire to be permitted to see her majesty, Mary Beatrice consented to receive her, and requested her to be seated. The duchess refused the proffered tabouret: seeing that the abbess and several of the nuns, who were present, were sitting, according to custom, on the ground at the end of the room, she went and seated herself in the same lowly position among them. The conversation turned on the virtues and untimely deaths of the dauphin and dauphiness. Mary Beatrice spoke with tender affection of them both, and discussed their funeral sermons and orations, some of which she praised. When she spoke of the grief of Louis XIV., and the tears she had shed with him for their loss, it renewed her anguish for her own more recent bereavement; sobs choked her voice, and she gave way to a fresh paroxysm of suffocating agony.[1] After the departure of the duchess de Lauzun she became more composed, and drawing sister Margaret Henrietta, the favourite friend of her beloved daughter, on one side, she told her, that "The only consolation she was capable of feeling for the loss of that dear child, was in the remembrance of her virtues. That at first she feared there was much of vanity in her desire of having a funeral oration made for her, as had been done for the late king, her husband, also a circular-letter containing a brief memoir; but she had consulted her spiritual directors, and they had assured her it was her duty to render to the memory of the princess the honours due to her birth and great virtues." The royal mother said she wished the circular-letter to appear in the name of the community of Chaillot, but that she would pay all the expenses of printing and paper. The abbess, who was present at the consultation, entirely approved of the idea, and told her majesty that the memorials which sister Henriette had kept of her royal highness would be very serviceable in the design. The sister brought her notes and presented them to her majesty, to whom they were, of course, inexpressibly precious. She received them with mournful satisfaction, and said, "they would be of great use in the circular-letter or conventual obituary

[1] MS Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

memoir of her daughter." Mary Beatrice, feeling herself much the worse for the excitement of this agitating day, wished to return to St. Germains. She went away at six o'clock in the evening, much fatigued, and was ill and feverish for several days after her return.

"This day," records the chronicler of Chaillot, "lady Strickland of Sizergh came here, bringing with her, as a present from the queen of England to our house, the beautiful petticoat which the king had had manufactured at Lyons during his travels, for the princess his sister." It had never been worn by her for whom it was purchased, the mourning for the first dauphin not having expired when both courts were plunged into grief and gloom by the deaths of the young dauphin and dauphiness, and their eldest son; which was followed, only two months afterwards, by that of the young lovely flower of St. Germains. The *belle jupe*, after the decease of the princess, became the perquisite of her governess, lady Middleton; but the royal mother, regarding it as a memorial of the affection of her son for his departed sister, did not wish it to be worn by any other person, but devoted to the decoration of the church where her daughter's heart was deposited. On her return to St. Germains, she asked lady Middleton what she meant to do with it? Actuated by a similar delicacy of sentiment, her ladyship replied, "she wished to present it to the convent of Chaillot, out of respect to the deceased princess." The queen told her, "that having a wish to present it herself, she would buy it of her." Lady Middleton, to humour her royal mistress, consented to receive a small sum for it, that it might be called the queen of England's gift.[1] Such fond conceits served in some measure to divert grief, which otherwise must have destroyed life and reason.

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice; Chaillot collection.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER XI.

Distress of Mary Beatrice at parting from her son—Her arrival at Chaillot—Renewed grief for her daughter—She takes to her bed—Malicious rumours connected with her daughter's death—Mary Beatrice attacked with gout—Visits of her son—He quits France — Queen's dejection—Pines for her daughter—Returns to St. Germains—Her melancholy court—Maternal fondness for her son—Peace of Utrecht—Her observations on the treaty—Her resignation—Impertinence of French princesses—Her dignified reproof—Queen's poverty—Instances of self-denial—The Jacobite quaker—His flattering predictions—Visit from the marquess de Torcy—Dejection caused by his communication—Her want of secrecy—English news by the duke of Berwick—Artist brings her son's portrait—Her *incognita* walks with her ladies—Her pecuniary straits—Daily vexatious cares—Her visit to the Petit Luxembourg—Interest excited by her appearance—Famine at St. Germains—Her charities—Her visit to Marli—She raises money to relieve the starving emigrants—Continued distress at St. Germains—The queen, the cardinal, and the quaker—Mary Beatrice receives a portion of her jointure due from England—Her dangerous illness—Recovery—Respect paid her by the court of Spain—Popular movements in London for her son—Mary Beatrice meets him at Plombières.

The next trial that awaited the fallen queen was parting from her son. The chevalier de St. George was compelled to quit St. Germains on the 18th of August. He went to Livry in the first instance, where a sojourn of a few days was allowed previously to his taking his final departure from France. The same day Mary Beatrice came to indulge her grief at Chaillot. The following pathetic account of her deportment is given by the conventual chronicler: "The queen of England arrived at half-past seven in the evening, bathed in tears, which made ours flow to see them. 'It is the first time,' said the queen on entering, 'that I feel no joy in coming to Chaillot. But, my God!' added she, weeping, 'I ask not consolation, but the accomplishment of Thy holy will.' She

sat down to supper, but scarcely ate any thing. When she retired to her chamber with the three nuns who waited on her, she cried, as soon as she entered, 'Oh! at last I may give liberty to my heart, and weep for my poor girl.' She burst into a passion of tears as she spoke: we wept with her. Alas! what could we say to her? She repeated to herself, 'My God, thy will be done!' then mournfully added, 'Thou hast not waited for my death to despoil me; thou hast done it during my life, but thy will be done.'" The nuns were so inconsiderate as to mention to the afflicted mother some painful reports that were in circulation connected with the death of the princess Louisa, as if it had been caused rather by the unskilful treatment of her doctors than the disease. "Alas! the poor doctors did their best," replied her majesty; "but, as your king said, they could not render mortals immortal."[1] The day after her arrival at Chaillot, Mary Beatrice found herself very much indisposed, and her physicians were summoned from St. Germains to her aid; but their prescriptions did her no good. Her malady was the reaction of severe mental suffering on an enfeebled frame, and the more physic she took, the worse she became. On the morrow, every one was alarmed at the state of debility into which she had sunk, and her ladies said, one to another, "She will die here." One of her physicians ordered that the portrait of her daughter, which was on the beaufet with that of the chevalier de St. George, should be removed out of her sight, for the eyes of the bereaved mother were always riveted upon those sweet familiar features.[2]

The sick queen sent for lady Henrietta Douglas to her bedside, and confided to her a vexation that had touched her sensibly. The funeral oration for the princess Louisa, on which she had set her heart, could not take place. The court of France had signified to her, that it would be incompatible with the negotiations into which his most Christian majesty had entered with queen Anne, to permit any public allusion to be made to the exiled royal family of England; therefore it would be impossible for her to enjoy the mournful satisfac-

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice; Chaillot collection. [2] Ibid.

tion of causing the honours and respect to be paid to her beloved daughter's memory, which were legitimately due to her high rank as a princess of England, and great-grand-daughter of a king of France. Mary Beatrice had naturally calculated on the powerful appeal that would be made, by the most eloquent clerical orator in Paris, to the sympathies of a crowded congregation in allusion to her own desolate state at this crisis, and the misfortunes of her son,—an appeal which she fondly imagined would be echoed from Paris to London, and produce a strong revulsion of feeling in favour of the Stuart cause. It was for this very reason,—the political use that would have been made of this opportunity by the expatriated family of James II., that the French cabinet was compelled to deny the gratification to the royal mother of having a funeral oration made for her departed child. "This mortification, then," said Mary Beatrice, "must be added to all the others which I have been doomed to suffer, and my only consolation in submitting to it must be, that such is the will of God." [1]

A needless aggravation to her grief was inflicted on the poor queen at the same time, by the folly of the nuns in continually repeating to her the various malicious reports that had been invented by some pitiless enemy relating to the last illness and death of her beloved daughter. It was said, "that her majesty had compelled the princess to make her last confession, contrary to her wish, to père Gaillar, because he was a Jesuit; that she had caused her to be attended, against her inclination, by her brother's English physician, Dr. Wood," (who is styled, by our Chaillot authority, "monsieur Oude,") "and that the said *Oude* had either poisoned her royal highness, or allowed her to die for want of nourishment." Mary Beatrice observed, "that it was strange how such unaccountable falsehoods could be spread; that she had allowed her children full liberty in the choice, both of their physicians and spiritual directors, from the time they arrived at years of discretion; that her daughter had earnestly desired to be attended by Dr. Wood, who had done the best for her as regarded human power and skill; and as for allowing her to sink for want of

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice; Chaillot collection.

nourishment, nothing could be more cruelly untrue, for they had fed her every two hours."[1] Her majesty having been a good deal excited by this painful discourse, went on to say more in praise of the Jesuits than would be worth recording, and which came, as a matter of course, from the lips of a princess educated under their influence. "Not," she said, "that she was blind to the faults of individuals belonging to the order;" as an instance of which she added, "that the late king, her lord, had caused her great vexation, by giving himself up to the guidance of father Petre, admitting him into his council, and trying to get him made a cardinal; that the man liked her not, and she had suffered much in consequence, but did not consider that the intemperance and misconduct of one person ought to be visited on the whole company,"[2] to which she certainly regarded him as a reproach. Such, then, was the opinion of the consort of James II. of father Petre; such the real terms on which she acknowledged, to her confidential friends and *religieuses* of the same church, she stood with that mischievous ecclesiastic, with whom she has been unscrupulously represented as leagued in urging the king to the measures which led to his fall. Neither time nor Christian charity was able to subdue the bitterness of her feelings towards the evil counsellor, who had overborne by his violence her gentle conjugal influence, and provoked the crisis which ended in depriving her husband of a crown, and forfeiting a regal inheritance for their son. William, Mary, and Anne, and others who had benefited by the Revolution, she had forgiven, but father Petre she could not forgive; and this is the more remarkable, because of the placability of her disposition towards her enemies. While she was at Chaillot, some of her ladies, speaking of the duke of Marlborough in her presence, observed, that "his being compelled to retire into Germany was a very trifling punishment for one, who had acted as he had done towards his late master; and that

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice; Chaillot collection.

[2] Inedited diary of a sister of Chaillot. This avowal, recorded from the lips of the widow of James II., is confirmed by his own declaration, "that his queen was opposed to the counsels of father Petre." See Journal of James II. in Macpherson and Clark.

they could never think of his treachery without feeling disposed to invoke upon him the maledictions of the Psalmist on the wicked."—"Never," exclaimed the fallen queen, "have I used such prayers as those; nor will I ever use them."[1]

Her majesty continued sick and sad for several days: she told the nuns, "she had a presentiment that she should die that year." Her illness, however, ended only in a fit of the gout; and at the end of a week, she was up, and able to attend the services of her church at the profession of a young lady, to whom she had promised to give the cross. The ecclesiastic who preached the sermon on that occasion, discoursed much of death, the vanity of human greatness, and the calamities of princes, and created a great sensation in the church by a personal allusion to Mary Beatrice and her misfortunes. "The queen of England," he said, "had given the cross to the probationer without wishing to lose her own; she had chosen that convent to be her tomb, and had said with the prophet, 'Here will I make my rest, and for ever; here will I live, here will I die, and here will I be buried also.'"[2] Every one was alarmed at hearing the preacher go on in this strain, dreading the effect it would have on her majesty in her present depressed state, combined with her presages of death; but to the surprise of every one, she came smiling out of the church, and told M. de Sulpice, "that she thought the preacher had been addressing his sermon to her, instead of the new sister Agathe." The next day, when her son, who had been alarmed at the report of her illness, came over from Livry to see her, she repeated many parts of the discourse to him. The chevalier had been so much indisposed himself since his departure from St. Germains, that he had been bled in the foot; and being still lame from that operation, he was obliged to lean on his cane for support, when he went to salute his mother as she came out of church. The gout having attacked her in the foot, she too was lame, and walking with a stick also. They both laughed at this coincidence; yet it was a season of mortification to both mother and son, for the truce with England was proclaimed in Paris on the preceding day.

[1] MS. Diary of the sister of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

They held sad counsels together in the queen's private apartment, on the gloomy prospect of affairs. The abbess said to him, "Sire, we hope your majesty will do us the honour to dine with us, as your royal uncle king Charles breakfasted, when setting out for England."—"That journey will not be yet," he replied, drily.[1]

He dined alone with the queen, and returned in the evening to Livry. On the following Friday he came to dine with her again at the convent, dressed in deep mourning for his sister, and went to the opera at Paris in the evening on purpose to show himself, because the English ambassador-extraordinary for the peace, St. John lord Bolingbroke, was expected to appear there in state with his suite that night. Of this circumstance, one of the Jacobite party thus writes to a friend:—

"Among other news from France, we are told that lord Bolingbroke happened to be at the opera with the chevalier de St. George, where they could not but see one another. I should like to know what my lord says of that knight, and whether he likes him, for they tell me he is a tall, proper, well-shaped young gentleman; that he has an air of greatness mixed with mildness and good-nature, and that his countenance is not spoiled with the smallpox, but on the contrary, that he looks more manly than he did, and is really healthier than he was before."[2]

It was a mistake to suppose that the chevalier de St. George was not marked by the smallpox: that malady marred his countenance in no slight degree, and destroyed his fine complexion. The queen and nuns, it seems, amused themselves after the departure of the chevalier, not in speculating on what impression his appearance was likely to make on the English nobles who might chance to see him, but how far it was consistent with a profession of Christian piety to frequent such amusements as operas, comedies, and theatrical spectacles of any kind. Mary Beatrice said, "she was herself uncertain about it, for she had often asked spiritually-minded persons to tell her whether it were a sin or not, and could get no positive answer; only the père Bourdaloue had said thus far, 'that he would not advise Christian princes to suffer their children to go often to such places; and when they did, to acquaint

[1] MS. Diary of the sister of Chaillot.

[2] Nairne's State-Papers, in the Scotch college.

themselves first with the pieces that were to be represented, that they might not be of a nature to corrupt their morals.' "

On the Tuesday following, Mary Beatrice went to Livry to dine with her son; she was attended by the duchesses of Berwick and Perth, the countess of Middleton, and lady Talbot, lady Clare, and lady Sophia Bulkeley. The duke of Lauzun lent his coach, for the accommodation of those ladies who could not go in that of their royal mistress. The once-stately equipages of that unfortunate princess were now reduced to one great, old-fashioned coach, and the noble ladies who shared her adverse fortunes were destitute of any conveyance, and frequently went out in hired *remises*.[1] Her majesty and her ladies returned to the convent at eight o'clock in the evening. The visit to Livry is thus noticed in sir David Nairne's private report to one of his official correspondents :—

"Sept. 1st. Wisely [the queen] was here to-day, and dined with Kennedy, [the chevalier,] who is in better health, and heartier than I ever saw him at Stanley's, [St. Germains]."[2]

The chevalier came to dine with his mother again on the Sunday, and the marquess de Torcy had a long conference with him in her majesty's chamber. When that minister took his leave of him, the chevalier said, "Tell the king, your master, sir, that I shall always rely on his goodness. I shall preserve all my life a grateful remembrance of your good offices." The luckless prince was, nevertheless, full well aware that he had outstayed his welcome, and that he must not linger in the environs of Paris beyond the 7th of that month. He came again to Chaillot on the 6th, to bid his sorrowful mother a long farewell. He was entirely unprovided with money for his journey; and this increased her distress of mind, for her treasurer, Mr. Dicconson, had vainly endeavoured to prevail on Desmarets, the French minister, through whom her pension was paid, to advance any part of what had been due to her for the last six months.[3] The chevalier, true

[1] MS. Memorials. [2] Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

[3] M^S^ Diary of the nun of Chaillot.

nephew of Charles II., seemed not a whit disquieted at the state of his finances. He thanked the abbess of Chaillot very warmly for the care she had taken of the queen, his mother, and engaged, if ever he should be called to the throne of England, to make good a broken promise of his late uncle, Charles II., for the benefit of that convent. He talked cheerfully to his mother at dinner, in order to keep up her spirits, and described to the nuns who waited upon her, some of the peculiarities of the puritans. The chevalier drank tea with her majesty, and when they exchanged their sorrowful adieus in her chamber, they embraced each other many times with tears; then went together to the tribune, where the hearts of the late king James and the princess Louisa were enshrined, and there separated. Mary Beatrice wept bitterly at the departure of her son, her last earthly tie; he was himself much moved, and tenderly recommended her to the care of the abbess of Chaillot and the nuns, and especially to father Ruga, to whom, he said, "he deputed the task of consoling her majesty."[1] He slept that night at Livry, and commenced his journey towards the frontier the next morning. In three days he arrived at Chalons-sur-Marne, where he was to remain till some place for his future residence should be settled by France and the allies.

The negotiations for a general peace were then proceeding at Utrecht; lord Bolingbroke, during his brief stay at Paris for the arrangement of preliminary articles, had promised that the long-withheld jointure of the widowed consort of James II. should be paid. Mary Beatrice had previously sent in a memorial, setting forth her claims, and the incontrovertible fact that they had been allowed at the peace of Ryswick, and that the English parliament had subsequently granted a supply for their settlement. Some delicate punctilios required to be adjusted, as to the form in which the receipt should be given by the royal widow without compromising the cause of her son. "Should the queen," observes lord Middleton, "style herself queen-mother, she supposes that will not be allowed; should she style herself queen-dowager, that would

[1] MS. Diary of the nun of Chaillot.

be a lessening of herself and a prejudice to the king her son, which she will never do. The question is, whether the instrument may not be good without any title at all, only the word WE; for inasmuch as it will be signed 'Maria, R.,' and sealed with her seal, one would think the person would be sufficiently denoted. Our council here think she might sign herself thus: Mary, queen-consort of James II., late king of England, Ireland, and France, defender of the faith," &c.[1] The last clause was certainly absurd; the simple regal signature, "Maria, R." was finally adopted, after the long-protracted negotiations were concluded.

Mary Beatrice remained at Chaillot, in a great state of dejection, after the departure of her son. The duchess-dowager of Orleans, Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria, came to visit her towards the latter end of September. Her majesty probably considered herself neglected at this sad epoch by other members of the royal family of France, for tenderly embracing her, she said, "What, madam! have you given yourself the trouble of coming here to see an unfortunate recluse?"[2] Monsieur and madame de Beauvilliers came soon after to pay their respects to Mary Beatrice: she had a great esteem for them, and they conversed much on spiritual matters and books. Her majesty spoke with lively satisfaction of having received a consolatory letter from Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray, in which, without entering into affairs of state or politics, he had said, "that he prayed the Lord to give the king, her son, all things that were needful for him, and that his heart might be always in the hands of the Most High, to guard and dispose it according to his will." Although neither wealth nor dominion was included in this petition for her son, the royal mother was satisfied; better things had been asked.

When monsieur and madame St. Sulpice came to pay Mary Beatrice a visit in her retreat, they told her they had heard that the Scotch had made bonfires on the birthday of the chevalier of St. George, and shouted God save king

[1] Nairne's State-Papers from the Scotch college, printed in Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

[2] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

James VIII.! and had burned a figure which they called the house of Hanover. "It is true," replied the queen; "and a little time before they burned the prince of Hanover in effigy, but that signifies nothing. Our friends expose themselves too much by it; none of them, however, have been punished." Mary Beatrice spoke little at this crisis of what was passing in England, but her looks were closely watched. One evening it was observed that she was laughing very much with her ladies over a packet she was reading with them; she afterwards told the curious sisterhood, that it was a paper ridiculing all that had been printed in London about her son. She also told them of a political fan which had a great sale in England, where it was, of course, regarded as a Jacobite badge. The device was merely the figure of a king, with this motto, CHACUN À SON TOUR. On the reverse, a cornucopia, with the motto PEACE AND PLENTY. Mary Beatrice spoke very kindly of queen Anne, whom she styled the princess of Denmark, and appeared distressed at the reports of her illness. She requested her friends to pray for her recovery and conversion, adding, "It would be a great misfortune for us to lose her just now."[1]

The circular-letter of the convent of Chaillot on the death of her own lamented daughter, the princess Louisa, being finished, Mary Beatrice wished to be present when it was read. "She wept much at some passages, but gave her opinion very justly on others, where she considered correction necessary. They had said, 'that the princess felt keenly the state to which her family and herself had been reduced by the injustice of fortune.'—'Ha!' cried the queen, 'but that is not speaking christianly,' meaning that such figures of speech savoured rather of heathen rhetoric than the simplicity of Christian truth; the nuns then wrote down—'in which she had been placed by the decrees of Providence.' 'That is good,' said her majesty. She desired them to alter another passage, in which it was asserted 'that the princess was so entirely occupied at all times and places with the love of God, that even when she was at the opera or the play, her

[1] MS. Diary of the sister of Chaillot.

whole thoughts were on him, and that she adapted in her own mind the music, songs, and choruses to his praise with internal adoration.' This, Mary Beatrice said, 'would have been very edifying if it had been strictly true; but she thought her daughter was passionately fond of music, songs, and poetry, and took the delight in those amusements which was natural to her timé of life, though she was far from being carried away by pleasures of the kind.' The nuns appealed to père Gaillar if it were not so; but he replied, 'that he could only answer for that part of the letter which he had furnished; namely, the account of the last sickness and death of her royal highness.' Mary Beatrice then sent for the duchess de Lauzun, who had been on the most intimate terms of friendship with the princess, and asked her what she thought of the passage? The duchess said, 'that if they printed it, it would throw discredit on all the rest; for none who knew the delight the princess had taken in songs and music, and had observed, that when she was at the opera she was so transported with the music that she could not refrain from accompanying it with her voice, would believe that she was occupied in spiritual contemplations on such subjects as life, and death, and eternity.' Her majesty then desired the passage should be omitted."[1] The assertion had doubtless originated from the princess having remarked, that some of the choruses in the opera had reminded her of the chants of her church.

In the beginning of October, madame de Maintenon came to pay a sympathizing visit to Mary Beatrice, and testified much regard for her. Her majesty went into the gallery to receive her, and at her departure accompanied her as far as the tribune. Maintenon promised to come again on the 25th of the month, but being prevented by a bad cold, she sent some venison to her majesty, which had been hunted by the king. Mary Beatrice expressed herself, in reply, charmed with the attention of his majesty in thinking of her.[2] Madame de Maintenon came quite unexpectedly three days after, and brought with her a basket of beautiful oranges as a present for the queen. She had to wait a long time at the gate,

[1] Diary of the sister of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

before the abbess, who was with her majesty, could come to receive her. The duc d'Aumale, who had accompanied madame de Maintenon, was annoyed at being detained, but she said "it was the mark of a regular house that there should be a difficulty in obtaining admittance."

Mary Beatrice was much agitated, two days later, by receiving from this lady a hasty letter, apprizing her of the alarming illness of Louis XIV. from cold and inflammation, which rendered it expedient to bleed him, an operation never resorted to with persons of his advanced age except in cases of extremity. "Oh, my God!" exclaimed the queen, when she had read the letter, "what a calamity for France, for his family, and for us poor unfortunates! What will become of us?" She wept bitterly, and her ladies wept with her at the anticipation of losing their only friend and protector, whose existence appeared at that moment inexpressibly precious to the destitute British emigrants, who were solely dependent for food and shelter on the annual pension which he allowed their widowed queen.[1] Inadequate as this pittance was for the maintenance of the unfortunate colony at St. Germains, it was rendered, by the rigid economy and personal sacrifices of their royal mistress, a means of preserving several thousands of the faithful adherents of the cause of the Stuarts from perishing with hunger, and it was doubtful whether this fund would be renewed by a regent, in the event of Louis XIV.'s death. The queen was in too painful a state of excitement to eat at dinner. Lady Middleton read to her a chapter out of the Imitation of Christ; but she sighed heavily, and remained in great depression of spirits. All day she was in anxious expectation of receiving tidings of the king's health, but having none, she wrote to madame de Maintenon at eight in the evening to make inquiries. The next morning an equerry brought a letter from madame de Maintenon, which reassured her. The king had borne the bleeding well, had passed a good night, and was out of danger.

The gratitude of Mary Beatrice for the shelter and support that had been accorded by Louis to herself, her family, and

[1] Diary of the sister of Chaillot.

their distressed followers, and the scrupulous respect with which he had ever treated her, blinded her to the motives which had led him to confer personal benefits for political ends. How often he had played the part of the broken reed to her unfortunate consort, and disappointed the flattering hopes he had raised in the bosom of her son, she was willing to forget, or to attribute to the evil offices of his ministers. She gave her royal friend credit for all the generous romance of feeling that formed the *beau-idéal* of the age of chivalry; the experience of four-and-twenty years of bitter pangs of hope deferred had not convinced her of her mistake. One of the nuns of Chaillot told Mary Beatrice, that she was wrong to imagine every one was as free from deceit as herself. "Your own nature, madam," said she, "is so upright and truthful, that you believe the same of the rest of the world, and you do not distrust any one; but God, who is good, knows the wickedness of human nature, and I could wish that your majesty would sometimes feel the necessity of a prudent mistrust."—"It is true," replied the queen, "that I never suspect ill, and that I have not the spirit of intrigue that belongs to courts."—"Nevertheless, madam," rejoined the *religieuse*, "your majesty, through the grace of God, acquired in your adversity a wisdom that all the cunning and intrigue in the world could never have given you,—that of conciliating and preserving the affection and confidence of the king your husband."—"He knew," said the royal widow, "how much I loved him, and that produced reciprocal feelings in him."[1]

A few days after this conversation, Mary Beatrice said she could not think without pain that the time of her departure from the convent drew near, and that she must return to St. Germains, to that melancholy and now desolate palace. Her tears began to flow, as she spoke of the loneliness that awaited her there. "Alas!" said she, "picture to yourselves the state in which I shall find myself in that place, where I lost the king, my lord and husband, and my daughter. Now that I am deprived of my son, what a frightful solitude does it appear!

[1] MS. Diary of the sister of Chaillot.

I shall be compelled to eat alone in public; and when the repast is ended, and I retire to my cabinet, who will there be to speak to there? Here I find, at least, a little society. I had hoped to remain here always. I have spoken of it to the pères Ruga and Gaillar, and I asked père Ruga to entreat for me enlightenment from God on this subject; but he has told me 'I ought not to think of it.' I must therefore make the sacrifice, and leave this retreat on which I had fixed my desire, for it will not be permitted me to enjoy it. I have not," continued her majesty, "relied on the opinions of the pères Ruga and Gaillar only. I have consulted madame Maintenon and the duke of Berwick, and all are of opinion that, in the present position of my son's affairs, I ought not to retire from the world, —in fact, that I ought to remain for some time at St. Germains,[1] not for any satisfaction that I can find in the world, for I have experienced this very day a severe mortification which has touched me sensibly." Mary Beatrice did not explain the circumstance that had annoyed her, but said, "I have written to the king, my son, about it, and see what he has sent in reply." She then read the following passage from the letter she held in her hand:—

"It is not for me, madam, to make an exhortation to your majesty; that would be great presumption on my part, but you know what St. Augustin says: '*Non pervenitur ad summam palem etiam in silentio, nisi cum magno strepitu pugnavit cum motibus suis.*'"

"Which means," explained her majesty, who appears to have been a better Latin scholar than her friends the *religieuses*, "that one cannot even find peace in the silence of a cloister, if one does not fight manfully against carnal inclinations." She did not read any more of the letter, but only said that, "although her son possessed not such brilliant talents as the princess his sister, he had solid sense; but my daughter," continued the fond mother, "had both the brilliant and the solid. They were united in her, and I may say so without vanity, since she is no more." The chevalier was an excellent correspondent, and wrote many pleasant and often witty letters to cheer his sorrowful and anxious mother in his absence.

[1] MS. Diary of the sister of Chaillot.

On the 11th of November, lord Galway came to inform Mary Beatrice that he had seen her son as he passed through Chalons; that he appeared thoughtful, but was very well, and even growing fat, though he took a great deal of exercise, and that he made the tour of the ramparts of that town every day on foot. "The king his father was accustomed to do the like," said her majesty, "and rarely sat down to table till he had taken his walk." Lord Galway said, that "the prince bade him tell her majesty that he was much better in health than at St. Germains, and wished she could see him."—"It would give me extreme joy to see him again," replied Mary Beatrice, meekly; "but I must not desire what is not the will of God." It was upwards of two months since she had enjoyed that happiness.[1] Her majesty afterwards walked with the community to the orangery, and a detached building belonging to this conventual establishment at some little distance in their grounds. She returned vigorously from this promenade without being the least out of breath, and having walked very fast, she asked the nun who had the honour to give her her hand, "if she had not tired her?" To which the *religieuse*, being too polite to reply in the affirmative, said, "there were some moments in which she had not felt so strong as usual." "Your answer reminds me," rejoined the queen playfully, "of what we say in Italy when any one inquires of another, 'Are you hungry?' the reply to which question is not 'Yes,' but, 'I should have no objection to eat again.'"[2] The next day, Mary Beatrice mentioned with great pleasure having received a letter from her aunt, who was then a Carmelite nun. "She writes to me with the most profound humility," said her majesty, "as if she were the least person in the world: I am ashamed to say I have not written to her for a long time. We used to dispute with one another which should be a nun. I was fifteen, and she was thirty, when they first spoke of a marriage with the duke of York, and we each said to the other, in secret, 'it will be you that shall be chosen;' but the lot fell to me."

On the 14th of November, Mary Beatrice found herself

[1] MS. Diary of the nun of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

weary and indisposed. She had taken one of her bad colds, coughed all the time she was at her toilet, and grew worse towards evening: she had a bad night, with cough and sore throat, and difficulty of breathing. At five in the morning, madame Molza, who slept in her chamber, was alarmed, and called the nun who kept the keys to come and give her opinion. The nun said her majesty was in a high fever, and went to tell the duchess of Perth, who immediately rose, and wrote to St. Germains for her majesty's physician, and M. Beaulieu, her French surgeon, to come to her. They did not arrive till two in the afternoon, which caused great uneasiness, for the queen grew visibly worse, and her mind was so deeply impressed with the death of her daughter, that she thought herself to be dying, and those about her had some trouble to compose her. The fever was so high, that it was thought necessary to bleed her, and for two days she was in imminent danger; she was, besides, in great dejection of spirits.[1] "Her majesty," says our Chaillot diary, "was very sad during her sickness not so much at the idea of death, but because she had not her children near her as on former occasions; and, above all, it renewed in her remembrance the princess, who had been accustomed, whenever she was ill, to wait upon her as a nurse." Mary Beatrice had borne the first agony of her bereavement, terrible and unexpected as it was, with the resignation of a Christian heroine; but every day she felt it more acutely, and during her weary convalescence, she pined for her lost treasure with unutterable yearnings.

While the poor queen was still confined to her chamber, a striking sermon was preached in the conventual church on the love of God, by père Gramin, in which he said, "that sometimes three sacrifices were required by our heavenly Father, which he should briefly express in three Latin words, *tua, tuos, te;* that is to say, thy goods, thy children, and thyself." When this was repeated to Mary Beatrice, she cried, with a deep sigh, "Small is the sacrifice of *tua,* or the goods, in comparison to *tuos,* the children." On a former

[1] MS. Diary of the sister of Chaillot.

occasion she had said, "Job bore the loss of his goods unmoved; but when he heard of the loss of his children, he rent his garments and fell prostrate on the earth."[1] Mary Beatrice had the consolation of receiving a most affectionate and dutiful letter from her son, expressing the greatest concern for her illness, and begging her "to take care of her health for his sake, since the most overwhelming of all his calamities would be the loss of her." The chevalier was still at Chalons-sur-Marne, waiting the event of the negotiations at Utrecht. The payment of two bills of 16,000 francs each, which cardinal Gualterio had persuaded the queen to hold after she had regarded them as lost money, had enabled her to send her son some seasonable pecuniary relief at his greatest need, and also to discharge a few trifling debts of her own in England, of long standing, which had distressed her scrupulous sense of honesty. She gave one thousand francs among the three domestic sisters who had waited upon her in her sickness, and during her long sojourn in the convent.

On the first Sunday in Advent, perceiving that all her ladies were worn out with fatigue, and weary of the monotony of the life they led at Chaillot, and hearing, withal, many complaints of her absence from St. Germains, she at last made up her mind to return thither the next day, Monday, December 5th. She was very low-spirited at the thought of it, coughed very much all night, and in the morning appeared wavering in her purpose; but, seeing every thing prepared for her departure, she was about to make her adieus, when she was informed the duc de Lauzun wished to speak to her. It was inconvenient to give audience to any one just as she was setting off on her journey, but she judged that he had something important to communicate, and gave orders to admit him. He was the bearer of evil tidings, for he came to break to her the tragic death of the duke of Hamilton,[2] who had been slain in a duel with lord Mohun, not without strong suspicions of foul play on the part of his antagonist's second, general Macartney. The duke of Hamilton was at

[1] MS Diary of the sister of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

that time the main pillar of her son's cause in Scotland; he was in correspondence with herself, had just been appointed ambassador to the court of France, secretly empowered, it has generally been supposed, by queen Anne to make arrangements with the court of St. Germains for the adoption of the exiled prince as her successor, on condition of his remaining quiet during her life, little doubt existing of the duke being able, by his great interest in parliament, to obtain the repeal of the act of settlement for the royal succession. The queen was deeply affected by the melancholy news, and the ladies Perth and Middleton wept bitterly. It was a great blow to the whole party, and cast a deeper gloom on their return to the desolate palace of St. Germains.[1] Her majesty's chair being brought into the gallery, for she was still too feeble to walk, she prepared to enter it, after she had taken some bread in a little broth; but seeing one of the community, who had waited on her while she was in the convent, she presented her hand to her, and said, "I console myself with the hope of your seeing me again here very soon, if it please God." She was carried into the tribune, where the community attended her, and having made her devotions there, she was conveyed in a chair to her coach. Mary Beatrice arrived at St. Germains at two o'clock in the afternoon. The interests of her son required that she should stifle her own private feelings, and endeavour to maintain a shadow of royal state, by holding her courts and receptions with the same ceremonies, though on a smaller scale, as if she had been a recognised queen-mother of England. How well did the words of the royal preacher, "*Vanitas vanitatis,*" which were so often on the lips of that pale, tearful Niobe, who, in her widow's coif and veil, and sable weeds of woe, occupied the chair of state on these occasions, describe the mockery of the attempt!

The melancholy Christmas of 1712 was rendered more distressing to Mary Beatrice by the intrigues and divisions that agitated her council, and the suspicions that were instilled into the mind of her absent son of his mentor, the earl of Mid-

[1] MS. Diary of the sister of Chaillot.

dleton, who had accompanied him from St. Germains to Chalons, and acted as his principal adviser. The old story, that he was bribed by the court of St. James's to betray the state secrets of the exiled Stuarts, and had been in the practice of doing this ever since the death of James II., was revived, though without any sort of proof, and all the misfortunes and failures that had occurred were charged on his mismanagement and treachery.[1] It was also stated, that he had neglected the interests of the Stuart cause in Scotland, and had promoted, instead of opposing, the union. Middleton justified himself from those charges, but indignantly offered to withdraw from his troublesome and profitless office. Mary Beatrice, having a great esteem for this statesman, and a particular friendship for his countess, was very uneasy at the idea of his resignation. Her principal adviser at this time appears to have been the abbé Innes, who, in one of the mystified letters of that period, thus writes on the subject:—

"Paris, Jan. 9th, 1713.

"I never was more surprised than when the queen showed me some letters the king had sent her about Mr. Massey, [lord Middleton,] and the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that villany must proceed originally either from the Irish, to remove one whom they look upon as none of their friends, to make way for one of their friends, or else that it is a trick of the whigs to ruin Jonathan, [the king,] by insinuating a correspondence with them to give jealousy to the other party, and by that means to deprive Jonathan of the only person capable of giving him advice."

Mary Beatrice took upon herself the office of mediating between her son and their old servant, Middleton, whose wounded feelings she, not unsuccessfully, endeavoured to soothe in the following letter:—

"St. Germains, Jan. 28th, 1713.

"I have not had the heart all this while to write to you upon the dismal subject of your leaving the king, but I am sure you are just enough to believe that it has and does give to me a great deal of trouble; and that which I see it gives the king, increases mine. You tell me in your last letter upon Mr. Hamilton's coming away, that if your opinion had been followed you had gone first but if mine were, you should never go first nor last. But, alas! I am grown so insignificant and useless to my friends, that all I can do is to pray for them, and God knows my poor prayers are worth but little. I own to you, that as weary as I am of the world, I am not yet so dead to it as not to feel the usage the king and I meet with. His troubles are more sensible to me than my own, and if all fell only on me, and his affairs went well, and he were easy, I think I could be

[1] Stuart Papers in Macpherson, and in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

so too; but we must take what God sends, and as he sends it, and submit ourselves entirely to his will, which I hope in his mercy he will give us grace to do, and then in spite of the world all will turn to our good."[1]

It can scarcely be forgotten, that the princess of Orange, when her sister Anne was endeavouring to inveigle her into the conspiracy for depriving their infant brother of the regal succession, by insinuating that he was a spurious child, feeling dubious whether she ought to credit so monstrous a charge without inquiring into the evidences of his paternity, propounded, among other queries which she sent to Anne, the simple but important question, "Is the queen fond of him?"[2] Anne, being an interested witness, replied evasively. Nature, who cannot equivocate, has answered unconsciously to the test, in the unaffected gush of maternal tenderness with which Mary Beatrice speaks of her son to lord Middleton in this letter: she says,—

"You told me, in one of your former letters, that you were charmed with the king being a good son. What do you think, then, that I must be, that am the poor old doating mother of him? I do assure you, his kindness to me is all my support under God."[3]

Marry! but our unfortunate Italian queen, on whose ignorance some historians have been pleased to enlarge, could write plain English with the same endearing familiarity as if it had been her mother-tongue. "Our hissing, growling, grunting northern gutturals," had become sweeter to her ear than the silvery intonations of her own poetic land, and flowed more naturally to her pen. English was the language of those she loved best on earth,—the unforgotten husband of her youth, and their children. Of the last surviving of these, "the Pretender," she thus continues in her letter to his offended minister, the earl of Middleton,—

"And I am confirmed of late more than ever in my observation, that the better you are with him, the kinder he is to me; but I am also charmed with him for being a good master, and a true friend to those who deserve it of him, though I am sorry from my heart that you have not had so much cause of late to make experience of it. "M. R."

"I say nothing to you of business, nor of Mr. Hamilton, for I write all I know to the king, and it is to no purpose to make repetitions. I expect, with some impatience, and a great deal of fear, Humphrey's decision as to France."

[1] Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

[2] Correspondence of the princess of Orange and princess Anne of Denmark, in Dalrymple's Appendix.

[3] Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

The meaning of this enigmatical sentence is, whether queen Anne would permit the chevalier de St. George to avail himself of the asylum which the duke of Lorraine had offered him in his dominions. This was in the end privately allowed by her, and publicly protested against by her ministers. Mary Beatrice writes again to the earl of Middleton on the 9th of February; she had succeeded in prevailing on him to continue with her son, and she says many obliging and encouraging things to him in this letter, which is however dry, and chiefly on public business. She there speaks of their secret correspondent, Bolingbroke, by the appropriate cognomen of "Prattler,"[1] and certainly appears to set very little account on his flattering professions.

The position of the son of James II. appeared by no means in so bad a light to the potentates of Europe at this period, as it did to the despondingwidow, who sat in her companionless desolation at St. Germains watching the chances of the political game. The emperor, though he had publicly demurred for nearly three months whether he would or would not grant the chevalier a passport to travel through part of his dominions to Bar-le-duc, secretly entertained overtures for connecting the disinherited prince with his own family by a marriage with an archduchess. The tender age of his daughter, who was only twelve years old, was objected by his imperial majesty as an obstacle to her union with a prince in his five-and-twentieth year, but he politely intimated, at the same time, that his sister was of a more suitable time of life.[2] Queen Anne's ill health at this period, the unsettled state of parties in England, and the lingering affection of the people to hereditary succession, rendered an alliance with the representative of the royal Stuarts by no means undeserving of the attention of the princesses of Europe. The chevalier did not improve the opening that had been made for him by his generous friend, the duke of Lorraine, with the court of Vienna. His thoughts appear to have been more occupied on the forlorn state of his mother, than with matrimonial speculations for

[1] Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

[2] Stuart Papers. Duke of Lorraine's Correspondence with the Emperor.

himself. The manner in which he speaks of this desolate princess, in the letter he addressed to Louis XIV. on the eve of his final departure from his dominions, is interesting. After expressing his grateful sense of the kindness he and his family had experienced from that monarch, he says,—

"It is with all possible earnestness that I entreat of your majesty a continuation of it for me and the queen my mother, the only person who is left of all who were dearest to me, and who deserves so much of me as the best of mothers."[1]

In writing to Louis XIV. alone, the chevalier would have done little for his mother; he was aware that, to render her asylum secure, he must pay no less attention to the untitled consort by whom the counsels of the aged monarch of France were influenced, and with equal earnestness recommended her to the friendship of madame de Maintenon in a complimentary billet.[2] Madame de Maintenon was so well pleased with this mark of attention, that the next time she saw queen Mary Beatrice, although she made no remark on the letter addressed to herself, she set her majesty's heart at rest as to the impression produced by that which he had sent to Louis XIV. by saying, "The king, your son, madam, has combined, in writing to his majesty, [the king of France,] the elegance of an academician, the tenderness of a son, and the dignity of a king."[3]

The royal mother, who had been sent copies of these letters by her son, could not refrain from reading them, in the pride of her heart, to the community at Chaillot. The abbess and her nuns extolled them to the skies, and begged her majesty to allow them to be transcribed and placed among the archives of their house. Mary Beatrice expressed some reluctance to do so, observing, "that, in the present critical position of her son's affairs, it might be attended with injurious consequences, if letters so strictly private found their way into print." She added, significantly, "that she had been much annoyed at seeing some things published in the Dutch gazette, not being able in any manner to imagine how the information was obtained." This was certainly throwing out a delicate hint

[1] In the archives of France. [2] Ibid., Chaillot collection.
[3] MS. Memorials.

that her confidence had not been held sacred by some of the members of that community; nevertheless, she was persuaded to allow copies of her son's letters, both to the king of France and madame de Maintenon, to be taken. These have been so carefully preserved, that they have survived the dissolution of the convent.

Mary Beatrice spent the residue of this melancholy winter, the first she had passed without her children, at St. Germains. Her only comfort was hearing from her son that he had been honourably and affectionately received at the court of Lorraine by the duke and duchess, who were both related to him. The duchess of Lorraine, being the daughter of the late duke of Orleans by Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria, inherited a portion of the Stuart blood, through her descent from James I. She took the most lively interest in her exiled kinsman, and did every thing in her power to render his sojourn at Bar-le-duc agreeable. Mary Beatrice writes to her friend the abbess of Chaillot, on the 20th of March, a letter commencing with excuses for being an indifferent correspondent, because the frequent and long letters she wrote to her son took up all her time. Her majesty had been making a small, but acceptable present to one of the nuns, for she says, "I am glad sister M. Gabrielle found the tea good, but surely that trifling gift did not merit so eloquent a letter of thanks." Mary Beatrice describes her own health to be better than usual, expresses herself well pleased with the general bulletin lady Strickland had brought of the health of the convent, and then says,—

"The king, my son, continues well at Barr, where the duke of Lorraine shows him all sorts of civilities. I recommend him earnestly to your prayers, my dear mother, and to those of your dear daughters. He requires patience, courage, and prudence, and above all, that God should confirm him in the faith, and give him grace never to succumb to the temptations with which he will be assailed by his enemies, visible and invisible."[1]

Before the proclamation of the peace of Utrecht, Mary Beatrice sought the welcome repose of her favourite retreat at Chaillot. "The queen of England," says the diary of that convent, "came here on the 5th of May, 1713; she arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon, and testified much joy at

[1] From the original French holograph letters of Mary Beatrice, in the archives of France.

finding herself at Chaillot once more. She asked our mother the news of the house, and inquired particularly after all the sisters. While they were preparing her majesty's table, she came into the ante-chamber herself, to speak to the two domestic sisters, Claire Antoinette and J. M., who were accustomed to serve her. The next day, being very cold, she congratulated herself on having come as she did, for they would never have permitted her to leave St. Germains in such weather, lest it should make her ill; and she repeated many times, 'that she was surprised at finding herself in such good health as she had been for the last six months, considering all she had suffered.' On the Sunday after her arrival, her majesty said, 'she had prayed to God that he would make her feel his consolations, so that she might say with the royal prophet, 'In the multitude of sorrows that I had in my heart, thy comforts have refreshed my soul;' but that, added she, 'is what I have not experienced; the Lord does not make me taste his sweetness.' She told the nuns, 'that since the departure of her son she had no one to whom she could open her heart, a deprivation which she had felt as peculiarly hard; yet,' added she, 'in losing the persons to whom one is accustomed to unburden our hearts, we lose also some opportunities of displeasing God by our complaints, and acquire the power of passing days without speaking of those subjects that excite painful emotions.'" This was, indeed, a degree of Christian philosophy to which few have been able to attain. It must be owned, that Mary Beatrice strove to improve the uses of adversity to the end for which they were designed by Him who chastens those he loves.

The moment at length arrived, long dreaded by the sympathizing community of Chaillot, when the abbess was compelled to tell their afflicted guest, that a solemn *Te Deum* was appointed to be sung in their church, as well as all others throughout France, on the day of the Ascension, on account of the peace,—that peace which had been purchased by the sacrifice of her son, and had poured the last phial of wrath on her devoted head by driving him from St. Germains, and depriving him of the nominal title with which he had hitherto

been complimented by the monarchs of France and Spain.[1] The intimation regarding the *Te Deum* was received by Mary Beatrice without a comment. She knew that it was a matter in which the abbess had no choice, and she endeavoured to relieve her embarrassment by turning the conversation. Her majesty said afterwards, "that a printed copy of the treaty had been sent to her, but she had not then had time to read it, as it was so bulky a document; and she had told lady Middleton to open it, who looked for what concerned her, and made no further search."

On the evening of the 28th, the queen asked the nun who waited on her, "If she had seen the paper that was on the chimney-piece?"—"I have not had the courage to look at it," was the reply. "Ah, well!" said the queen, "then I must for you;" and raising herself in the bed, where she was resting her exhausted frame, she put on her spectacles, and began to read it aloud. It was a copy of the treaty. When her majesty came to the fourth and fifth articles, which stated "that, to ensure for ever the peace and repose of Europe and of England, the king of France recognised for himself and his successors the protestant line of Hanover, and engaged that he who has taken the title of king of Great Britain shall remain no longer in France," &c., she paused, and said, with a sigh, "The king of France knows whether my son is unjustly styled king or not; I am sure he is more grieved at this than we can be." The nun in waiting remained speechless, and the queen resumed, "Hard necessity has no law. The king of France had no power to act otherwise, for the English would not have made peace on any other condition. God will take care of us: in him we repose our destinies." She added, "that the king, her son, had sent word to her 'that his hope was in God, who would not forsake him when every other power abandoned him.'"[2] The next morning she maintained her equanimity, and even joined in the grace-chant before dinner. The nun who was present when she read the treaty

[1] The peace was signed March 30th by the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, but not solemnly ratified for several weeks after that date. It was proclaimed in London May 6th.

[2] Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, by one of the nuns of Chaillot.

on the preceding evening, drew near, and said, "Madam, I am astonished at the grace God has given you, in enabling you to appear tranquil; for my part, I was struck with such consternation at what I heard, that I could not sleep. Was it not so with you?"—"No, I assure you," said the queen; "I have committed every thing to God: he knows better what is good for us than we do ourselves." She ate as usual, and manifested no discomposure, even when her ladies came on the following day, and told her of the general rejoicings that were made in England for the peace.[1]

A few days afterwards, Mary Beatrice told the nuns "that her son had sent a protest to the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht against the articles of the treaty, as regarded England, and had asserted his title to that crown, which had been retorted by the cabinet of St. James's addressing an atrocious libel to the same congress, complaining 'that an impostor like the Pretender was permitted to remain so near as Bar-le-duc.'" She related this with emotion, but without anger. The sympathizing community said all they could to console her, telling her the cause of her son was in the hands of God, who would, they hoped, soon restore him to the throne of his forefathers. "If it be God's good pleasure to do so, may his will be accomplished!" replied the queen. She said, "that she had received an address from Edinburgh, professing the faithful attachment of the Scotch to the house of Stuart; that Scotland and Ireland were both well disposed, but in want of a leader."[2] When Mary Beatrice found that the allied powers had agreed to compensate the elector of Bavaria for the loss of a part of his German territories by making him king of Sardinia, while the duke of Savoy was in his turn to receive more than an equivalent for his Sardinian province by the acquisition of the crown of Sicily, she said, with a sigh, "Thus we find, that every one recovers his goods, in one shape or other, at this peace, but nothing is done for us; yet, my God," added she, raising her eyes to heaven, "it is thy will that it should be so, and what thou willest must always be right." Being informed, subse-

[1] Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, by one of the nuns of Chaillot.

[2] Ibid.

quently, that the duke of Savoy was about to embark to take possession of his new kingdom of Sicily, she said, "Those who have kingdoms, lose them, and those who had not, acquire them through this peace; but God rules every thing, and must be adored in all he decrees." The duchess of Savoy had written to her in terms expressive of much affection and esteem, on which Mary Beatrice observed, "that she was very grateful for her regard, but she could not have the pleasure of recognising the duke of Savoy as king of Sicily, because her son had protested against every thing that was done at the treaty of Utrecht."[1] This was, indeed, retaining the tone of a crowned head, when all that could give importance to that dignity was gone.

One day, after the peace of Utrecht had sensibly diminished the hopes that had been fondly cherished by the widowed queen of James II., of seeing her son established on the throne of England, the princess of Conti, who was an illegitimate daughter of Louis XIV., paid her a formal state visit at Chaillot, accompanied by her three daughters. Mary Beatrice, with the delicate tact that was natural to her, always caused all the *fauteuils* to be removed from her reception-room whenever she expected any of the princesses who were not privileged to occupy those seats in her presence. The three young ladies, as they were leaving the room, observing to one another on the absence of the *fauteuils*, scornfully exclaimed, as if imputing it to the destitution of the royal exile, "What a fine instance of economy! But they cannot be ignorant of our mother's rank. What will people say of this?" Mary Beatrice, who overheard their impertinence, replied, with quiet dignity, "They will say that I am a poor queen, and that this is your way of telling me that I have fallen from my proper rank."[2] When the duchess-dowager of Orleans came to visit Mary Beatrice, she tenderly embraced her, and told her how much charmed the duke of Lorraine and her daughter were with the chevalier de St. George, and that they were delighted at

[1] Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, by one of the nuns of Chaillot.

[2] Ibid.

having him with them. The fond mother was gratified at this communication, and begged madame to "convey her thanks to their highnesses for their goodness to her son, not having," she said, "words sufficiently eloquent to express her full sense of it herself." The chevalier had found it expedient to leave Barr for a temporary visit to Luneville, where every thing was, however, arranged for his comfort, through the friendship of the duke and duchess of Lorraine. His greatest trouble at this time was his pecuniary destitution, and this caused his mother more uneasiness than it did him.

So self-denying was Mary Beatrice in all her personal expenses, that, although she suffered much inconvenience when at Chaillot from writing on an ornamental escritoir faced with plates of china, she could not be persuaded to purchase a proper writing-table, even of the cheapest materials and form. Her ladies one day said to her, "Madam, you are not of the same disposition as other princesses, who, before they had been inconvenienced by their writing-tables as you have been by this, would have changed them a dozen times."—"They would have had the means of gratifying their tastes, then," rejoined her majesty. "I have not; the little that can be called mine belongs to the poor." The kind-hearted duchess of Lauzun, to whom this conversation was repeated, sent the queen a new writing-table, for a present. Mary Beatrice would not accept the friendly offering. She was the widow of a king of England, the mother of a prince who claimed the crown of that realm; and, dowerless exile as she was, she would not degrade the national honour of the proud land over which she had reigned, by allowing any of the ladies of France to minister to her wants. Not that she conveyed her refusal in terms calculated to offend madame de Lauzun; she thanked her courteously, but said "the table was too low, and that she was about to purchase one, for which she would give proper directions." Mary Beatrice found herself, at last, compelled to buy a writing-table, in order to evade the necessity of accepting the present of the duchess de Lauzun. It cost the mighty sum of five-

and-forty livres,[1] less than eight-and-thirty shillings, and even this outlay occasioned the unfortunate queen a pang, when she thought of the starving families at St. Germains, and she asked the nuns, "Whether she ought to give so much money as five-and-forty livres for a writing-table?" The nuns replied, with much simplicity, "that indeed they seldom gave tradesmen as much as they asked for their goods, but they thought the table was worth the price named." Her majesty declared "that she had no intention to cheapen the article, ordered my lady privy-purse to pay for it directly, and to give a proper recompence to the porter who had brought it."[2] Poor Mary Beatrice! she must have been more than woman, if memories of the splendour that once surrounded her at Whitehall rose not before her mental vision on this occasion, while hesitating whether she ought to allow herself the indulgence of such an escritoir as five-and-forty francs could purchase. It would have looked strangely, that same piece of furniture, in her apartment there, beside the costly cabinets and silver-filigree tables of Italian workmanship which John Evelyn admired so greatly; and when he saw them decorating the chamber of her royal step-daughter, queen Mary, thought—good conscientious gentleman—"that they ought, in common honesty, to have been returned to their lawful owner."[3]

The duke and duchess of Berwick, and the duchess of Lauzun, came one day to visit her majesty at Chaillot, and were beginning to devise many alterations and additions for the improvement of her apartments there, which were, in truth, in great need of renovation. She listened to every thing with a playful smile, and then said, "When my dower shall be paid, I may be able to avail myself of some of your suggestions. All I have power to do, in the mean time, is to follow your advice by changing the damask bed into the place where the velvet one now stands, which fills up the small chamber too much."[4] The chair in which her majesty was sometimes carried up into the tribune or gallery which

[1] Diary of Chaillot. [2] Ibid. [3] Evelyn's Diary.
[4] Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Este, in the archives of France.

she occupied in the chapel, had become so shabby and out of repair, that the nuns and her ladies pressed her to have a new one made. She refused, at first, on account of the expense, but at last yielded to their persuasions. She ordered that it should be like a chair in the infirmary, but rather larger, and yet not too large to be carried through the door of the little alley that led to the infirmary; for she was constant in her visits to the sick, whether able to walk or not, and at this period, in consequence of her great debility, she was carried by her attendants in a chair. She wished the height from the ground to the top of the back to be five feet, like her chair of state at St. Germains, and that it should be covered with a silk, called *gros de Tours*, which she thought would be a cheap and suitable material; but when she heard that it was ten livres,—that is to say, eight-and-fourpence an ell, which would make the chair cost altogether two hundred livres, rather over eight pounds, she declared she would not have such a sum expended for that purpose. Lady Strickland recommended camlet, a thick watered silk with some mixture of wool, as more suitable for the cover of the chair, and the queen told her to bring her patterns, with the price; but as she found it would cost fourteen livres more than the other, she decided on having the *gros de Tours*,—of such serious importance had circumstances rendered that trivial saving to a princess who had once shared the British throne, and whose generous heart reluctantly abstracted this small indulgence for herself from the relief she accorded from her narrow income to the ruined emigrants at St. Germains.

"Madame," said one of the sisters of Chaillot, "you put us in mind of St. Thomas of Villeneuve, who disputed with his shoemaker about the price of his shoes, and a few days afterwards gave one of the shoemaker's daughters three hundred rials to enable her to marry; for your majesty is parsimonious only to enable you to be munificent in your charities and your offerings at the altar." The queen smiled, and said, to turn the conversation, "I certainly have no disputes about the price of my shoes, but I would fain get them for as little cost as I can. When I was in England, I always had a new

pair every week; I never had more than two pair of new shoes in any week. I had a new pair of gloves every day, nor could I do with less; if I changed them, it was to the profit of my chambermaids. Monsieur de Lauzun once used some exaggeration in speaking to the king [Louis XIV.] on the subject of my penury, when he said, 'Sire, she has scarcely shoes to her feet!' This was going a little too far; but it is true," continued she, playfully, "that they have sewn these ribbons for the second time on my fine shoes." She laughed, and showed the shoes as she spoke, adding, "they cost me ten livres. I think that is too much to pay for them, but they will not charge less to me. That is the way with the artisans. My mother would never submit to an imposition. She was both generous and magnificent, but she did not like to be charged more than the just price for any thing. When, however, she had reason to think her tradespeople had been moderate in their charges, she would give them, out of her own pleasure, something over and above."[1]

The poor queen had cause, at this time, to apprehend that the cancer in her breast was going to break out again; she was also troubled with difficulty of breathing and general debility. Dr. Wood, whom her son sent to see her, advised her majesty to quit Chaillot, because he said the air was too sharp for her; and he strenuously objected to the fasts and perpetual succession of devotional exercises practised in that house, as most injurious to her. The abbess and sisterhood were displeased at the English physician's opinion, intimated that *monsieur Oude* had better attend to his own business, and begged their royal guest to send for Beaulieu, her own surgeon, to prescribe for her. Beaulieu contradicted all Dr. Wood had said, except on the subject of fasting, to which he was always opposed. As for the air of Chaillot, he said it was nothing so keen as that of St. Germains, which was almost on a mountain, and recommended her majesty to remain where she was. Mary Beatrice said, "that Chaillot must be a healthy place; for that luxurious princess, Catherine de

[1] Diary of Chaillot.

Medicis, built a summer palace there for herself, because she considered it the most healthy site near Paris."[1]

The countess of Middleton observing, with uneasiness, that her royal mistress was sinking into ascetic habits, told the nuns one day, in a pet, "that the queen spent too much time in prayer at Chaillot; that it was killing her, and if the king of France knew the sort of life she led there, he would come himself and take her away from them." Mary Beatrice could not refrain from smiling when this was repeated to her by the offended sisters. "I do not think," said she, "that the king of France will trouble himself about my prayers, or that he is likely to interfere with my stay at Chaillot. My ladies, who like better to be at St. Germains, speak according to their own tastes, and are thinking more for themselves than for me, I doubt, in wishing to return. They may find pleasure in it; but for me, think you the life I lead at St. Germains can be very agreeable, when I am shut up alone in my cabinet every evening after supper till I go to bed, writing three or four hours? When I am here, I write in the morning, which is a relief to my eyes; there, all my time is spent among the miserable, for of such alone is my society composed. Here I have, at least, cheerful company after my meals; and if I have a moment of comfort in life, it is here."[2] She might have added, it is my city of refuge from the importunities and cares with which I am beset at St. Germains.

It was again a year of scarcity, almost of famine, in France, and Mary Beatrice found herself reluctantly compelled, by the necessities of her own people, as she called the British emigration, to withdraw her subscriptions from the benevolent institutions in Paris to which she had hitherto contributed, feeling herself bound to bestow all she had to give upon those who had the greatest claims on her.[3] One day an ecclesiastic, who came from St. Germains to see her, told her that every one there was starving, on account of the dearness of provisions. The intelligence made her very sad. "She could not

[1] Buonaparte, it seems, was of the same opinion when he demolished the convent with the intention of building a nursery-palace for the king of Rome on the spot.

[2] Diary of a nun of Chaillot. [3] Ibid.

sleep that night," she said, "for thinking of it; and when she slumbered a little towards morning, she awoke with a sensation, as if her heart were pierced with a pointed cross." It was at this distressing period that the old bishop of Condone de Matignan, who was going to Marseilles, came to solicit the unfortunate queen to send an offering to the shrine of the immaculate Virgin there. Nothing could be more unseasonable than such a request. Mary Beatrice replied "that, in truth, she had nothing to send," and was sorely vexed by his importunity. She told the community, in the evening, of this vexatious application, and the impossibility of her complying with the bishop's request, "since of all the profusion of costly jewels she once possessed, two only remained. One was the little ruby ring which the late king, her dear lord and husband, when duke of York, had placed on her finger at the ratification of their nuptial contract; the other was her coronation-ring, set with a fair large ruby, sole relic of the glories of the day of her consecration as queen-consort of England, and these she could not part with. The small diamond," added Mary Beatrice, "which, according to the customs of Italy, I received at the previous matrimonial ceremony at Modena from the earl of Peterborough, I have sent to my son, with my daughter's hair, for which he had asked me."[1] The nuns endeavoured to comfort her, by telling her "that when her son should be called to the throne of England, she would be able to make offerings worthy of herself on all suitable occasions." "On the subject of the contributions that are frequently solicited of me," said the queen, "I find myself much embarrassed; for it appears unsuitable in me to give little, and it is impossible for me ever to give much, all I have belonging rather to the poor than to myself."[2] Wisely and well did the royal widow decide, in applying her mite to the relief of God's destitute creatures, rather than gratifying her pride by adding to the decorations of a shrine. Yet, such is the weakness of human nature, the force of early impressions, and the manner in which even the strongest-minded persons are biassed by the opinions of the world, she was deeply mortified at being

[1] Diary of a nun of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

unable to send the gift that was expected of her by the old bishop. She at last expressed her regret that she had given her last diamond to her son, instead of adding it to the coronal of the Virgin of Marseilles. "Madam," replied the nuns, "the use you made of the diamond, in sending it to your son, was perfectly lawful, and these are times when saints themselves would sell the very ornaments of the altar to afford succour to the poor." [1]

Mary Beatrice was much entreated to assist at the twofold nuptials of the prince de Conti and mademoiselle de Bourbon, and the duke de Bourbon with mademoiselle de Conti, by which a long feud between those illustrious houses would be reconciled. She excused herself, on account of her ill-health and great afflictions, when the princess-dowager of Conti came in person to invite her. Then the duke de Lauzun came from Louis XIV., to request her presence at Versailles on that occasion; and she declined, for the same reasons she had given to madame Conti. The duke de Lauzun took the liberty of a tried and sincere friend to urge her to accept the invitation, telling her "it was necessary that she should appear at Versailles on that occasion, lest the English ambassador should report her as wholly neglected and forgotten since the peace of Utrecht, which would prejudice the cause of her son in England." The royal widow replied "that he had reason on his side; but, for her part, wasted as she was with a mortal malady and crushed with sorrow, she could not think of casting a gloom over the joy of others at a bridal festival by her tears, which, perhaps, she might be unable to restrain; she therefore prayed him to make her apologies, and to plead her wasted form and depressed spirits, and her utter unfitness to appear on that occasion." [2] Lauzun represented at Versailles the sickness and grief of the queen, and madame Maintenon, to whom her majesty wrote to beg her to make her excuses to the king of France, replied in a consolatory tone of kindness, expressing the regrets of the king and his young relatives at her absence, and requesting her to pray for the happiness of the bridal party. Madame

[1] Diary of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

de Maintenon added, "that she hoped to come to Chaillot on the following Monday to see her majesty, but in the mean time she could not help informing her, that she had learned that many of the English were passing over from London to Calais on purpose, as it was whispered, to come to Chaillot to pay their respects to her majesty, and to pass on to Barr to see her son." This flattering news was a cordial to the mother of him, whom his visionary partisans in England fondly called "the king over the water." The peace of Utrecht had, indeed, driven him from the French dominions, and limited his title there to the simple style of the chevalier de St. George; but would afford ready means of communication between him and those ardent friends who had sworn fealty to him in their hearts, and were ready, like the old cavaliers who had fought for his grandfather and his uncle, to peril life and limb for his sake. He was remembered in England, and she, his mother, was not forgotten in the land of which she still called herself the queen, though four-and-twenty years had passed away since she had left its shores on a stormy winter's night, with that son, Heaven's dearest but most fatal gift to her, then a sleeping infant in her arms. Now he had been driven from her, and for his sake she kept her court in widowed loneliness at St. Germains as a centre and rallying point for his friends, and struggled with the sharp and deadly malady that was sapping her existence.

Some time in the month of July 1713, a fat English merchant, a member of the society of Friends, whom the worthy sister of Chaillot, in her simplicity of heart, calls "a *trembleur* or *cocquere* by profession," came to the convent and craved an audience of the widow of his late sovereign James II. Mary Beatrice, who was always accessible to the English, admitted him without any hesitation. Before he entered her presence, the quaker gave his hat to a footman, and thus discreetly avoided compromising his principles by taking it off, or appearing to treat the fallen queen with disrespect by wearing it before her.[1] As soon as he saw her majesty, he said to her, "Art thou the queen of England?" She answered

[1] Diary of Chaillot.

in the affirmative. "Well, then," said he, "I am come to tell thee that thy son will return to England. I am now going to Barr on purpose to tell him so."—"But how know you this?" demanded the queen. "By the inspiration of the Holy Spirit," replied the quaker, showing her a thick pamphlet of his visions, printed in London. "When will the event of which you tell me come to pass?" inquired her majesty. The quaker would not commit himself by naming any precise time for the fulfilment of his visions, but said, "if he had not been convinced of the truth of his predictions, he would never have put himself to the trouble and expense of a journey from London to Barr." The queen laughed heartily when she related the particulars of this interview to her friends. The holy sisters of Chaillot, not considering that three clever pinches would have transformed the quaker's broad-brimmed beaver into the orthodox cocked hat of an abbé of their own church, regarded a Jacobite in drab as a very formidable personage; they protested "that he ought to be shut up and treated as a lunatic, and were sure he intended to make some attempt on the life of the king." The reply of Mary Beatrice proved that she was better acquainted with the tenets of the society of Friends, and entertained a favourable opinion of their practice. "My son has no cause for alarm," said she; "these poor people are not wicked. They loved the late king very much, and they are so highly esteemed in England for their probity, that they are exempted from the oaths which others are compelled to take. They never overreach others in their merchandise, and they have adopted for their maxim the words of our Lord, when he bids us be meek and lowly in heart: yet they are not baptized.[1] . . . . . In England all sorts of religions are permitted," pursued the queen. "The late king said, 'all these varying sects had had one point of negative union, which was to oppose the authority of the pope.' My lord was convinced that he ought not to do violence to the conscience of any one on the subject of religion; they have been persuaded in England, nevertheless, that he had made a league with the king of

[1] Diary of Chaillot.

France to force them to adopt his religion. Yet, when that king drove out the Huguenots, they were given a refuge in England as well as in Holland, where they rendered us odious, as was seen about the time of the birth of the king, my son, when they conjured up false reports against us," continued she, in the bitterness of her heart,—imputing to the harmless refugees, whom James had sheltered from the persecutions of his more bigoted neighbour, the calumnies with which his nearest and dearest ties of kindred had endeavoured to stigmatize the birth of the unfortunate prince of Wales.[1] "Me have they accused of things of which I never thought," pursued the fallen queen, "as if I had been as great a deceiver as themselves; they have attributed to me crimes of which I am assuredly incapable,—of imposing a spurious child, and committing perjuries. Others, who love me, have imputed to me virtues which I do not possess; but God will be my judge." The nuns endeavoured to soothe her by saying, "they hoped she would see their religion flourish when her son returned in triumph to take possession of his throne." "Should my son return," said the queen, "you will not see any alteration in the established religion: the utmost that he can do will be to shield the Catholics from persecution. He will be too prudent to attempt innovations."[2]

Meantime, this beloved object of her maternal hopes and fears had been ordered to drink the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, but the princes of Germany would not grant him passports. He wrote a few days after to the queen, and told her "he had seen his enthusiastic quaker liegeman, who had related

[1] That the widow of James II. had been given this erroneous impression of the Protestant emigration by the parties who persecuted and drove them out of France, is not wonderful; but it is pleasant to be able to record one noble exception, at least, among that emigration, from the charge of ingratitude to the unfortunate prince who had received, cherished, and supported them in their distress. Peter Allix, one of the most learned of the Protestant divines, was forced, in 1685, to flee from the cruelty of the king of France; and retiring to the protection of James II., he met with the kindest reception from him. Allix showed his gratitude, by writing, in English, a book in defence of Christianity, which he dedicated to James II., in which he warmly acknowledged his obligations to him, and gratefully thanked him for his kind behaviour to the distressed refugees in general. It appears that this book was published after the misfortunes of his benefactor, for Peter had to learn the English language before he wrote it.—Biographia Brit., from Ant. à-Wood, Oxoniensis. [2] Diary of Chaillot.

to him his visions, and coolly added, 'I am not, perhaps, so great a prophet as Daniel, but I am as true a one.'" The prince said "he had laughed much at the absurdities of this person, and that it must have appeared strange to him that he did not receive any present; "but," added he, "I am not rich enough to have it in my power to make suitable gifts: all I had to bestow on him were some medals. I do not love either prophets, or readers of horoscopes." This trait of sound sense the prince derived from his royal mother, whose mind revolted from every thing of the sort. The same evening, after she had read her son's letter, Mary Beatrice said "that she neither liked revelations nor ecstasies." Madame Molza, on this, spoke of an Italian lady, "the mother of father Seignery, who had lately died in the odour of sanctity, she often fell into a trance, in which she remained until she was roused by the voice of her confessor," adding, "that her majesty's mother, the duchess of Modena, was delighted to see her."—"It is true," replied the queen, "that my late mother took delight in seeing marvels and mysteries; but, for my part, I cannot endure them, and always avoid having any thing to do with them."[1]

On the 18th of July, Elizabeth Charlotte, duchess-dowager of Orleans, came with her daughter, the duchess of Orleans, to cheer the royal recluse with a friendly visit. There was a great deal of kindness and good-nature in Elizabeth Charlotte, notwithstanding the vulgarity of her person and manners. She had a sincere respect for the virtues and noble qualities of the widowed queen of James II., and although she was so nearly related to the parliamentary heir of the British crown, the elector of Hanover, she expressed a lively interest in the welfare of the unfortunate chevalier de St. George, and when speaking of him to his mother, always gave him the title of the king of England. Both she and her daughter-in-law told the queen again how much affection the duke and duchess of Lorraine expressed for him, and how greatly they delighted in his company. The queen listened some time to them before she could command utterance; at last she said, "The duke

[1] Diary of Chaillot.

of Lorraine has compassion on my son; he has had, from his own experience, but too much reason to feel for those who are deprived of their rank and possessions." The following animated song was composed at this period, and sung at the secret meetings of the convivial Jacobite gentry, in allusion to the friendship experienced by the son of Mary Beatrice from the court of Lorraine. All these poetical lyrics found their way to the convent of Chaillot, though we presume not to insinuate that they were ever hummed by the holy sisters at the hour of recreation:—

SONG.

Tune, *Over the hills and far awa'*.

"Bring in the bowl, I'll toast you a health,
To one that has neither land nor wealth;
The bonniest lad that e'er you saw,
Is over the hills and far awa',—
Over the hills and over the dales,
No lasting peace till he prevails;
Pull up, my lads, with a loud huzza,
A health to him that 's far awa':

By France, by Rome, likewise by Spain,
By all forsook but duke Lorraine;
The next remove appears most plain,
Will be to bring him back again.
The bonniest lad that e'er you saw,
Is over the hills and far awa'.

He knew no harm, he knew no guilt,
No laws had broke, no blood had spilt;
If rogues his father did betray,
What 's that to him that 's far away?
Over the hills and far awa',—
Beyond these hills and far awa';
The wind may change and fairly blaw,
And blow him back that 's blown awa'."[1]

The feverish hopes which the inspirations of poetry and romance continued to feed in the bosom of the mother of the unfortunate chevalier de St. George, doomed her to many a pang, which might otherwise have been spared.

Mary Beatrice received so many visits one day during her abode at Chaillot, that she was greatly fatigued, and said she would see no one else; but, at six o'clock in the evening, monsieur de Torcy arrived. As he was the prime-minister of France, he was, of course, admitted: the interview was strictly

[1] Quoted by sir Henry Ellis, from the Harleian Miscellany.

private. On taking his leave of the royal widow, he said, "Her virtues were admirable, but her misfortunes were very great. The king, her son, might be restored, but it would not be yet." At supper, the queen, which was unusual, was flushed and agitated; the nuns took the liberty of saying to her, they feared M. de Torcy had brought her bad news. "It is nothing more than I already knew," replied the queen. "God be blessed for all: his holy will be done!" She ate little at supper, and went to prayers without saying what afflicted her. She had a restless night, and the next day she was very much depressed. They urged her to take her chocolate, and at last, to silence the importunities of her ladies, she did. The same morning she received a letter from Mr. Dicconson, the treasurer of her household, to show her that he could not send her any money. This seemed to augment her trouble; however, she performed all her devotional exercises as usual, but was so weak and exhausted, that she could not descend the stairs without extreme difficulty. The nuns entreated her to declare the cause of her affliction. She confessed that she had not been able to sleep. "Madame," said they, "it must be something that your majesty has heard from monsieur de Torcy which has distressed you so much. The heart of that minister must be very hard and pitiless."—"It is no fault of M. de Torcy," replied the queen. "He has a very good heart, and has always treated us well."[1]

The following evening she revealed the cause of her vexation to the community. When she sent the London Gazette to her confessor, she said that "She had seen in it, that both houses of parliament had united in demanding of the princess of Denmark [queen Anne] 'not to permit the Pretender'—it is thus," said Mary Beatrice, "they call the king—'to be so near their shores;' and the princess had replied, 'that she had already sent a remonstrance to the duke of Lorraine, and would again, which might perhaps induce him to send him out of his dominions; but it was out of her power to force him to do so, as he was too far from the sea to fear the fleets of

[1] Diary of Chaillot.

England.'" It was insinuated, that the duke of Lorraine would not have dared to receive the prince without the consent of Anne, and that he was waiting there to take advantage of a change of popular feeling. "We are," continued the exiled queen, "in the hands of God; why, then, should we be cast down? I confess that this news disturbed me very much yesterday; so much so, that I did not wish to speak on the subject. I said to myself, why should I afflict these poor girls who are about me? I ought to keep my trouble to myself, but seeing the news has been made public, I can no longer hide it."[1]

Phrenologists would say, after looking at the contour of this queen's lofty and somewhat elongated head, that the organs of caution and secretiveness were wholly absent. Her conduct through life proves that she was deficient in those faculties. She told every thing that befell her. She might have said, with the Psalmist, "I kept silence, but it was pain and weariness to me; at last the fire kindled, and I spake." It was generally at the hour of the evening recreation, when the rigid rule of conventual discipline was relaxed, and the sisters of Chaillot were permitted to converse or listen to discourse not strictly confined to religious subjects, that their royal guest gave vent to her feelings by discussing with the sympathizing circle her hopes and fears on the subject of her son, or adverted to the trials of her past life, and the consolation she derived from religion, with impassioned eloquence. The promises of God in the Psalms, that he would protect the widow and the orphan, were frequently mentioned by her. One day the duke of Berwick came to visit her, and bring her English news. In the evening, she told the community "that both houses of parliament had moved an address to queen Anne, that she should write to the allies not to suffer the Pretender to be so near to England. In the course of the debate, an old gentleman eighty years of age, a member of the house of commons, exclaimed, 'Take care of what you do. I was a young man in the time when Cromwell, in like manner, urged the neighbouring states to drive away him;

[1] Diary of Chaillot.

whom they then only called Charles Stuart.' This bold hint gave a turn to the tone of the debate, which then became sufficiently animated, and it was found that 'the pretender,' as they called her son, had a strong party to speak for him even in that house."[1] The nuns told their royal friend, "that they hoped this good news would reach the king, her son, before he heard of the endeavour to deprive him of his refuge with the duke of Lorraine."—"My son is not easily moved by these sort of things," she replied; "he cares little about the agitation that is excited against him." The prince was not quite so stoical in this respect. His *valet-de-chambre*, St. Paul, who had been delayed on his journey, brought him the intelligence of the vote of the British parliament on St. James's-day. He wrote to his mother, "that he had received a fine bouquet, but, through God's grace, he had not been much disturbed by it." Mary Beatrice observed, in reply, "that he had one subject of consolation,—that the Lord had dealt with him as with those he loved, for such had their trials in this life."[2]

A little variation in the monotony of the convent was caused by the arrival of an artist named Gobert, with a portrait of the chevalier de St. George, which he had been painting for the queen at Barr. Her majesty was much pleased with it, but her ladies and the nuns did not think it quite handsome enough to be considered a successful likeness. The chevalier de St. George had frequently asked his mother to give him her portrait in her widow's dress, and hitherto in vain. A spice of feminine weakness lingered in her heart. Aware how strangely changed she was by time, sickness, and sorrow since the days when Lely painted York's lovely duchess among the dark-eyed beauties of Charles II.'s court, she refused to allow her likeness to be taken in the decline of life. She playfully explained her reluctance to sit again, by saying, "that cardinal Bellarmin had refused his portrait to his friends, because an old man was too ugly for a picture."[3] But when her son wrote to her from Barr to repeat his request, she said, "she could not refuse him any thing

[1] Diary of Chaillot. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

that might be a solace to him during their separation; and as it would be more convenient for her to have it done at Chaillot than at St. Germains, she would send for Gobert, the same artist who had painted his portrait, and sit to him." The abbess and nuns then joined in petitioning her to allow a copy to be made for them, but on this she at first put a decided negative. Gobert came the next day to begin the picture, but it was not without great difficulty that she could be persuaded, even then, to let him take the outline of her head and the dimensions for that which was to be placed in the tribune with those of her daughter and her son. At last she said, "she would be painted in the character and costume of that royal British saint, the empress Helena showing the cross, and that she would have her son painted as Edward the Confessor," drawing in her own mind a flattering inference for her son, from the resemblance between his present lot and the early history of that once expatriated prince of the elder royal line of England, and fondly imagining that the chevalier would one day be called, like him, to the throne of Alfred. Mary Beatrice said, "the late princess her daughter should also be painted as a royal English saint." A blank is left in the MS. for the name, but, in all probability, Margaret Atheling, queen of Scotland, was the person intended. Her son wrote to beg her to let him have two copies of her portrait; one for the duke and duchess of Lorraine, and another for the princess of Vaudemonte, who had been very kind to him. He called the princess of Vaudemonte "an amiable saint," and said, "that his greatest comfort was talking with her of his mother, and the late princess his sister." Mary Beatrice was very perverse about her portrait, childishly so; for she ought not to have hesitated for a moment to oblige the friends who had given that asylum to her son which the kings of France and Spain were unable to bestow. Such, however, are the weaknesses of human vanity. She wrote to her son, "that she had already refused her portrait to the community of Chaillot; and what she denied to them, she would not grant to others." To this the chevalier replied, "that he thought it was very hard for her to deny

such a trifle to the good nuns, and that she ought to oblige them, and his friends at the court of Lorraine as well."[1] She then reluctantly conceded the point.

When the painter came the next time, the queen was at her toilette, and before she was ready to take her sitting, the duchess of Orleans came to pay her a visit, and remained with her till dinner time. She told her majesty, "that she thought her looking ill,—much altered for the worse in appearance." This remark did not decrease the poor queen's reluctance to go through the business of sitting for her portrait. She took her dinner at half-past one, and appeared much fatigued and out of spirits, saying, "she was very sorry she had consented to have her portrait taken;" yet, when she found Gobert was waiting, her natural kindness of heart caused her to receive him very graciously. She allowed him to place her in her *fauteuil* in the proper attitude, and gave him a long sitting. In the evening, her majesty, with three of her ladies, went to take the air in the Bois de Boulogne. They all set off in the queen's coach, but the lady Middleton and lady Sophia Bulkeley were left in possession of that vehicle, while the queen walked on with madame Molza, and they took a solitary ramble for three hours in the forest glades together. She returned refreshed, and in better spirits, from this little excursion.[2] On another occasion, when Mary Beatrice and her ladies had been taking an *incognita* walk in the Bois de Boulogne, when they came to the ferry, her majesty had a great wish to cross the river in the ferry-boat; but her ladies being afraid, they all crossed the Pont-Royal, and returned through the fauxbourg of St. Germains. There the queen betrayed herself by saluting the *tourière* of the convent of the Visitation in that quarter, who, although she was on foot, could not help recognising her, even if her coach had not been following, her person being well known to all the *religieuses* of Paris. Mary Beatrice, on her return to Chaillot, was very merry, and related all the little adventures of her ramble to the community. Her majesty walked as far as Longchamps on one of these *incognita* ex-

[1] Diary of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

peditions, and visited, by way of recreation, a religious house there. The abbess offered her a collation, which she declined, but partook of some macaroons and fruit, which were handed about in baskets. Mary Beatrice attended the vespers in their chapel, and was so much delighted with the beautiful singing, led by the abbess, whose voice was one of the finest in France, that she remained for the last evening services. This made her and her ladies so late in their return, that the gates of St. Marie de Chaillot were closed for the night, and the royal devotee and her noble attendants might have had some trouble in gaining admittance, if père Gaillar had not, by a lucky chance, passed, and found them waiting outside.[1]

The poor queen being without money at this time, in consequence of the unprincipled delays on the part of Desmarets in the payment of her pension, was greatly troubled to meet the trifling current expenses even of her present economical way of life. Her coach and horses caused her some uneasiness, for the person at whose mews she had been accustomed to keep them sent word, "that he could not engage for their safety. Every one was starving in the suburbs of Paris, and he was afraid they would be stolen from his place." The coachman told her majesty, "he thought it would be desirable to keep the coach, at any rate, in the convent court, where it would be locked up within double doors;" but this also involved a difficulty, for there was no covered place to put it under, and if exposed to the weather, it would soon fall to pieces.[2] These petty cares of every day occurrence, about matters to which the attention of persons of royal birth is never directed, were very harassing to her. "There were times," she would say, "when she felt so cast down, that the weight of a straw, in addition to her other troubles, appeared a burden, and she dreaded every thing."

Our Chaillot diary records, that on the 6th of August a Protestant gentleman, whose name, from the way it is written there, it is impossible to decipher, came to take leave of the queen before he returned to England, having obtained the leave of her son, whom he called his royal master, so to do.

[1] Diary of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

He was one of the St. Germain Protestants who had attended that prince to Lorraine, and he told the queen that he, and all of his religion, had been perfectly satisfied with the liberality of their treatment. The chevalier had taken a Protestant chaplain, a regularly ordained minister of the church of England, with him, for the sake of his followers of the reformed religion, the earl of Middleton being the only Roman-catholic in his retinue.[1]

On the 12th of August Mary Beatrice dined early, that she might give Gobert the final sitting for her portrait. She told him that he was on no account to make any copies of it, which he confessed that many persons had been desirous of obtaining of him.[2] The princess de Condé, who always treated Mary Beatrice with scrupulous attention, came to visit her in the convent that afternoon, and told her, "that she had sent a gentleman to Barr purposely to announce the recent marriages of her children to her majesty's son; but lord Middleton had warned her envoy that he must not address him by the title of majesty, as his *incognito* was very strict, and this had disconcerted the gentleman so much, that he did not know what to say. However, the prince had soon put him at his ease by the frankness of his reception, and had made him sit down to dinner with him."—"It is thus," sighed the widow of James II., "that we have to play the parts of the kings and queens of comedy, or rather, I should say, of tragedy."[3]

The princess of Condé entreated her majesty to come and see her in her newly-built palace, the Petit Luxembourg, which she had fitted up with extraordinary taste and magnificence. The queen's ladies, who were, of course, eager to escape for one day of pleasure from the weary monotony of the life they had led at Chaillot, prevailed on their royal mistress to accept the princess's invitation; and the following Wednesday being the day appointed, Mary Beatrice went, for the first time since the death of her daughter, to Paris in her old state coach, with the arms and royal liveries of a queen of England.[4] She and her ladies set out from Chaillot at three

[1] Diary of Chaillot. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

o'clock, escorted by count Molza, who appears to have performed the duties of vice-chamberlain since the death of old Robert Strickland. When her majesty arrived at the Petit Luxembourg, mademoiselle de Clermont, the eldest daughter of Condé, came to receive and welcome her as she descended from her coach, and conducted her into the apartment of madame la princesse,[1] who was on her bed. Mary Beatrice begged her not to disturb herself by rising on her account; but the princess insisted on doing the honours of her palace to her illustrious guest. The princess's chamber being in the highest suite of apartments, she requested her majesty to avoid the fatigue of going down so many stairs by descending in her machine—a light *fauteuil*, which, by means of a pulley and cord, would lower her, in the course of a few minutes, from the top of the house into the garden. Mary Beatrice seated herself in this machine, and took the cordon in her hand, as directed; but she afterwards acknowledged to her ladies, that she felt a slight degree of trepidation when she found herself suspended so many feet from the ground. However, she performed her descent safely, and was immediately ushered into the gorgeous chapel, paved with mosaics, and the walls and roof embellished with gold, crystal, and precious stones, besides the most exquisite works of art, interspersed with large mirrors that reflected and multiplied the glittering show in all directions. Mary Beatrice said, "that it would take a full week before she should be able to divert her attention from such a variety of attractive objects sufficiently to compose her mind to prayer,"—an observation characteristic of the wisdom of a devout Christian, who knew how far a wandering eye might lead the soul from God. When the chapel had been duly admired, the superb suite of state apartments that looked upon the gardens of the royal Luxembourg were exhibited. Every thing was arranged with equal taste and

[1] 'Madame la Princesse' was the title of the consorts of the princes of Condé. The Petit Luxembourg is a palace or hôtel situated in the rue de Vaugirard. It is contiguous to the palace of the Luxembourg, and built at the same era by cardinal de Richelieu, who gave it to his niece, the duchess d'Aquillon, from whom it descended to Henri-Jules of Bourbon Condé. It was inhabited by the princes of Bourbon Condé during the last century, when it was occasionally called the Petit Bourbon.—Delaure's Paris, vol. iii. pp. 9, 10.

magnificence; and though the fallen queen of England felt, perhaps, that there was a degree of ostentation in the manner in which madame la princesse displayed her wealth and grandeur, she praised every thing, and appeared to take much pleasure in examining the paintings, sculpture, and articles of *vertu* with which she was surrounded. She and her ladies were greatly charmed with the hangings of one of the state beds, ornamented with festoons and bouquets of the most delicate flowers in cut paper, the work of nuns, which the princess herself had arranged on white satin with gold fringes. When her majesty rose to take her leave, she said, "she could not allow madame la princesse to take the trouble of attending her to her carriage: it would be quite sufficient if mademoiselle de Clermont accompanied her," and was about to go down with that young lady. But the princess of Condé, seating herself in her machine, as she called the *chaise volante*, was at the foot of the stairs first, and stood in readiness to pay the ceremonial marks of respect due to the royal guest at her departure.

From this abode of luxury, Mary Beatrice and her ladies proceeded to a very different place, the great Ursuline convent in the fauxbourg de St. Jacques, where she saw two of her young English ladies, Miss Stafford and Miss Louisa Plowden, the younger sister of king James's little pet, Mary Plowden. "The queen," says our Chaillot diary, "pitied *la petite Louison*, —for so they called the youngest Plowden, who, not seeing her mother in her majesty's train, began to weep. Miss Stafford was unhappy because she had been removed from the English Benedictines, where the rule was less rigid than in the French house."[1] Mary Beatrice next visited the English Benedictine monastery of St. Jacques. As she was expected, all the world had collected to get a sight of "*la pauvre reine d'Angleterre*;" so that, when she alighted from her coach, count Molza, who had the honour to give her the hand, could not get her through the throng. The abbot and his brethren stood at the gates to receive her, but such were the pressure and excitement of the crowd, that two of the ecclesiastics,

[1] MS. Diary of Chaillot.

who were endeavouring to assist her majesty, found themselves increasing her distress by stepping on the train of her long black mantle, so that she could neither advance nor recede, and was in some danger of suffocation. At last, through the assistance of the officer of the guard, a passage was forced for her and her ladies. She attended the evening service in one of the chapels, and afterwards took her tea in the great chamber of assembly, which was full of privileged spectators. Another nunnery in that quarter claimed a visit, and she had to encounter fresh crowds of eager gazers in passing to her coach. She returned to Chaillot at eight in the evening, much fatigued.[1]

A general reconciliation had taken place, at the time of the intermarriages between the Condé, Bourbon, and Conti families, among all parties engaged in the late feuds, except the duke de Lauzun, who positively refused to go to a grand entertainment of re-union given by one of the dowager princesses, on this occasion, at Passy. Mary Beatrice being the only person in the world who had any influence over his stormy temper, endeavoured to persuade him to go. He replied, with some warmth, "that he would not," and mentioned several causes of offence which justified him, he thought, in keeping up the quarrel. "You mean to say that you will not oblige me," observed the queen. "Not oblige you, madam!" exclaimed Lauzun, vehemently. "You know very well, that if you were to tell me to walk up to the mouth of a cannon when it was going to fire, I would do it."—"I am not likely to put you to such a test," said her majesty, gravely; "I only ask you to dine with our friends at Passy." She carried her point.[2]

Early in August, Mary Beatrice received a letter from her absent son, telling her "that he had received the precious gift she had sent him, of the ring set with the diamond of her espousals, and the hair of the princess his sister," which, he said, "he should keep as long as he lived." He added, and that troubled his anxious mother, "that he had been ordered by his physicians to the waters of Plombières for his health,

[1] MS. Diary of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

but he could not undertake the journey without 20,000 livres."[1]—"I know not how I am to come by them," observed Mary Beatrice to the nuns, when she was reading her son's letter; "I have written to Mr. Dicconson about it, not knowing what else to do. God will, perhaps, provide." The royal widow was certainly right to place her trust in Providence, and not in her luckless treasurer and his exhausted funds. It is impossible not to compassionate the case of this poor Mr. Dicconson, who was called upon by every one for money, from the queen and her son to their famishing followers. So far from obtaining any supply from St. Germains, her majesty received a heart-rending letter from her old almoner, père Ronchi,[2] describing the destitution of every one there, especially the poor Irish, "many of whom," he said, "must perish for want of food, not having had a sous amongst them for the last two months." Mary Beatrice, who was much in the same case as regarded ready money, was penetrated with grief at being unable to assist them. "For myself," said she, "I have some remains of credit to procure the necessaries of life, but these poor people have not." Her only comfort was, that a great many of her followers were beginning to take advantage of the peace to steal back to England. She told the community of Chaillot, "that of 20,000 persons, of whom the emigration at first consisted, not more than 6000 able-bodied men were left; that a great many had perished in the French armies, but the maintenance of their widows and children had fallen upon her." This had been provided out of her French pension. "How often," said the unfortunate queen, "have I bewailed with bitter tears the life I led in England!" Her ladies, knowing how

[1] The chevalier de St. George was self-denying and moderate in his personal expenses from a child. He had been allowed 8000 livres (about three hundred and twenty pounds) a-year during his minority for pocket-money and little pleasures in which all young persons of rank indulged, but this money he always gave away in alms. His expenses while at the court of Lorraine amounted to 80,000 livres a-year, for he was compelled to maintain some sort of state, and to be liberal in his fees to the officials there, where he was on a precarious footing. It was his only city of refuge, so completely had the treaty of Utrecht excluded him from all the other courts in Europe.

[2] Père Ronchi had been in her service ever since she was duchess of York, being the same ecclesiastic who escaped from the wreck of the Gloucester by clinging to a plank.

irreproachable her conduct had always been, replied that she could have no cause for repentance. "Yes, indeed," she said, "I have, considering how little good I did when I had much in my power, especially in the way of charity. I see now, that many things which I then fancied necessary I might well have done without, and then I should have had more to bestow on others. I give now, in my adversity and poverty, double the sum in alms annually that I did when I had the revenues of a queen-consort of England." Infinitely precious, doubtless, in the sight of God were the self-sacrifices which enabled the fallen queen to minister to the wants of the numerous claimants of her bounty at St. Germains. It was literally, in her case, the division of the widow's mite among those whose necessities she saw were greater than her own.[1]

The object of père Ronchi's pathetic representations was, to induce Mary Beatrice to make a personal appeal to Louis XIV. on the subject of the unpunctual payment of her pension. No persuasions could prevail on her to do this on her own account, or even that of her son, her pride and delicacy of mind alike revolting from assuming the tone of an importunate beggar. Her ladies, her councillors, her ecclesiastics, the sisters of Chaillot, all united in urging her to make the effort, telling her "that the elector of Bavaria had made no scruple of complaining to his majesty of the inconvenience he had suffered from the procrastination of the officers of the exchequer in disbursing his pension, and that it had been paid regularly ever since."—"But," said Mary Beatrice, "I shall never have the courage to do it."—"All in St. Germains will die of hunger in the mean time, if your majesty does not," was the reply. Greatly agitated, she retired to her closet, threw herself on her knees, and prayed long and earnestly for spiritual succour and strength.[2]

Madame de Maintenon had written to the exiled queen from a sick bed, requesting her to come and see her at Marli, for she was suffering very much from inflammation in the face, had been bled, and dreaded the approaching removal to Fontainebleau, and all the courtly fatigues that awaited her there. The day was intensely hot, Mary Beatrice was herself far

[1] Diary of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

from well, and as the hour for her journey approached, she became more and more restless and agitated. However, she composed herself by attending vespers; and after these were over, set off, attended only by lady Sophia Bulkeley. She arrived at Marli at five o'clock, and found madame de Maintenon in bed, and very feeble. While they were conversing *tête-à-tête*, the king entered the chamber unattended. Mary Beatrice, who had not seen him for several months, was struck with the alteration in his appearance, for he was much broken. Regardless of the ceremonial restraints pertaining to her titular rank as a queen, she obeyed the kindly impulse of her benevolence by hastening to draw a *fauteuil* for him with her own hand, and perceiving it was not high enough, she brought another cushion to raise it, saying at the same time, "Sire, I know you are incommoded by sitting so low." Louis, once the soul of gallantry, now a feeble, infirm old man, tottering on the verge of the grave, but still the most scrupulously regardful of all the courtesies due to ladies of every degree, made a thousand apologies for the trouble her majesty had given herself on his account. "However, madam," said he, "you were so brisk in your movements, you took me by surprise. They told me you were dying."[1] Mary Beatrice smiled, but had not the courage to avail herself of this opportunity of telling her adopted father that her sufferings had been more of the mind than the body, and appealing to his compassion. She said afterwards, "that she talked of subjects the most indifferent in the world, while her heart was ready to burst, not daring to give vent to her feelings."

When the king went to take his evening walk, or rather, to show himself as usual on the promenade, Mary Beatrice told madame de Maintenon "that she had a great desire to speak to the king on the subject of her pension, as eight months had passed since she had received any portion of it, and that, in consequence, every one at St. Germains was dying of hunger; that she came partly to represent this to his majesty, but her courage had failed her, though her heart was pierced with anguish at the sufferings of so many people whom she knew so well." Madame de Maintenon appeared

[1] Diary of Chaillot.

touched by this discourse, and said "she would not fail to mention it to the king, who would be much concerned;" adding, "that she was, however, surprised to hear it, as she had been told that her majesty had been paid the sum of 50,000 livres the last time she came."—"It is true," replied the queen; "but that 50,000 was the arrear of a previous seven months' delay, and was, of course, all anticipated."[1] The payment she now requested had been due for two months when the last instalment was disbursed, and she ought to have received it then, but it was too painful to her to press for it. "It is well known," continued she, sighing, "that I should not ask for it now, were it not for those poor Irish. How much do you think was reserved for my use of that last 50,000 livres? Less than a thousand crowns, to put in my privy-purse for necessary expenses. Of that sum, the larger half went to the relief of urgent cases of distress."[2] When the poor queen had thus unburdened her mind, she went to make her round of visits to the princes and princesses. As she was passing through the saloon where the great ladies had assembled to make their compliments to her, lady Sophia Bulkeley told her that madame de Beauvilliers and madame de Remiremont were following her. Her majesty, who had not observed them in the noble circle, immediately turned back to speak to them, with every mark of respect, and gave them her hand to kiss. She would not, however, appear as if she were assuming the state of a queen of France holding a court, but stood while she conversed with the ladies, who expressed themselves charmed with her politeness to them, one and all, and the graciousness of her deportment. When she visited the princesses, she made a point of speaking courteously to their ladies, so that she left an agreeable impression every where she went.[3]

"The queen," says her Chaillot chronicler, "did not return here till near ten o'clock. As she said she would be here at nine, lady Middleton and madame Molza were waiting with us at the gate.[4] They were very uneasy, because they feared

[1] Diary of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

[3] Inedited MSS. in the archives of France.

[4] This expression shows that the author of the Diary of Chaillot and Memorials of Mary Beatrice must have been either the portress or the *tourière* of the con-

that the queen, who was not well when she went away, had been taken ill at Marli. It wanted about a quarter to ten when her majesty arrived. She made great apologies for being so late, and begged that the sisters who waited on her would go to bed, but they entreated to be permitted to remain. She would not herself go to bed till she had attended prayers in the tribune, before she performed her private devotions in her own apartments. Lady Sophia Bulkeley was well pleased with this visit. She said, "that all the ladies at the French court had been charmed with her majesty; that they had talked of her at supper, and declared 'that no lady in France, since the queen-mother, Anne of Austria, had afforded so perfect a model of dignity and politeness.'"[1] Thus we see, that in the midst of all her trials and poverty, Mary Beatrice had the singular good fortune to maintain, in that fastidious and fickle court, the favourable impression she had made at her first appearance there in 1689, when Louis XIV. had said of her, "See what a queen ought to be!"[2] The French ladies had told lady Sophia Bulkeley that they were always charmed with the queen of England's visit to Fontainebleau. Her ladyship would have repeated more of the agreeable things that had been said of her royal mistress to the nuns, but Mary Beatrice, who always discouraged every thing like flattery, interrupted her by saying, gravely, "The ladies here have much kindness for me, which was not the case in England, truth to tell; but I have lived since then to become wiser by my misfortunes." At the evening recreation she said to the nuns, "Can you believe that I have returned without having ventured to speak to the king on my business? But I hope what I have done will be the same as if I had, as I have spoken to madame de Maintenon." The mind of the fallen queen then misgave her, and she cried, "But what shall I do if she should fail me? All would be lost then. But I am wrong," continued she, correcting herself. "My God, it is in thee only that I should put my trust; Thou art my stay."[3]

vent, or one of the lay-sisters, as the rule would not have permitted the other nuns to have been at the gate.

[1] Diary of Chaillot. [2] Madame de Sévigné.

[3] Diary of Chaillot.

So urgent was the want of money, that Mary Beatrice was reduced to the painful necessity of taking up a sum to relieve the direful pressure of distress at this crisis. She found a merchant willing to accommodate her with a loan for three months, on the security of her French pension. "It was a painful duty," she said; "but if she waited till she touched what had been so long due to her, two-thirds of St. Germains would have perished."[1] She was also very anxious about her son's health, and determined to supply him with the means of going to the waters of Plombières at any sacrifice. One little expense which Mary Beatrice indulged herself in out of this loan was, to give a day of pleasure to some lowly individuals in her household, to whom so long a sojourn in a convent had probably been weary work. Our Chaillot diary records, "that on Tuesday, August 29th, the queen hired a coach for the *filles-de-chambre* of her ladies to go to Paris, to see a young person of their own degree take the novitiate habit of a *sœur-domestique* at the Ursuline convent, and in the afternoon to see the Petit Luxembourg. The girls came back in raptures, for the princess de Condé, hearing that they were in the family of the queen of England, had, out of respect to their royal mistress, ordered all the grand apartments to be thrown open to them, and even that they should be introduced into her own private apartment, where she was playing at cards."

The day Mary Beatrice was at Marli, she had called on the duc de Berri, the grandson of Louis XIV., as etiquette required, but he was not at home. On the morrow, he sent a gentleman of his household to make his compliments to her majesty, and to express "his regret that he was absent, hunting in the plains of St. Denis, when she did him the honour of calling, but that he should take an early opportunity of returning her visit." The queen, who had no wish for his company, told the equerry "that she thanked his royal highness for his polite attention, which she considered all the same as if he had put himself to the trouble of coming."[2] This her majesty told the abbess she had said, in the hope of

[1] Diary of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

being excused from his visit, as he was a prince for whose character she had no esteem; "nevertheless," added she, "you will see that he will come." The following day his royal highness made his appearance at the customary hour for formal calls,—four o'clock. He came in state, and as he was the next in succession to the throne of France after the infant dauphin, etiquette required that the abbess of Chaillot should pay him the respect of going with some of the community to receive him at the grate. She only took five or six of the sisters,—doubtless the elders of the house,—and her reception was not the most courteous in the world, for she begged him not to bring any of his followers into her house. His royal highness appeared a little surprised, and explained that his visit was to the queen of England, and not to her reverence; however, the holy mother was resolute not to admit any of his train. He was therefore compelled to tell the chevalier du Roye, and three other nobles of high rank who were with him, that they could not enter; at which they were much offended.[1] The queen received him in the apartments belonging to the princess-dowager of Condé, which were on the ground-floor, "to spare him the trouble," as she politely observed, "of going up stairs," but probably in the hope of being rid of his company the sooner. However, he seated himself by her on the *canapé*, and appeared in no hurry to depart. While he was conversing with the queen, the duchess of Perth, wondering what had become of the lords of his retinue, went to inquire, and found them very malcontent in consequence of the slight that had been put upon them, attributing their exclusion to the pride or overnicety of the queen of England. Lady Perth returned, and told her royal mistress, in English, of this misunderstanding. Her majesty was much vexed, and when the duke of Berri begged that she would permit his gentlemen to enter, she said, "Sir, it is not for me to give that order; the power rests with you, and I beseech you to use it." The gentlemen were then admitted, but chose to mark their displeasure by remaining with the princess de Condé. She was greatly an-

[1] Diary of Chaillot.

noyed at the circumstance, trivial as it really was, for she felt the insecurity of her position in that court, and beheld in the duc de Berri the probable regent of France.[1]

The queen's principal physician, M. Garvan, came on the 13th of September, to try and persuade her to return to St. Germains, but she would not hear of it. She said she should write to her son, to prevent him from paying any attention to those who were pressing him to importune her on that subject. "Nothing that any one else can say will make me do it," added she; "but if my son asks me, I cannot refuse him."[2]

The duchess-dowager of Orleans came to see Mary Beatrice in her retreat, and brought her a very kind letter from her daughter the duchess of Lorraine, expressing the great satisfaction that both herself and her lord had experienced in the society of the chevalier de St. George, whom she styled "a most accomplished prince." The delighted mother could not refrain from reading this letter to the sisters of Chaillot; she expressed her gratitude to the duke and duchess of Lorraine, and begged madame the duchess of Orleans to tell them, "that she regarded them as friends, whom God had raised up for her and her son at their utmost need, when they looked in vain for any other succour." The duchess of Orleans said "her daughter was greatly altered, which she attributed to the number of children she had had."—"Or rather," rejoined the queen, "by the grief of losing them; for," added she, with great emotion, "there is nothing so afflicting as the loss of children."—"Her majesty," continues our recording nun, "repeated this several times, and it appeared as if it were only by an effort of self-control that she refrained from speaking of the princess her daughter."[3] That grief was too deep, too sacred to be named on every occasion; there was, withal, a delicacy of feeling in Mary Beatrice, which deterred her from wearing out sympathy by talking too much of her bereavement. When some one remarked in her presence, that people often loved their grandchildren better than they had done their own children, she replied, "When I shall have

[1] He died the following spring, having shortened his life by his own evil courses, leaving the post of guardian to the infant heir of France to be disputed between the duke of Maine, the son of Louis XIV. by Montespan, and the duke of Orleans, who obtained it. [2] Diary of Chaillot. [3] Ibid.

grandchildren, I hope my affection for them will not lead me to spoil them; but I am sure I shall not love them better than I love the king my son, or than I loved my poor daughter."[1] The affection of Mary Beatrice for these her youngest children was of so absorbing a nature, as to render her apparently forgetful of her buried family in England,—her three elder daughters, and her first-born son, the infant duke of Cambridge. If any one alluded to the loss of those children, which had been among the trials of the first years of her wedded life, she generally replied, "that she acknowledged the wisdom and mercy of her heavenly Father in that dispensation, as well as in all his other dealings with her; for now she felt an assurance of their eternal happiness, which she might not otherwise have done. Happy," she would add, "are those mothers who bear for the Lord."[2]

Mary Beatrice received a packet of letters from her absent son on the 17th of September, just after she had entered the chapel to attend *compline*, but, anxious as she was to hear from him, she would not open the envelope till the service was over. She read her letters while she was taking her tea. The same evening the princess of Condé, who drank tea with her, showed her a print of the late princess her daughter, which the painter Lepel had caused to be engraved. The queen looked at it, and repressing the tears with which the sight of those dearly-loved features, now veiled for ever in the darkness of death, called to her eyes, pursued her discourse on indifferent subjects.[3] Eloquent as she generally was when the name of that last and fairest of her buried hopes was mentioned, she could not speak of her then; her heart was too full. She said, "that she had a copy of Rigaud's portrait of Louis XIV. made, to send to her son. That portrait," she observed, "had always struck her as a great resemblance of his majesty, only it was full thirty years younger than he was, even when she came into France, and he was very much changed and bent since then." She added, "he perceives it himself, and says, sometimes, 'Formerly, I was taller than some of the people about me, who are now taller than I am.'"[4]

[1] MS. Diary of Chaillot, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

On the 26th of September, an ecclesiastic came from St. Germains to consult with the queen on the means to be taken for the relief of the destitution there, telling her "that, to his certain knowledge, several persons had passed thirty hours without food." Mary Beatrice was greatly afflicted, and said, "She was embarrassed to the last degree herself, not daring to importune the king of France, though her pension was several months in arrear, and her son was also without money." She was tantalized with promises from some of queen Anne's ministers, that her dowry should be paid. Secret engagements had been undoubtedly made between that sovereign and Louis XIV. before the peace of Utrecht, guaranteeing that provision for the widow of James II.; and the abbé Gautier had been sent to England to receive the first instalment from Harley, the lord treasurer, but was put off from day to day. Desmarets, the French minister of finance, made the promises of the British government touching the payment of the dowry an excuse for delaying the disbursements of her pension from his royal master.[1]

The distress of her followers roused Mary Beatrice once more from the quiescent state of endurance in which she was willing to remain in regard to her own pecuniary difficulties: she wrote a heart-rending appeal to madame de Maintenon. She received a letter in reply, on Sunday, October 1st, while she was at dinner, in which that lady expressed great sympathy, saying "that her majesty's letter had filled her heart with pity; that she could not think of her situation without pain, and though she did every thing in her power to avoid causing any to the king, she could not refrain from representing her distress to his majesty, who would speak himself to M. Desmarets on the subject." She said also, "that he had sent to M. de Torcy, requesting him to write to the abbé Gautier, not," added the cautious diplomatiste, "that I dare to solicit for your majesty any thing that would be inconvenient to him, but merely to testify my zeal for your interests."[2] This communication served to raise the spirits of the desolate widow: the intervention of the powerful advocate she had succeeded in interesting in her favour, produced a payment of 50,000

[1] MSS. in the Secret Archives of the kingdom of France. [2] Ibid.

livres of the arrears due to her on her pension. Small as that sum really was, according to English computation of money, it was as the cup of cold water to the fainting caravan in the desert, and enabled the exiled queen to accord to many of the famishing emigrants at St. Germains the means of dragging on the fever of life for a few months longer. Common honesty demanded that she should make a small instalment to the convent of Chaillot, on account of the large sum in which she stood indebted to them, not only for a home, but very often for food, both for herself, her ladies, and their maids. "Her majesty," says the recording sister of Chaillot, "gave our mother, very privately, three thousand livres, all in gold, but entreated her not to let any one know that she had paid her any thing." No sooner, indeed, was it suspected, much less known, that the widowed consort of James II. had received any portion of her income, than she was beset with clamorous demands from all her creditors and pensioners.[1]

Some readers will doubtless feel disposed to censure Mary Beatrice, for expending money she could ill afford in the following manner: The fête-day of the abbess occurring while she was at Chaillot, she could not avoid complying with the custom, which prescribed that every person in the convent should make some present, great or small, to that lady for the decoration of her church. Mary Beatrice was not only under great obligations to the house, but considered it necessary to give according to her rank, rather than her means: as the widow of a king of England, and bearing the title of queen, she determined not to be outdone by any French lady on this occasion. Having privately got the assistant-sister, Marie Hélène, to measure the width of the choir, she sent her careful privy-purse, lady Strickland, to Paris, to purchase the materials for a curtain, called by our nun an *aparament*, to hang up before it, instead of a piece of tapestry. Lady Strickland performed her commission, it seems, to admiration; for she made a choice of a beautiful piece of red brocade, flowered with gold and silver, and edged with a splendid gold fringe, with a rich heading. Sister Marie Hélène, who pos-

[1] MS. Diary of Chaillot.

sessed the pen of a ready writer, composed, by the queen's desire, some verses suitable to the occasion, to accompany the present. Meantime, the matter was kept as secret as any thing could be in which three ladies were concerned, till the important day arrived. After the abbess had received all the other little offerings, they were placed in the chamber of assembly, and the queen was invited to come and look at them. Her majesty had something obliging to say of every thing, and when she had inspected all, she bade sister Marie Hélène bring her gift, and present it to the abbess with the verses, in her name. It was quite a surprise, and the whole community were eloquent in their admiration of the elegance and magnificence of the offering; but the queen imposed silence, not liking to hear her own praise.[1] The community wished to have the arms and initials of the royal donor emblazoned on the *aparament;* but Mary Beatrice would not permit it, saying, "that it would appear like vanity and ostentation, and that she should consider it highly presumptuous to allow any thing to her own glorification to be placed in a church."

Cardinal Gaulterio, who had seen the chevalier de St. George at the court of Lorraine, after his return from Plombières came to bring letters from him to his widowed mother, and rejoiced her heart with good accounts of his health and commendations of his conduct. Mary Beatrice told the nuns, "that she had laughed and cried alternately at the sight of the cardinal, who was her countryman, because she had thought to see his face no more." The '*cocquere,*' as our Chaillot chronicle designates the enthusiastic broad-brimmed Jacobite before mentioned, paid the queen a second visit about this time. Mary Beatrice received him in the presence of her friend, cardinal Gaulterio, and behaved so graciously to him, that he left her highly delighted with the interview. The conference between so remarkable a trio as our Italian queen, a cardinal, and a quaker, must have been an amusing one.[2]

[1] Chaillot Diary.

[2] Three years previously to this date, 1714, we find some curious particulars of the quaker, Bromfield, in the inedited diary despatches of secretary St. John to the earl of Strafford, ambassador to the States-General, which appear very similar to our nun's account of the *cocquere.* St. John writes, April 20th, 1712:

Martine, the Hessian envoy at Paris, notices the quaker's visit to the chevalier de St. George in a letter to Robethon, the Hanoverian minister,[1] in which he mentions the return to Paris of one of his friends, who had spent two months with the exiled prince at Barr, where he got much into his confidence, and spoke very favourably of him. The chevalier himself told Martine's friend, "that a quaker, who was much spoken of in England at that time, came to Barr on purpose to see him, and when he entered the room, addressed him in these words: 'Good day, James. The Spirit desired me to come to thee, to tell thee that thou shalt reign over us, and we all wish it. I come to tell thee, that if thou hast need of money, we will pay thee amongst us from three to four millions.'" The prince wanted to make him some present, but he would not take any thing.[2]

Mary Beatrice would gladly have ended her days in the retirement of Chaillot; but, for the sake of her beloved son's

"As to the quaker, Bromfield, the queen [Anne] hath had one or two letters from him, wherein he gives such an account of himself as would serve to convey him to Tyburn, and I own I look upon him as a madman. Your excellency will not, I believe, think fit to give him any passport. If you can make use of him to discover any Jacobite correspondence, it will be of service." The earl of Strafford, in his letter from the Hague to St. John, writes, April 21st,—"There is one Bromfield, a quaker, who wrote me a letter with one enclosed to the queen, showing that the fellow had formerly been a private secretary to the late king James, and was no fool. I sent for him to see what I could get out of him. He at first inferred that he would sell his secret to no one but the queen; but I made him sensible that could not be done, and that he must trust me before I could let him have a pass." Strafford goes on to say that Bromfield's mighty secret was, "that he knew of a nobleman in France, who was the rightful representative of the house of Valois, and might be easily set up as a pretender to the crown of that realm, to disturb the government. He confessed 'that he had been imprisoned by king William, having been sent over by king James to raise loans for him in England, in which he had succeeded,' he said, 'to the amount of two millions; adding, that there were people engaged in doing the same for his son, and that there was certainly some design on foot.' The duke of Marlborough says he remembers to have heard of him as a person in credit, as master of the mint to king James in Ireland. 22nd of May. I am informed that the quaker Bromfield, who I mentioned to you in my former letters, finding I would not give him a pass, has contrived to go over without any, in the last merchant's ship that went from Rotterdam. He sent me the letter of his correspondent at Paris only as a blind, that I might not hear of his going over. You will easily discover him. He is of a middle stature, between fifty or sixty years old, with a long grisly beard."—Collection of State Letters and Papers, Birch MSS.

[1] Dated Paris, March 23, N.S., 1714. Bothmar State-Papers, in Macpherson.

[2] Ibid.

interest, she was induced to return to St. Germains towards the end of November, to the great joy of her ladies, the duchess of Perth, the countess of Middleton, lady Sophia Bulkeley, and madame Molza, who, though they were zealous Roman-catholics, appear to have considered six months' conformity to conventual rules rather too much of a good thing. Before the widowed queen quitted Chaillot, one of the nuns congratulated her on the beneficial effects the waters of Plombières had produced on the weakly constitution of the chevalier de St. George, adding, "that she should pray for the improvement of his health and the preservation of his life as the most important things to be desired for him."—"How can you say so?" cried the queen. "Is there no other good thing to be desired for my son?"—"Madam," replied the nun, "we know that on these depend his fortunes."—"Ah! my sister," said the royal mother, "think not too much of his temporal good; but rather let us ask sanctification and constancy in his religion for my son, and the accomplishment of God's holy will, whatever it may be." General reports were at that time prevalent, that the chevalier de St. George was about to comply with the earnest solicitations of his friends of the church of England, by abjuring that of Rome. The resignation of the earl of Middleton, the only Roman-catholic in his train at Barr, appeared a preliminary to that step. Few could believe that he would hesitate to imitate the example of his great-grandfather, Henry of Navarre, when, under similar temptations, he had sacrificed his protestantism for a crown. The unfortunate family of Stuart were, with one exception, singularly deficient in the wisdom of this world. The 'merry monarch' was the only man of his line who possessed sufficient laxity of principle to adapt himself to the temper of the times in which he lived. The son of James II. had not only been imbued by his parents with strong prejudices in favour of the faith in which he had been educated, but a feeling of spiritual romance induced him to cleave to it, as a point of honour, the more vehemently, whenever he was assailed with representations of how much his profession was opposed to his worldly interests. Among the Chaillot records

a paper is preserved,[1] in the well-known hand of the widow of James II., enclosed in a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, headed,

"*Extract of a Letter from the King my son, written by him to me in English, the 30th of December*, 1713.

"I doubt not that the reports, positive and circumstantial as they are, which are in circulation of my having changed my religion, have reached you, but you know me too well to be alarmed; and I can assure you that, with the grace of God, you will sooner see me dead than out of the church." [2]

Under this, the royal mother has, with characteristic enthusiasm, written,—

"For my part, my dear mother, I pray God that it may be so, and rest in firm reliance that God in his mercy will never abandon that dear son whom he has given me, and of whom his divine Providence has, up to the present time, taken such peculiar care. "MARIE, R."

"At St. Germains, January 26th, 1714."

In the letter wherein the preceding extract is enclosed, the queen says,—

"I have been delighted to see these lines written by his hand, and am well persuaded that they are imprinted on his heart. I have written to this dear son, that I threw myself on my knees after I had read them, and thanked God with all my heart that, through His mercy, both were inspired with the same sentiments,—he in wishing rather to die, and I in desiring rather to see him dead, than out of the church." [3]

The name of bigot will, doubtless, be applied to Mary Beatrice by many readers of the above passage, and perhaps with justice, for confining exclusively to one peculiar section a term which includes the righteous of every varying denomination of the great Christian family. The accidents of birth and education had made this princess a member of the Latin church, but if she had been born and brought up as a daughter of the church of England, or any other protestant community, there can be little doubt but she would have been equally zealous and sincere in her profession, and no less ready to sacrifice temporal advantages for conscience' sake. Her enthusiastic attachment to her own religion prompted her to give as much publicity to her son's assurances on the subject of his determination to adhere to the Romish communion, as if it had been her great object to exclude him from the

[1] In the hôtel de Soubise.

[2] To render this extract intelligible to her friend, her majesty has translated it into French, of which the above is the literal version. If ever the original should be forthcoming, the phraseology will of course appear somewhat different.

[3] Archives au Royaume de France; inedited autograph.

throne of England. Among the papers of Bothmar, the Hanoverian minister, there is an intercepted letter headed thus, in Robethon's hand,—

"Paris, 31st January, 1714.—From the secretary of the Pretender's mother to lord Aylesbury."

which ends with these words:—

"Our friend at Bar-le-duc remains firm to his persuasions as yet, though many efforts have been made to bring him over. It was a great comfort to his mother to find his firmness in that point, by a letter under his own hand. We shall see what the darling hopes of a crown will do, when proper steps are made towards it."[1]

The death of queen Anne was almost hourly expected at that time. All Europe stood at gaze, awaiting, with eager curiosity, the proceedings of the rival claimants of the crown of Great Britain. That the prospects of the expatriated son of James II. and Mary Beatrice were regarded at that crisis as flattering, may be inferred from the encouragement given by the emperor of Germany to the secret overtures for a matrimonial alliance between that prince and the archduchess his sister.[2]

Early in the year 1714, Mary Beatrice received the first, last, and only instalment from the British government ever paid to her of the jointure settled upon her by the parliament of England. Queen Anne, on the 23rd of December, 1713, signed the warrant authorizing the payment of 11,750*l.* out of 500,000*l.* lately granted by parliament for the liquidation of her own private debts. 50,000*l.* per annum was the sum originally claimed by the exiled queen, but her necessities, and above all her desire of entering into amicable relations with queen Anne, for the sake of her son, induced her gladly to accept a first quarter's payment on the lord treasurer Harley's computation of the dower at 47,000*l.* The acquittance she gave was simply signed *Marie, Reine.* This transaction was subsequently made one of the heads of Harley earl of Oxford's impeachment in the house of lords, when, among other political offences, he was accused—

"Of having, by means of Matthew Prior (the poet), held secret correspondence with Mary, consort to the late king James; and that he had also had frequent

[1] Hanover State-Papers, in Macpherson.

[2] Letters of the duke of Lorraine and the secretary of state to the court of Vienna.

conferences with the abbot Gautier, a Popish priest, her emissary, to concert settling the yearly pension of the said 47,000*l.* upon her, for her life, under pretence of those letters-patent; and that he had advised her majesty, queen Anne, to sign a warrant to himself, reciting the said grant to the late king James for payment thereof."[1]

To this accusation the earl of Oxford pleaded, "that the consort of James II. was legally entitled to receive the jointure, which had been secured to her by an act of parliament, and guaranteed by the private articles of the treaty of Ryswick; and the legality of her claims not being doubted by her majesty queen Anne's counsel-at-law, he had considered it his duty to pay proper attention to it; and being a debt, he had thought himself authorized to pay it out of the fund of 500,000*l.* which had been provided for the liquidation of her majesty's debts."[2] The arrears of the dower, for all the years that this unfortunate queen had been deprived of her provision, amounted to upwards of a million of sterling English money; her urgent necessities rendered her glad to compound that claim, for the sake of touching the above eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds in ready money, which enabled her to relieve the distresses of her unfortunate followers, who were perishing before her eyes of want.

The earl, or, as he was entitled in that court, the duke of Melfort, having returned to St. Germains, died there in the beginning of the year 1714, leaving his wife and family almost in a state of destitution. He was a man whose violent temper, defective judgment, and headlong zeal for the interests of the church of Rome contributed to the ruin of his royal master and mistress; but the assertion that the exiled family regarded him in any other light than that of a faithful servant, is disproved by the affectionate manner in which the chevalier de St. George recommended his family to the care and protection of queen Mary Beatrice. The following inedited letter of condolence, addressed by that prince to lady Melfort, which, through the courtesy of the present duke de Melfort is here, for the first time, placed before the historical reader, must set that dispute at rest for ever:—

[1] State Trials, vol. viii. 316.

[2] Journal of the Lords. State Trials, vol. viii.

"Barr, Feb. 3, 1714.

"The true sense I have of the late duke de Melfort's long and faithful services, makes me sincerely share with you in the loss both you and I have had of him. It is a sensible mortification to me not to be able to be of that comfort and support to you and your son and whole afflicted family which you so justly deserve from me. All I could do was, to recommend you all to the queen's goodness and bounty, which I did before the duke of Melfort's death, whose merit is too great ever to be forgot by me, who desire nothing more than to have it in my power of showing you and your family how truly sensible I am of it, and of the particular esteem and kindness I have for yourself.

"JAMES, R."

"For the Duchess of Melfort."

In consequence of her son's recommendation, her majesty appointed the duchess de Melfort as lady of the bedchamber, and one of her daughters a maid of honour,—the same young lady, probably, who, while in the service of the late princess Louisa, was celebrated by count Hamilton, by the name of mademoiselle de Melfort, among the beauties of St. Germains. A melancholy change had come over those royal bowers since then. After the death of the princess, and the enforced absence of her brother, the sportive lyre of their merry old poet, chevalier Hamilton, was never strung again. His gay spirit was quenched at last with sorrow, age, and penury.[1]

Towards the spring of 1714, Mary Beatrice was attacked with so severe an illness, that she was given up by her physicians. She received the intimation with perfect calmness; life had now nothing to attach her, except a longing desire to see her son. Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon came to take leave of her, and testified much concern: they paid her great attention during the whole of her illness, from first to last. Contrary to all human expectation, she revived, and finally recovered.[2] Her great patience, tranquillity, and docility in sickness were supposed to be the reasons that her feeble frame had survived through illnesses that would have proved fatal to younger and more vigorous persons, so true it is, "that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." The queen's beloved friend, Angelique Priolo, was so dangerously ill at the same time, that her life was

[1] His sister, the countess de Grammont, was dead, and he retired to Poussé to live on the alms of his niece, who was abbess of the convent there, rather than increase the burdens of the widow of his royal master. He died at an advanced age, somewhere about the year 1716.

[2] Mémoires de St. Simon. Chaillot Records.

despaired of also, and she too recovered. In the first letter written by Mary Beatrice during her convalescence, dated May 22, she says,—

"It is very proper that I should come to testify in person the joy I feel in the new life that God has given you, and that I should give you some signs of that which he has also restored to me, for no one could be nearer death than I have been, without dying. I believe, however, that you have not been in less danger than I was, only you did not see it so plainly, for my head was perfectly clear and self-possessed, even when it was supposed that I had less than an hour to live. But I was not worthy to appear before God, and it is meet that I should suffer still more in this life to do penance for my sins, and I shall be too happy if God, in his mercy, will spare me in the other."

Her majesty goes on to express "her intention of coming to Chaillot as soon as the weather should change for the better, provided her health continues to amend, seeing she gains strength very slowly." She sends affectionate messages to the "sisterhood in general, and to some of the invalids by name, requesting the prayers of the community for herself and her son, who is at present," she says, "at the waters of Plombières." This very interesting letter concludes with these words:—

"Adieu, my dear mother, till I can give you in person the particulars of the state of mind and body in which I am at present, and of my feelings when I believed myself dying, at which time both my heart and soul were far more tranquil than when I am well. It was one of the effects of God's mercy on me."[1]

The utter prostration of physical powers in which the royal widow remained for many weeks after this severe and dangerous illness, is probably the reason that her name is so little mentioned in connexion with the political history of a crisis, in which, as the mother of the chevalier de St. George, she was only too painfully interested. The stormy conflicts on the subject of the succession, that rudely shook the ebbing sands of her august step-daughter, queen Anne, will be related in the biography of that queen.[2]

During the last weeks of queen Anne's illness, Mary Beatrice transmitted the intelligence she obtained on that subject

[1] Autograph letter of the widow of James II. to Angelique Priolo. Chaillot collection.

[2] The general history of that exciting period has been ably condensed by a noble historian of the present day, lord Mahon, who, having carefully collected many inedited documents connected with the events related in the authorized annals of the times, gives a more impartial view of things that so closely affected the passions and prejudices of contemporaries, than can rationally be expected from partisan writers on either side.

regularly to her son. Her proceedings were of course closely watched. Prior, in his despatch to lord Bolingbroke, of August 17, expresses himself uncertain whether his royal mistress was alive or dead. Mary Beatrice had received earlier tidings of the event, for we find, by the same letter, that she had sent off an express to her son in Lorraine on the 12th of August, the day the news of queen Anne's death reached her. The moment the chevalier de St. George learned the demise of his royal sister, he took post, and travelled *incognito*, with the utmost speed, from Barr to Paris, to consult the queen, his mother, and his other friends, "having resolved," says the duke of Berwick, "to cross over to England to assert his rights."[1] As he was prohibited from entering France, Mary Beatrice came to meet him at Chaillot, where the duc de Lauzun had hired a small house, in his own name, for the reception of the royal adventurer, whose person was too well known at St. Germains for him to venture to brave the authority of his most Christian majesty by appearing there. Surrounded as both the mother and son were with spies, the secret of his arrival in the purlieus of Paris was quickly carried to the court of France. Louis XIV. had paid too dearly for his romantic sympathy for the widow and son of James II. on a former occasion, to commit himself a second time by infringing the peace of Utrecht, as he had done that of Ryswick, to dry the tears of an afflicted queen. France was not in a state to maintain a war: her monarch was turned of seventy-six; the age of chivalry was over. Instead of trusting himself to listen to the impassioned pleadings of the Constance and Arthur of modern history, he wisely sent his cool-headed minister, De Torcy, to persuade the luckless claimant of the British crown to return whence he came; and if he could not prevail, to tell him that he had orders to compel him to leave France without delay. As no invitation arrived from England, but on the contrary George I. had been peacefully proclaimed, it was judged unadvisable for the chevalier to attempt to proceed thither, destitute as he was of money, ships, or men, and uncertain where to land.[2]

[1] Mémoires du Maréschal de Berwick, vol. ii. p. 134. [2] Ibid.

To have had the slightest chance of success, he ought to have been on the spot before the death of queen Anne, ready to make a prompt appeal to the suffrages of the people. Now there was nothing to be done but to await quietly the effect that might be produced by the manners and appearance of the new sovereign who had been called to the throne of the Plantagenets.

Mary Beatrice and her son perceived, too late, how completely they had been fooled by the diplomacy of Harley. It must be confessed that neither the queen nor the earl of Middleton had placed any confidence in the professions of that statesman, till by the disbursement of a quarter's payment of the long-contested dower he gave a tangible voucher of his good intentions towards the Stuart cause. It was, in sooth, eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds cleverly employed in throwing dust in the eyes of those whose confidence he, by that politic sacrifice, succeeded in winning.[1] The parting between Mary Beatrice and her son was, of course, a sorrowful one. The prince returned to Barr, and from Barr proceeded to Plombières, where he issued a manifesto, asserting his right to the crown of England, and proclaiming "the good intentions of the late princess, his sister, in his favour." This declaration turned, in some measure, the table on the treacherous members of queen Anne's cabinet, who had played fast and loose with the court of St. Germains, and was followed by the disgrace of Harley, Ormonde, and Bolingbroke.

The young queen of Spain, who was a princess of Savoy, sister to the late dauphiness, Adelaide, and grand-daughter of Henrietta of England, kept up an affectionate correspondence with Mary Beatrice, whom she always addressed as her dear aunt. Mary Beatrice received a very pleasing letter from this friendly princess during her abode at Chaillot, telling her

[1] Harley played too fine a game to be understood by the sovereign whom he was the means of placing on the throne of Great Britain. He incurred the hatred and contempt of both parties by his diplomacy. The Jacobite mob threw halters into his coach as he went to proclaim George I.; and George I., in return for that service, took an early opportunity of impeaching him of high treason for having entered into secret correspondence with the court of St. Germains, that correspondence which had, in effect, beguiled the son of James II. from coming over to make a personal appeal to the feelings of his sister and the people of England.

"how much pain she had felt at the reports of her illness, and thanking her for her goodness in having had prayers for her and her consort put up in the convent of Chaillot." Her majesty entreated "that they might be continued till after her delivery, as she was now in her eighth month, and should be compelled to remain in bed for the rest of the time." On the birth of the expected infant, which proved a son, the king of Spain wrote, with his own hand, to announce that event to Mary Beatrice; and as she was still treated by that monarch and his ceremonious court with the same punctilious respect as if she had been the queen-mother of a reigning sovereign, the royal letter was delivered to her, in all due form, by the secretary to the Spanish embassy, who came in state to Chaillot, and requested an audience of her majesty for that purpose. Mary Beatrice received also a letter from the princess des Ursins, giving a very favourable account of the progress of the queen, and telling her, "that the new infant was to be named Ferdinand,—a name revered in Spain." Mary Beatrice wrote, in reply, to the king of Spain, congratulating him on this happy event. In her reply to the princess des Ursins, after expressing her joy at the safety of the queen of Spain, she says,—

"I pray you to embrace for me the dear little prince of the Asturias, to whom I wish all the blessings, spiritual and temporal, that God in his grace may be pleased to bestow. And I beg you to tell him, as soon as he can understand what it means, that he has an old great-great-aunt, who loves him very much."[1]

Meantime, in consequence of the death of the duc de Berri, the last surviving grandson of France, in the preceding May, the court of Versailles was scarcely less agitated with cabals and intrigues regarding the choice of the future regent for the infant dauphin, than that of England had recently been on the question of the regal succession. The exiled queen of England was accused of aiding, with her personal influence, the attempt of madame de Maintenon to obtain that high and important post for her pupil, the duc de Maine, Louis XIV.'s son by Montespan, in preference to the duc d'Orleans, to whom it of right belonged; and for this end, she constantly importuned his majesty to make a will, conferring the regency

[1] Diary of Chaillot.

on the duc de Maine. The veteran *intriguante*, to whom the weight of four score years had not taught the wisdom of repose from the turmoils of state, fancied, that if her pupil obtained the regency, she should still continue to be the ruling power in France. Louis XIV. was reluctant to make a will at all, and still more so to degrade himself in the opinion of the world by making testamentary dispositions, such as he foresaw must be set aside by the great peers of France. Madame de Maintenon carried her point, nevertheless, by the dint of her persevering importunity. The part ascribed to Mary Beatrice is not so well authenticated; on the contrary, it appears that it was to her that the vexed monarch vented the bitterness of his soul on this occasion. When he came to Chaillot to meet her, on the 28th of August, 1714, the moment he saw her, he said, "Madam, I have made my will. They tormented me to do it," continued he, turning his eyes significantly on madame de Maintenon as he spoke, "and I have had neither peace nor repose till it was done." Mary Beatrice attempted to soothe his irritation, by commending him for his prudential care in settling the government for his infant heir before his death. The answer of the aged king was striking: "I have purchased some repose for myself by what I have done, but I know the perfect uselessness of it. Kings, while they live, can do more than other men; but after our deaths, our wills are less regarded than those of the humblest of our subjects. We have seen this by the little regard that was paid to the testamentary dispositions of the late king, my father, and many other monarchs. Well, madam, it is done, come what may of it; but, at least, they will not tease me about it any more."[1]

"The queen Beatrix Eleanora, wife of James II.," says Elizabeth Charlotte, duchess of Orleans, "lived too well with the Maintenon for it to be credible that our late king was in love with her. I have seen a book, entitled the Old Bastard protector of the Young, in which was recounted a piece of scandal of that queen and the late père de la Chaise. This confessor was an aged man, turned of fourscore, who bore

[1] St. Simon. Duclos, and the duke of Berwick's Auto-biography.

no slight resemblance to an ass, having long ears, a large mouth, a great head, and a long face. It was ill imagined. That libel was even less credible than what they have said about our late king."[1] It is rarely indeed that our caustic duchess rejects a gossip's tale; and her departure from her wonted custom of believing the worst of every one, is the more remarkable in this instance, inasmuch as the widowed consort of James II. was the intimate friend, and in some things unadvisedly the ally, of '*la vieille* Maintenon.' The duchess of Orleans complains that the latter had prejudiced the queen against her, so that she had, on some occasions, treated her with less attention than was her due. "For instance," she says, "when the queen of England came to Marli, and either walked with the king, or accompanied him in his coach on their return, the queen, the dauphiness, the princess of England, and all the other princesses would be gathered round the king but me, for whom alone they did not send." Our grumbling duchess attributes the friendship with which Mary Beatrice honoured Maintenon to the idea that princess had formed of her sanctity. "She feigns so much humility and piety when with the queen of England," continues the duchess of Orleans, still speaking of Maintenon, "that her majesty regards her as a saint."[2] It was considered a conclusive evidence of the matrimonial tie between Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon, when it was seen that she occupied a *fauteuil* in the presence of the consort of James II., who never abated one iota of the state pertaining to a queen of England in matters on which that ceremonious court placed an absurd importance.[3] As soon as it was known that the king had been to visit queen Mary Beatrice at Chaillot, all the court considered it necessary to follow the royal example; and as she made a point of offending no one by refusing to grant receptions, she found herself so much fatigued as to be glad to return to St. Germains.

The following spring, strange manifestations of popular feeling in favour of the disinherited representative of the old royal line broke forth in various parts of England. The cries of

[1] Fragmens Historiques. [2] Ibid. [3] St. Simon.

"No foreign government! no Hanover!" "Down with the roundheads!" "St. George for England!" were reiterated in Oxford, London, Bristol, and Leicester, and other large towns. The oak leaves were, in spite of all prohibition, triumphantly displayed once more on the national festival of the 29th of May, with the words, "A New Restoration," superadded in many places. In London, on the 10th of June, white roses were worn in honour of the birthday of the chevalier de St. George; and at night, the mob compelled the householders to illuminate, and broke the windows of those who did not, and finished their saturnalia by burning the effigy of William III. in Smithfield.[1] It was the twenty-seventh anniversary of the birth of the son of Mary Beatrice, and the only one which had been celebrated with any thing like popular rejoicings. At Edinburgh, his health was publicly drunk at the town-cross, by the style and title of king James VIII., with acclamations.[2] The object of this wild enthusiasm was, like Robert the Unready, too tardy to take advantage of the movement which might have borne him triumphantly to a throne, if he had been at hand to encourage his friends. He waited for foreign aid; if Henry IV., Edward IV., and Henry VII. had done so, neither would have died kings of England. The timidity of Mary Beatrice, arising from the excess of her maternal weakness for her son, continued to paralyse the spirit of enterprise requisite for the leader of such a cause. She declared, as lord Stair affirms, "that without a fleet, and a proper supply of arms and troops, her son ought not to imperil the lives and fortunes of his devoted friends, by attempting a descent either on England or Scotland."[3] It was probably for the purpose of impressing this caution on the mind of her son, that we find the royal invalid rousing herself to personal exertion once more, and commencing a journey to Plombières in a litter, on the 12th of June, to obtain an interview with him, as he was prohibited from entering the French dominions. The chevalier de St. George came to meet his

[1] Jesse's History of the Two Pretenders. Calamy bears record of the excited state of the populace in favour of the Pretender, and the insults offered to the reigning sovereign.

[2] Lockhart of Carnwath. [3] Stair's Despatches.

mother at Plombières; and after she had reposed herself there for a few days, induced her to accompany him on his return to the court of Barr, where she was most affectionately received by the friendly duke and duchess of Lorraine. The earl of Stair was immediately, as in duty bound, on the alert to trace the proceedings of the exiled queen and her son. On the 24th of July, he writes to his own cabinet,—

"I sent Barton to Lorraine, to be informed of the Pretender's motions. I met the abbé du Bois in a wood, and gave him an account of the intelligence I had concerning the Pretender. I desired he would be particularly careful in informing himself concerning the Pretender's designs, and how far the court meddled with them. I set a man to observe lord Bolingbroke."[1]

Barton returned on the 29th of July from Barr, and the same day lord Stair reports that "the Pretender is still there with the queen, [his mother]; every thing quiet, and few people there. They talk," adds his excellency, "of his [the Pretender] going to Britain; when his mother comes back, he will probably set out."[2]

The following passage, in a letter from the duke of Berwick to Torcy, the French minister, dated August 24, 1715, affords an amusing comment on the conduct and character of his renowned uncle:—

"I have received a letter from the duke of Marlborough, in which he expresses to me that he hopes much to enjoy the protection of M. le chevalier, [St. George,] accompanying these professions with a second present of two thousand pounds sterling. This gives me much hope, considering the character of my uncle, who is not accustomed to scatter his money thus, unless he foresees that it will prove of some utility."

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[1] Miscellaneous State-Papers, in two quarto vols., printed for Cadell, vol. ii. p. 532. [2] Ibid.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER XII.

Mary Beatrice returns to St. Germains—Attends the death-bed of Louis XIV. —Her constancy to madame de Maintenon—Lord Bolingbroke's ill-will to Mary Beatrice—The rebellion of 1715—Mary Beatrice prayed for as queen-mother—Her uncertainty as to the fate of her son—His dangerous journey from Lorraine —Secret visit to Paris—Queen meets him at Chaillot—His frightful peril at Nonancourt—Sails for Scotland—Queen's suspense—Conflicting rumours of successes and defeats—Flattering news from Scotland—Reports of her son's coronation—Melancholy reverse—Desperate position of Jacobite cause—Unfeeling conduct of lord Bolingbroke to the queen—Her pecuniary distress—The chevalier visits his mother at St. Germains—Compelled to leave her—His inconsiderate conduct—Maternal anxiety of the queen—Her son's rupture with Bolingbroke—Queen offers to mediate—Bolingbroke's rude reply—Depression of the queen and her ladies—Fate of Jacobite prisoners—Distress of Mary Beatrice—Respect felt for her in France—Her son goes to Avignon—Lingering affection in England for the Stuart cause—Oak-apple day and white-rose day—A new courtier presented to queen Mary Beatrice—Matrimonial projects for her son—Her correspondence with the old Jacobites—Plots for her son's restoration—Her seals—Armorial bearings—Jacobite correspondence—Her last illness—Recommends her son to the regent Orleans—Her care for her ladies—Her death—General lamentations at St. Germains—Funeral honours—Refuge granted to her ladies—Her apartment at St. Germains—Traditions of the place—Her portrait in old age.

Mary Beatrice returned to St. Germains in time to attend the death-bed of her old friend Louis XIV., and to use her influence with him for the last time in behalf of her son. The dying monarch exerted himself to write with his own hand to his grandson, the king of Spain, urging him to render all the assistance he could to his adopted son, as he called the chevalier de St. George, to aid in establishing him on the British throne.[1] Louis had himself actually entered into serious engagements with queen Mary Beatrice to furnish arms for ten thou-

[1] Lemontey's Histoire de la Régence.

sand men, and ships to transport them to Scotland. He had issued his commands for the preparation of the armament, and it was in a state of forwardness at the time when his death frustrated all the dispositions he had made in favour of the expected rising in the north of England.[1] "He gave," says the duke of Berwick, "all the orders that were necessary, and then calmly awaited his last hour. He had told the queen of England, several times, that he was not ignorant that, at his advanced age, he must soon expect to die; and thus he prepared himself for it, day by day, that he might not be taken by surprise. They had a very different opinion of him in the world, for they imagined he would not suffer any one to speak to him of death. I know, to a certainty, that what I have stated is true, having had it from the mouth of the queen herself, a princess of strict veracity."[2]

Louis XIV. breathed his last September 1st, 1715. Mary Beatrice was greatly afflicted, both for the loss of her old friend, and its depressing effect on the Jacobite cause at that momentous crisis. In the dispute that took place touching the guardianship of the infant king of France, she was appealed to by the duke of Maine and his party, as a person more in the confidence of the deceased monarch than any one. Her majesty deposed, in the presence of the duke and duchess de Lauzun, what had been said to her by Louis XIV. on the subject of his testamentary dispositions."[3] It was unfortunate for Mary Beatrice, that, by a sort of negative implication with the rival faction patronised by madame de Maintenon, she incurred the ill-will of the regent Orleans, and furnished him with an excuse for repudiating the cause of her son. The death of Louis XIV. had produced an entire change in the aspect and interests of the French court. Madame de Maintenon found herself, in her present adversity, as carefully shunned by the minions of fortune, as she had recently been courted and caressed. Not so wise in her generation as the children of this world, and acting in the kind sincerity of an honest heart, Mary Beatrice

[1] Histoire de la Régence. Mémoires de Berwick. [2] Ibid.
[3] Duclos. Memoirs of the Regency, vol. i. pp. 102, 3.

treated her afflicted friend with the tender sympathy and attention that were due to the relict of the deceased sovereign. Their first meeting was, by mutual appointment, at Chaillot: madame de Maintenon was dressed in the deepest mourning, and looked ill and dejected. As soon as the queen saw her, she extended her arms towards her, and when they drew near each other, tenderly embraced her: both burst into tears. Their communications were long and affectionate. Mary Beatrice recurred frequently to the memory of her departed lord, king James, but with that holy sorrow which time and religion had softened and subdued. With her, there was a joy in her grief; and, whenever madame de Maintenon related any instance of piety shown by Louis on his death-bed, her majesty was sure to rejoin, "that was like my sainted king; even he could not have done better." Madame de Maintenon repeated this observation afterwards to the sisters of Chaillot, and said it had given her much comfort. Mary Beatrice returned the same evening to St. Germains. When she was ready to leave her chamber, after she had taken an affectionate farewell of madame de Maintenon, she asked for the abbess of Chaillot, who, with a train of the oldest sisters, attended her majesty to the gate. She spoke warmly in praise of madame de Maintenon, and the admirable frame of mind in which she appeared. The abbess replied, "that her majesty's example had been very proper to animate that lady." The queen raised her eyes to heaven with a look that sufficiently indicated the humility of her heart, and entering the chapel, she knelt down for a few moments in the act of silent adoration with an air of such perfect self-abasement, that all present were deeply touched. She took the arm of the abbess as they left the chapel, and talked much of madame de Maintenon, and what she had been saying of Louis XIV., repeating, "that it reminded her of her own sainted monarch." She bade the abbess a very gracious farewell, and requested her prayers for her son; and then turning to the nuns, entreated that they would also pray for him.[1]

[1] Diary of Chaillot.

Mary Beatrice returned to St. Germains, to hold her anxious councils with Berwick and her son's new secretary of state, lord Bolingbroke, as to the means of obtaining the necessary supplies for the Jacobite rising in Scotland. Bolingbroke's frequent solicitations for that purpose to the regent Orleans only served to expose the designs of the friends of the cause, and to put the British government on the alert. The arms and stores that had been secretly provided by the friendship of the deceased king, Louis XIV., were on board twelve ships lying at Havre; but just as they were ready to sail, sir George Byng came into the roads with a squadron, and prevented them from leaving the harbour, and lord Stair, the British ambassador, demanded of the regent that they should be given up, as they were intended for the service of the Pretender. The regent, instead of doing this, ordered the ships to be unloaded, and the arms and ammunition to be carried to the king of France's arsenal.[1] This was one of the leading causes of the failure of the enterprise, since the bravest champions can do little without weapons.

The rebellion in Scotland broke out prematurely, hurried on by the ardour of misjudging partisans. Its details belong to our national annals: all we have to do with it is to trace its effects on the personal history of the royal mother of the representative of the fated line of Stuart. Bolingbroke, in his letter to that prince of September 21st, after informing him that her majesty's almoner, Mr. Innes, and captain O'Flanigan had been consulting about providing a vessel to convey him to the scene of action, says,—

"The queen orders Mr. Innes to furnish money to O'Flanigan, and by that means he will guess at the service intended, as well as by what was said to him before my return; but I shall say nothing to him, nor any one else of the measure taken, because I know no better maxim, in all business, than that of trusting no creature with the least circumstance beyond what is absolutely necessary he should know in order to enable him to execute his part of the service."[2]

An excellent maxim, doubtless; but the object of the new minister was evidently to alienate the confidence of his master

[1] Documents in lord Mahon's Appendix. Berwick's Memoirs. St. Simon.

[2] Lord Mahon's Appendix.

from the queen and her councillors; and more than that, to estrange him from the only person capable of giving good advice, the duke of Berwick. And that he had succeeded in creating a coolness, may be perceived even from the manner in which he speaks of the duke:—

"The duke of Berwick is gone to St. Germains, so that I shall have no opportunity of making either a secret or a confidence of this to him. I add no more as to his grace, though I should have something to say, because the queen tells me she has writ to your majesty her opinion, in which I most humbly concur."

The self-importance of the new secretary of state was piqued at finding Mary Beatrice confided implicitly in Berwick, and only partially in himself, and that, instead of having to communicate intelligence to her, she imparted it to him. He intended to be the head of the Stuart cause, and he found himself only employed as the hand. The queen and Berwick transacted all the secret correspondence and negotiations together, and then employed him, not as a minister of state, but as an official secretary. Mary Beatrice directed Berwick to press Charles XII. of Sweden to perform his promise of landing 8000 troops in Scotland, to assist her son; but Charles was himself in great difficulties, being closely besieged at Stralsund at the very time his aid was solicited, and could only express his regret at being unable to accord the needful succours. The king of Spain revoked his promise of a pecuniary loan at the same time; both these inauspicious circumstances being communicated by Mary Beatrice to Bolingbroke, he thus briefly announces the twofold disappointment to the luckless chevalier de St. George:—

"I enclose to your majesty two letters from Stralsund with great reluctance, since you will find by them that all our hopes of troops are vanished. I received them from the queen, whose packet accompanies this, and who intends to send your majesty's servants down to you."[1]

Overtures were made at this time for a marriage between the regent's unmarried daughter, mademoiselle de Valois, and the chevalier de St. George. How far the queen was concerned in this project, does not appear: it certainly was

[1] Lord Mahon's Appendix.

not pushed with any degree of earnestness on the part of the prince, who apprehended that it would injure his popularity with his party in England. It has been said, that the young lady herself, being greatly in love with the royal knight-errant, who at that period excited a very romantic interest in France, besought her father to make her his wife; to which the cautious regent replied, "*Nous verrons, ma fille; nous verrons.*" Meantime, the standard of the chevalier had been raised in Scotland, and a formidable insurrection, headed by lord Derwentwater and Mr. Forster, took place in Northumberland. On the second Sunday in October, the Protestant clergymen who acted as chaplains to the rebel muster, prayed for the son of James II. by the style and title of king James, and for Mary Beatrice by the designation of "Mary, queen-mother."[1] The same was done at Kelso, where a mixed congregation of Protestants and Roman-catholics met in the great kirk, to listen to a political sermon preached by the rev. Mr. Patten, on the text, "The blessing of the first-born is his." The gentlemen of the latter persuasion told the preacher, "that they approved very well of our liturgy, which they had never heard before."[2]

On the 28th of October, the chevalier left Barr. Information was immediately given to the British ambassador, lord Stair, who went to the regent Orleans, and demanded, in the name of his sovereign George I., that orders should be issued to prevent his passage through France. "If you can point out, to a certainty, the precise place where he may be found," replied the regent, "I will have him re-conducted to Lorraine; but I am not obliged to be either spy or gaoler for king George."[3] — "Prudence prescribed to the regent a conduct, oblique enough to satisfy George I. without discouraging the Jacobites; but the events precipitated themselves, as it were, with a rapidity, which rendered it difficult to preserve a course sufficiently gliding.[4] He

[1] Notes on the Life of Calamy. [2] Patten's History of the Rebellion.
[3] Memoirs of the Duke of Berwick.
[4] Mémoires de la Régence, par M. Lemontey.

summoned Contades, the major of the guards, into his presence, and there, before lord Stair, gave positive orders to him to intercept the prince on the road from Lorraine; but aware of the unpopularity in which such a proceeding would involve him, he secretly instructed Contades not to find the person of whom he went in quest."[1] Berwick adds, "that the chevalier, being warned of the intended arrest, kept out of the danger by taking a circuitous route. Contades, on his return, gave a flourishing account to Stair of all he had done during an absence of several days; his excellency affected to be satisfied, yet shrewdly suspected that the regent had no particular desire to hinder the passage of the chevalier, and Contades no great relish for the commission that had been imposed on him. Stair sent his myrmidons out in all directions, to try to discover the road the prince was taking; but he was so well disguised, and travelled with so few companions, that he never heard of him till it was too late to be of any use."[2]

No one was more uncertain of the movements of her son than the queen, for he dared not write to her, lest his letters should be intercepted. He had, withal, reason to suspect that she could not keep a secret, and that there were traitors at St. Germains, and spies within the hallowed pale of her favourite retreat at Chaillot. The feelings of the anxious mother, though they have never been unveiled to public view, may be imagined, after her only son, her last surviving child, had left a place of security, and set forth to join a desperate enterprise, with a bill of attainder hanging over him, and the price of blood on his head.

Twelve precious inedited letters from the queen's faithful friend, lady Sophia Bulkeley, who generally performed the office of private secretary to her royal mistress when unable to write herself to her friends at Chaillot, afford much interesting information connected with the personal history of Mary Beatrice at this period. They are addressed to the abbess

[1] Mémoires de la Régence, by Lemontey. See also Duclos, and St. Simon.

[2] Mémoires du Maréschal Berwick.

and ex-abbess, *la mère Déposée*, of Chaillot, written in very bad French. Lady Sophia, though a Scotchwoman, and a Stuart of Blantyre by birth, had, during her seven and twenty years' exile with her royal mistress, nearly forgotten her mother tongue, and writes Perth, *Pairte*, and Stirling, *Sirle*. There is, however, a warmth of feeling and an affectionate simplicity in her style, worth all the meretricious graces and elegantly-turned periods of the classic Bolingbroke. The first letter of this valuable series of domestic documents is dated merely "this 13th of November," the date preceded by St. Andrew's cross, the distinctive mark of this lady's correspondence, from which our limits will only permit us to select such extracts as relate to the queen. Lady Sophia commences her first letter to the ex-abbess, written, she says, by desire of the queen, with inquiries after the health of the sisters of Chaillot, and then proceeds,—

"God be thanked, that of the queen is good, though she looks ill enough, which is not wonderful, considering the painful inquietude she suffers, and must continue to do till the king, her son, be established. Her majesty commands me to inform you, of what you have probably heard some time ago, which is, that the king, my master, has left Lorraine; but this is all she can tell you at present, except that his affairs go on prosperously in Scotland, and that we reckon that the earl of Mar has at Perth twenty thousand men, well disciplined, and firmly united for the good cause, and that the duke of Argyle has not more than three thousand men in his camp. Moreover, in the north of England four provinces [counties] have declared for the good cause, and the Scotch—that is to say, a considerable portion of the army of the earl of Mar, are going, if possible, to join our friends in the north; but as Argyle is encamped at Stirling, and guards the passage of the river and the bridges, where he is strongly entrenched, it is difficult to force it. Nevertheless, they hope soon to pass into England."[1]

Such was the exaggerated account of the state of her son's affairs in Scotland, which flattered the maternal hopes of the widowed consort of James II., while she was, at the same time, tortured with suspense and uncertainty on his account, not knowing what had become of him, whether he were in France, Scotland, or England, living or dead, at this momentous crisis of his fortunes. The earl of Mar had written to her on the 12th of October, giving her a statement of the proceedings of the insurgents, and earnestly demanding the

[1] Inedited Stuart Papers, in the Secret Archives of France.

presence of him they styled their king.[1] Lady Sophia Bulkeley concludes her letter to the abbess of Chaillot in these words:—

"The queen begs you, my dear mother, and all the community, to redouble, if it be possible, your holy prayers for the preservation of the person of the king, for the success of this great enterprise, and for the preservation of his faithful subjects. Her majesty ordered me to write yesterday, but we waited till this evening, having a hope that the letters from England, which ought to come to-day, might furnish some fresh news; but as the post is delayed, her majesty would not longer defer inquiring what tidings you have, and communicating hers to you. For myself, permit me, my dearest mother, to assure you, that no one can esteem and honour you more entirely than your very obedient servant,

"S. Bulkeley.

"I hope that Miss Plowden and her lady mother are both well. Have the goodness, my beloved mother, to tell my dear Catharine Angelique, that the queen is very sorry she has not time to answer her letter; but she must not allow that to discourage her from writing, as her majesty is very glad to receive letters from her."

Endorsed—"To the very reverend Mère déposée de Mouffle, of the ladies of St. Marie de Chaillot, at Chaillot."[2]

Almost immediately after the date of this letter, the queen received an intimation of the movements of her son, who, dodged by the spies of the British embassy, had been playing at hide and seek for many days without venturing to approach the coast, though his friend, lord Walsh, lay at Nantes with a light-armed, swift-sailing vessel, ready to convey him down the Loire. The chevalier de St. George, and his friend William Erskine, brother to the earl of Buchan, who were wandering about in disguise, observed that portraits and descriptions of his person were set up in some of the post-houses to facilitate his apprehension. Another of his attendants, colonel Hay, falling in with a party that were lying in wait to seize the royal adventurer, very narrowly escaped being assassinated in mistake for him, as he was travelling in one of his post-carriages.[3] All of a sudden, the chevalier determined to come to Paris, to attend a general council of his friends, both French and English, that was to be held at the hôtel de Breteul, the house of the baron de Breteul et de Preully, a nobleman of great wealth and of distinguished family, who had married the beautiful daughter of lord and

[1] Letter of the earl of Mar, in Mrs. Thomson's Lives of the Jacobites, vol. i.
[2] Inedited Stuart Papers, in the hôtel Soubise, by favour of M. Guizot.
[3] Stuart Papers.

lady O'Brien Clare, who had accompanied queen Mary Beatrice on her voyage to France, when she fled with her infant son in 1688. Lady Clare was the state housekeeper at St. Germains, and one of the ladies of the bedchamber to the queen. The hôtel de Breteul was the resort of all that was gay, gallant, and *spirituel* in Paris: it was also, of course, a general rendezvous for the friends of the house of Stuart. It was in the salons of the marquise de Chatelet, the sister of the baron de Breteul, they held their conferences.[1]

When the queen was informed that her son meant to take Paris in his route, she came to Chaillot to avail herself of the opportunity of making all necessary arrangements with him, and bidding him a personal farewell.[2] The following interesting particulars are recorded in the auto-biography of one of the nieces of the baron de Breteul. "The chevalier de St. George came very privately to Paris, in the dress of an abbé, with only one or two companions. He went directly to the hôtel de Breteul, where he met all his friends and confederates." It should seem, the young ladies of the family had the honour of being presented to him, which made a great impression on madame de Crequi, then mademoiselle de Froulay, a girl in her teens, who continues, "He was at that time a very handsome and accomplished prince, and did not appear more than five or six-and-twenty years of age. We had the honour of making our curtsies to him, and he addressed some complimentary words to us; after which, he withdrew with his followers into my uncle's cabinet, where they remained in conference great part of the night. At the dawn of day he departed for Chaillot, where the queen, his mother, who had come to meet him, was waiting for him at the convent of the Visitation. He slept in a little house which the duc de Lauzun had, no one knew why, retained for his own use in that village. He remained there four-and-twenty hours."[3] Mary Beatrice felt this parting with her son, on an expedition so full of peril, a severe trial. He was dearer to her than ever,—the last tie that bound her to a world of care and sorrow; but she suspected not that the only serious danger

[1] Souvenances de la Marquise de Crequi. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

he was to encounter would be within a few hours after he had bidden her adieu.[1]

The hôtel de Breteul was a marked place, and every thing that passed there was watched with jealous attention by the spies of lord Stair; there was, besides, an unsuspected traitress within the domestic circle. Mademoiselle Emilie de Preully was so greatly piqued at the preference evinced by one of the prince's gentlemen in waiting, lord Keith, for her cousin mademoiselle de Froulay, that she did all she could to injure the Jacobite cause out of revenge. Secret information of whatever designs came to her knowledge was communicated by her immediately to the earl of Stair.[2] It was therefore, in all probability, through the ill offices of this inimical member of the family circle at the hôtel de Breteul, that the intelligence of the chevalier de St. George's visit was conveyed to the British embassy, together with the information that he was to set out the following day for Château Thierry on his way to the coast of Bretagne, and that he would change horses at Nonancourt. If we may believe the following statement of madame de Crequi, which is corroborated by Lemontey, Duclos, St. Simon, and several other contemporary French writers, lord Stair, misdoubting the regent Orleans, instead of claiming his promise of arresting the unfortunate prince, determined to take surer measures on his own account, by sending people in his own employ to waylay him. Be this as it may, it is certain that the prince, after he had taken leave of the queen, his mother, started from Chaillot in one of the post-carriages of the baron de Breteul, attended by some horsemen who had put on the livery of that noble French family. At the entrance of the village of Nonancourt, which is not more than twenty leagues from Paris, a woman begged the postilions to stop, and stepping quickly on the boot of the carriage, she addressed the feigned abbé in these words: "If you are the king of England, go not to the post-house, or you are lost; for several villains are waiting there to murder you," —rather a startling announcement for a man, on whose head the tremendous bribe of 100,000*l.* had been set by the British

[1] Chaillot Records. [2] Souvenances de la Marquise de Crequi.

government. Without betraying any discomposure, he asked the woman who she was? and how she came by her information? She replied, "My name is L'Hopital. I am a lone woman, the mistress of the post-house of Nonancourt, which I warn you not to approach; for I have overheard three Englishmen, who are still drinking there, discussing with some desperate characters in this neighbourhood a design of setting upon a traveller, who was to change horses with me to-night on his way to Château Thierry, where you are expected on your road to England." She added, "that she had taken care to intoxicate the ruffians, and having locked the door upon them, had stolen out to warn him of his danger, beseeching him at the same time to confide implicitly in her good intentions, and allow her to conduct him to the house of the curé, where he would be safe."[1]

There was something so simple and earnest in the woman's manner, that, stranger as she was to him, the royal adventurer resigned himself to her guidance, with that frank reliance on the generous impulses of the female character which no one of his race had ever cause to rue. She led him and his attendants safely to the house of the village pastor, and then ran to summon M. d'Argenson, the nearest magistrate, who came properly supported, and took three persons into custody at the post-house. Two of them were Englishmen, and produced lord Stair's passports; the other was a French baron, well known as a spy in the employ of that minister.[2] The leader of the party was colonel Douglas, son of sir William Douglas, an *attaché* to the embassy, who assumed a high tone, and said "that he and his companions were in the service of the British ambassador." The magistrate coolly observed, that "no ambassador would avow such actions as that in which he was engaged," and committed them all to prison.[3] Meantime, madame L'Hopital despatched one of her couriers to the marquess de Torcy with a statement of what had occurred, and took care to send the chevalier forward on his

[1] Souvenances de la Marquise de Crequi.

[2] Lemontey. Duclos. St. Simon. Madame de Crequi. See the depositions signed by the magistrates, in Lemontey's Appendix.

[3] Ibid.

journey in another dress, and in one of her own voitures with a fresh relay of horses, with which he reached Nantes, and finding the vessel in waiting for him, descended the Loire, and safely arrived at St. Maloes. Mary Beatrice wrote, with her own hand, to madame L'Hopital a letter full of thanks for the preservation of her son, but that which charmed the good woman most was, the acknowledgments she received from the regent, who sent her his portrait as a testimonial of his approbation of her conduct on this occasion. Reasons of state compelled the regent to stifle the noise made by this adventure, and he prevented the depositions of the post-mistress of Nonancourt and her servants from being published.[1]

Lady Sophia Bulkeley gives the superior of Chaillot the following confidential account of the state of mind in which her royal mistress and herself remained, during a second interval of suspense that intervened before tidings of the chevalier's proceedings reached the anxious little court at St. Germains:—

"This 28 of November.

"As the queen intends to write to you, my dear mother, I shall not say much, except to let you know that, through the mercy of God, the queen is well, and received yesterday news from Scotland and the north of England; but still her majesty can hear no tidings of the king, her son. Her majesty doubts not of the fervour and zeal of your prayers to the Lord for his preservation. The lively and firm faith of the queen supports her, which makes me every moment reproach myself for being so frequently transported with fears for the safety of the king. I take shame to myself, when I see how tranquil the hope she has in Divine Providence renders the queen; but I pray you not to notice this in your reply, for I put on the courageous before her majesty."[2]

Under the impression that her son had embarked at St. Maloes, Mary Beatrice enclosed a packet of letters for him to the earl of Mar in Scotland, to whom she also wrote.[3] But the chevalier, though he went on board ship, waited several days for a favourable wind, and finally learning that the forces of George I. occupied Dunstafnage,[4] where he intended to land, and that there was a squadron on the look out for him,

[1] But those documents are still in existence, and have been printed in the Appendix of Lemontey's Histoire de la Régence. See also letter of Maréschal d'Uxelles to M. Iberville, minister from France to the court of Sweden, dated 9th December, 1715.

[2] Inedited autograph letter, in the hôtel de Soubise.

[3] Mar Correspondence, in Mrs. Thomson's Lives of the Jacobites.

[4] Memoirs of the Duke of Berwick.

came on shore again, and travelled privately on horseback to Dunkirk, where he embarked on board a small vessel of eight guns, attended by six gentlemen only, who were disguised like himself in the dress of French naval officers.[1] He was seven days in performing the voyage, and it was long ere the news of his safe landing reached his anxious mother.

On the 5th of December, lady Sophia Bulkeley writes, by the desire of her royal mistress, to the superior of Chaillot, to inquire after the health of the community, and to tell them the floating rumours that had reached her from the scene of action. "Her majesty," she says, "continues well, but, as you may truly suppose, very restless, till she can receive sure intelligence of the arrival of the king, her son, in Scotland. There are reports, but we imagine without foundation, that the faithful friends of the king have been defeated in England. On the other hand, they say that the earl of Mar has beaten our enemies in Scotland, but that wants confirming. However, there are many letters which corroborate the latter rumour; yet we dare not flatter ourselves at present, for if it be really so, there will surely arrive between this and to-morrow morning the verification, which the queen will not fail to communicate to the dear sister Catharine Angelique, as she intends to write to her; therefore, it will not be necessary for me to inflict on you the trouble of reading a longer letter of my scrawling,"[2]—'*griffonnage*,' is the word. It is certainly graphically descriptive of the queer caligraphy of the noble amanuensis, to say nothing of her misapplication of capitals to adjectives and adverbs, and small letters for names of places; but her unaffected sympathy for the royal mistress, whose exile and adversity she had shared for seven-and-twenty years, makes every word from her pen precious.

Lauzun came to St. Germain's to break to Mary Beatrice the disastrous intelligence of the utter failure of her son's cause in England, in consequence of the cowardly or treacherous conduct of Mr. Foster at Preston, and the defeat

[1] Lord Mahon's History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht.

[2] Stuart Papers, in the hôtel de Soubise.

and surrender of the rebel army there on the 13th of November, together with the loss of the battle of Sheriffmuir in Scotland on the same day.

The queen and her faithful ladies spent their melancholy Christmas at St. Germains, in painful uncertainty of what had become of the chevalier de St. George. Lady Sophia Bulkeley writes again to the superior of Chaillot on the 29th of December, telling her "that the queen continued well, and had been able to attend, for nine successive days, the services of the church for that holy season, which," continues lady Sophia, "have been very consolatory to her majesty, who only breathes for devotion." Her ladyship goes on to communicate the message of her royal mistress to her cloistered friends in these words:—

"The queen commands me to tell you, that as soon as she receives any good news, she will not fail to impart it. She says, you are not to give credit to the report, which she understands you have heard, that the Scotch wish to make peace with the duke of Hanover; for it is not true, although their affairs are not in so good a condition as they were. The season is so inclement there, that they cannot do any thing on either side. God has His seasons for all things, and we must submit to His holy will, and not cease to hope in His mercy, since our cause is just."[1]

The manner in which lady Sophia speaks of her royal mistress is very interesting:—

"Although you know the great virtue of the queen, my dear mother, you would be surprised to see with what firmness her majesty supports all the trying events that have come upon her since she has been at St. Germains. Return thanks to God, my dear mother, for all the grace he has given the queen, and request of Him a continuation of it for her; also for the preservation of her who is so dear to us."

[1] Inedited Stuart Papers, in the hôtel de Soubise.

This unaffected tribute of affection and esteem from one of the noble British matrons of her bedchamber, who had lost every thing for her sake, surely affords a presumptive evidence of the moral worth of the consort of James II. It is a common saying, that no man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*; but this proverb appears reversed with regard to our unfortunate queen, for the more we search into the records that have been borne of her by her personal attendants, and all those who enjoyed the opportunity of observing her conduct in her most unreserved hours of privacy, the brighter does the picture grow. Be it also noticed, that no one who knew her intimately has ever spoken ill of her, although she was not, of course, free from the faults of temper and errors of judgment inherent in human nature. It may be said, that those who have commended Mary Beatrice were partial witnesses, being her servants and personal friends; nor can this be denied, seeing that they gave proofs of attachment not often to be met with among courtiers. Partial they were, for they preferred her in her poverty, exile, and adversity, to her powerful and prosperous rivals, the regnant queens, Mary and Anne. They preferred her service to their own interests, and were contented to be poor expatriated outlaws for her sake; and being thus faithful in deeds, is it likely that they would be unfaithful in their words? or less worthy of credit than the unscrupulous writers who performed an acceptable service to her powerful enemies by calumniating her?

The new year, 1716, opened drearily on Mary Beatrice. Every day agitated her with conflicting rumours of victories and defeats, and it was not till the 10th of January that she received certain tidings that her son had reached his destination in safety. Lady Sophia Bulkeley communicates the welcome news to the abbess of Chaillot in the following animated letter, which will best describe the feelings with which it was received by the royal mother:—

"This Friday, 10th of Jan.

"By the order of the queen, my dearest mother, I have the honour and the pleasure of informing you, that, by the grace of God, the king, my master, landed in Scotland on Tuesday week, at *Peter's Head* [Peterhead], in spite of fourteen or fifteen English vessels that were hovering on the coast to take him. After

that, can we doubt that holy Providence protects him in all things? or of the goodness of God towards our dear king for the time to come? The queen is well, thanks be to the Lord. Her majesty and all of us are, as you may well believe, transported with joy. Will you assist us, my very dear mother, in offering up thanksgivings to God for his goodness, and asking of Him a continuation of them. I cannot tell you more at present."

Endorsed—"To the very reverend mother, Superior of the ladies of St. Marie de Chaillot, at Chaillot."[1]

The letter of the chevalier himself, announcing his arrival, was written to his secretary of state, lord Bolingbroke, and is dated three weeks earlier. It is very short, and will, perhaps, be acceptable to the reader.

"James Stuart to Lord Bolingbroke.[2]

"Peterhead, (Scotland,) Dec. 22, 1715.

"I am at last, thank God, in my own ancient kingdom, as the bearer will tell you, with all the particulars of my passage, and his own proposals of future service. Send the queen[3] the news I have got, and give a line to the regent, *en attendant*, that I send you from the army a letter from our friends, to whom I am going to-morrow. I find things in a prosperous way. I hope all will go on well, if friends on your side do their part as I shall have done mine. My compliments to Magni; tell him the good news. I don't write to him, for I am wearied, and won't delay a moment the bearer. "J. R."

In his letter dated Kinnaird, January 2, 1716, the chevalier sends several messages to the queen, his mother. He speaks of his own situation cheerfully, though he owns, with some humour, that he has nothing to begin the campaign with "*but himself.*"

"All was in confusion," he says, "before my arrival: terms of accommodation pretty openly talked of. The Highlanders returned home, and but 4000 men left at Perth. Had I retarded some days longer, I might have had a message not to come at all. My presence, indeed, has had, and will have, I hope, good effects. The affection of the people is beyond all expression. . . . . We are too happy if we can maintain Perth this winter: that is a point of the last importance. We shall not leave it without blows.

"I send to the queen, my mother, all the letters I mention here, that she may peruse them, and then agree with you the best ways of forwarding them. You will show her this, for mine to her refers to it. There will go by the next messenger a duplicate of all this packet, except my letter to the queen."[4]

Mary Beatrice had endured the conflicts of hope and fear, the pangs of disappointment, and the tortures of suspense for upwards of four months, with the patience of a Christian and

[1] Inedited Stuart Papers, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

[2] Lord Mahon, vol. i., Appendix, p. xxxiv.

[3] His mother, queen Mary Beatrice.

[4] Lord Mahon's Appendix, from Stuart Papers in her majesty's collection at Windsor.

the firmness of a heroine, so that, as we have seen by lady Sophia Bulkeley's letters, every one was astonished at her calmness, when all around her were in a state of excitement and alarm; but directly she received the cheering intelligence that her son had landed in Scotland, where his presence had been vainly demanded for the last thirteen years, the revulsion of feeling overpowered her feeble frame, and she was attacked with a nervous fever, which rendered her incapable of further exertion. Lady Sophia Bulkeley, to whose correspondence with the *religieuses* of Chaillot we are indebted for these interesting particulars connected with the almost forgotten mother of the chevalier de St. George, at the period of the disastrous attempt of his friends in Scotland to restore him to the throne of his forefathers, writes on the 29th of January, 1716, by desire of her royal mistress, to the abbess of Chaillot, to tell her "that her majesty was progressing favourably towards convalescence, though still feeble. After having kept her bed fifteen days, the queen had sat up the day before for the first time, and was so much better, that nothing but her weakness prevented her from being dressed and going on as usual; that she now slept well, and the chevalier Garvan, her physician, would not allow her to take bark oftener than twice in four-and-twenty hours, which he meant her to continue for some time to come. If the weather were not so inclement, her majesty would soon be restored," continues lady Sophia; "for, thank God! she recovers very rapidly after these sort of illnesses when once the fever leaves her, by which we perceive that her constitution is naturally good. The queen has not received any thing since the arrival of the courier from the king who brought the news of his landing. She is expecting every moment to see one arrive, but apparently, the contrary winds cause the delay. In the mean time, some of the letters from Edinburgh notice that the king arrived at Perth on the 7th, and that all the nobles in the duke of Mar's army went on before to receive his majesty. They appeared transported with joy to see him, and the following day he reviewed his army at Perth." The enthusiastic affection of lady Sophia Bulkeley for the cause, combined with her

droil French, has the effect of making her identify herself in this letter with the Jacobite army at Perth; for she says, "The enemy threatens much to attack us before our forces can be drawn together. Their numbers much exceed ours at Perth; therefore," continues her ladyship, "we have the more need of your prayers for them." After communicating the usual petition of the queen to the community of Chaillot for more prayers for the success and preservation of the king, she adds,—

"To tell you the truth, I fear he will have much to do ere he can be put in possession of his crowns, but I doubt not that time will come after many troubles; for I should fail in my duty to God, if I doubted of his protecting the king, my master, after having preserved him through so many perils from the time he was three months old. I should have little faith, if I could doubt that his holy Providence would always take care of our lawful king, and, after having thoroughly proved him as gold in the furnace, giving him the victory over his perfidious enemies."

After this enthusiastic burst of loyalty, which may be forgiven in a lady who claimed kindred with the royal house of Stuart, and who had been present at the birth of the exiled heir of that ill-fated line, lady Sophia adverts to a subject of nearer, if not dearer interest to herself:—

"May I not venture," she says, "my dearest mother, to entreat you to think of me in your prayers to the Lord, and of my son, who set out on Wednesday fortnight for Scotland. God grant that he be arrived in some safe port; but, unhappily, a gentleman belonging to the king, my master, named Mr. Booth, is supposed to have perished on the English coast, or to have been taken prisoner.[1] God grant that the fate of my son may be better!"

Nothing could be nearer to a tragic termination than the expedition in which Mr. Bulkeley, the son of this noble lady, and his two companions, the marquess of Tynemouth, eldest son of the duke of Berwick, and sir John Erskine, were engaged. They had been deputed by the queen and the duke of Berwick to convey to the aid of the chevalier, in Scotland, a hundred thousand crowns in ingots of gold, which the king of Spain had at last granted to the earnest importunities of the royal widow in behalf of her son; "but," says the duke of Berwick, "every thing appeared to conspire to ruin our pro-

[1] "Poor Booth," writes the chevalier de St. George to Bolingbroke, "I am in pain for. We passed Dunkirk together, and I heard no more of him after the next day that his ship lagged behind mine."—Stuart Papers in lord Mahon's Appendix, from her majesty's collection at Windsor.

jects. The vessel in which they were was wrecked on the coast of Scotland, and, as it was in the night, they had barely time to save themselves by means of the shallop, without being able to carry away any of the ingots, which they had concealed in the hold of the ship."[1]

The queen still kept her chamber, when lady Sophia Bulkeley wrote by her desire on the 5th of February, to communicate to the abbess of Chaillot the intelligence of her son's proceedings in Scotland. A gentleman had just arrived from Perth with letters, and had rejoiced the anxious ladies at St. Germains and their royal mistress, with an account of the universal rapture which pervaded all ranks of the people in that quarter of Scotland, at beholding the representative of their ancient monarchs among them again, or, as the refrain of the Jacobite song written on that occasion has it,—

"The auld Stuarts back again."

"The queen," writes lady Sophia Bulkeley,[2] "has waited, that she might send you her tidings, which, thanks to the Lord, are good. She was hoping to tell you all about the king, her son, because she was expecting every moment the arrival of a courier from him; and now a gentleman has just come, who left the king my master in perfect health on Saturday week. All the Scotch in the neighbourhood were delighted beyond description to see him. All the world came to kiss his hand, in such crowds, that he was obliged to extend them both at once, so that he might be able to save a little time to attend to business. The noblemen and officers were charmed to find that he could understand them so well.

"My lord Edward wrote to my lady, his wife, that, without seeing, no one could conceive the joy with which the people were transported. The gentleman who has come says, 'that he believes the king is crowned;' that is to say, consecrated, 'for he was to be in a few days at the time of his departure.' In short, my dear mother, the affairs of his majesty are in as favourable a train as they can be in this inclement season, for they have just the same weather there as here, only the cold is more severe."[3]

A melancholy reverse is presented to this flattering picture by turning to the history of the rebellion, by which it ap-

[1] The vessel was lost near the mouth of the Tay, for want of a pilot. A regal diadem was to have been made for the intended coronation of the luckless son of James II. at Scoon, of some of the gold with which this bark was freighted. Well might that prince, in his address to his council, observe, "For me, it is no new thing if I am unfortunate. My whole life, even from my cradle, has been a constant series of misfortunes." He was, at that time, suffering from the depressing influence of the low intermittent fever, to which he inherited, from his mother, a constitutional tendency.

[2] Inedited Stuart Letters, in the hôtel de Soubise. [3] Ibid.

pears, that at the very time queen Mary Beatrice and her ladies were rejoicing and offering up thanksgivings to God for these imaginary successes, and the royal mother was pleasing herself with the idea that the coronation of her son as king of the ancient realm of Scotland had actually taken place, that his recognition in London would quickly follow, and that her eyes would look upon his consecration in Westminster-abbey, the desperate enterprise was already at an end, and he in whose behalf it had been undertaken was a fugitive. The duke of Berwick declares "that from the first there were no hopes of a successful issue to this desperate enterprise, and that when the prince arrived in Scotland, he found his cause in a most melancholy position. His army, which the earl of Mar had in his letters exaggerated to sixteen thousand men, did not amount to more than four or five thousand, ill armed and badly disciplined; while Argyle had a great train of artillery, and a very great superiority in numbers of well-armed veteran troops."[1] Argyle was, at one time, within eight miles of Perth, and, for reasons best known to himself, refrained from attacking the Jacobite forces.[2] It might be that he was willing to spare the slaughter of so many of his countrymen, and wished not to bring the blood of the unfortunate representative of the ancient royal line of Scotland on his house; but, from whatever motive, it is certain that he allowed him to escape, when he might have annihilated him and his little army.

The chevalier, at first, refused to avail himself of the opportunity of retiring from Scotland; and it was not till he was assured that, by withdrawing, he would enable his unhappy friends to make their peace with the Britannic government, that he could be induced to do so.[3] When he embarked for Montrose, he sent a sum of money, the remnant of his slender resources, with a letter to Argyle, desiring it might be applied to the relief of the poor people whose villages he had reluctantly

[1] Mémoires du Maréschal Berwick.

[2] Lord Mahon's Hist. of England. Chambers' Hist. of the Rebellion.

[3] Ibid. Mémoires du Maréschal Berwick.

given orders to burn; "so that," said he, "I may, at least, have the satisfaction of having been the destruction of none, at a time when I came to free all."[1] Such tenderness of conscience passed for an unheard-of mixture of folly and weakness in times like those.

But to return to the queen, his mother, of whom lady Sophia Bulkeley gives the superior of Chaillot the following intelligence, in a letter dated February 5th:—

"Her majesty had entirely left her bed since my last, and had been daily taking a few turns in her chamber till yesterday, when the gout attacked her two feet. The chevalier Garvan [her physician] entreated her to keep in bed, because the inflammatory action would pass off the sooner. This her majesty has proved; for she is much better to-day than she was yesterday. Her majesty sends her regards to her dear friends."

In her concluding paragraph, lady Sophia thus adverts to the frightful peril in which her own son had been involved, of which she had just heard from the gentleman who brought the letters from the chevalier to queen Mary Beatrice:—

"I entreat you, my dear mother, to have the goodness to assist me in returning thanks to the Almighty for the escape of the earl of Tynemouth and my son, about a fortnight back, from the wreck on the coast of Scotland. Happily, they were not above twenty miles from Perth, and the gentleman who has arrived here to-day says that they had joined the king before he departed. You see what great cause I have to offer up my thanksgivings to God."[2]

The sanguine anticipations which had been raised at St. Germains by the flattering reports of the prince's messenger, were too quickly destroyed by accounts of the hopeless position of the Stuart cause. On the 16th of February, lady Sophia Bulkeley tells the abbess of Chaillot, "that anguish of heart had made the queen ill again; but still she trusted that her majesty would rally in a day or two, unless some very sad news should arrive to agitate her."

"That which we have from England this evening,"[3] continues her ladyship, "intimates that our enemies intend to give us battle soon, if they have not done so already. As they far outnumber the king's army, and are all regular troops, we have much to fear. I tell you these things frankly, my dear mother, that you may see what need there is of your prayers; but make no observation, if you please, on this passage, for the queen reads all your letters herself."[4]

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[1] Lord Mahon. Chambers.

[2] Inedited Stuart Papers in the hôtel de Soubise, through the favour of M. Guizot. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

Thus we see that lady Sophia, although she was writing this letter in her capacity of private secretary to her majesty, was able to introduce information, of which the ladies at St. Germains had deemed it expedient to keep their royal mistress in ignorance. Nothing could be more pitiable than the state of trembling apprehension in which both the queen and her noble attendants awaited the arrival of letters and newspapers from England, Scotland, and Holland. The Dutch gazette was, at that time, a less restricted medium of publishing the events of the day than any English journal whatsoever. Editors and printers in London could not be induced to print authentic accounts of any thing touching on political matters during the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act.

The queen's distress of mind, at this trying season, was aggravated by the conduct of her son's secretary of state, lord Bolingbroke, who, instead of showing the slightest consideration for her maternal anxiety, treated her with marked disrespect, and neither attempted to communicate intelligence, nor to consult her on what steps ought to be taken for the assistance of him he called his master. Ever since the death of Louis XIV., he had regarded the cause of the chevalier de St. George as hopeless; and, according to lord Stair's report, he did his utmost to render it so, by squandering, in his own profligate pursuits, the money with which he had been too confidingly entrusted to buy powder and other supplies for the Jacobite muster.[1] Mary Beatrice was, meantime, suffering great pecuniary difficulties, which are alluded to by lady Sophia Bulkeley, in reply to some appeal that had been made to her majesty's benevolence through the abbess of Chaillot, to whom she says: "The queen orders me to tell you, that she is much grieved (her finances are so scanty) that it is out of her power to do any thing for this lady. The queen, between ourselves," continues lady Sophia, "has never been in greater distress for money than she is at present. They are now [the old story] eight months in arrear with her pension. The Lord, I hope, will comfort her majesty, and reward her

[1] Letter of the earl of Stair to Horace Walpole.—Walpole Correspondence by Coxe.

great patience, by giving her shortly her own. I cannot cease to believe it, and to hope in God against all human hopes The prisoners taken in England are condemned to death There are many Catholics among them."[1]

The next event in the life of Mary Beatrice was the return of her luckless son. The chevalier de St. George landed safely at Gravelines,[2] about February 22, and came secretly in disguise to see her at St. Germains, where, in spite of the interdict against his presence in the French dominions, he remained with her several days,[3]—a consolation she had scarcely ventured to anticipate, after the disastrous termination of his expedition to Scotland. More than once she had said, during his absence, that she could be content, if he were spared to her, to say, like Jacob, "It is enough: Joseph, my son, yet liveth;"[4] but to look upon his face once more, she had scarcely ventured to expect.

The morning after the arrival of the chevalier at St. Germains, lord Bolingbroke came to wait upon him, and advised him to return to Barr as quickly as possible, lest he should be denied an asylum there.[5] It was, however, an indispensable matter of etiquette, that permission should first be requested of the duke of Lorraine, and that the prince should wait for his answer. After lingering at St. Germains longer than prudence warranted, he bade his widowed mother farewell, and set out for Chalons-sur-Marne, where he told her and Bolingbroke it was his intention to wait for the reply of the duke of Lorraine. But he proceeded no farther than Malmaison, and then, retracing his steps, went to the house of mademoiselle de Chausseraye, at Neuilly; and her majesty had the surprise and mortification of learning that he spent eight days there,[6] in the society of several intriguing female politicians, and held private consultations with the Spanish and Swedish ambassadors, from which his best friends were excluded. The royal mother would possibly have remained in ignorance of

[1] Inedited Stuart Papers, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.
[2] Letter of lord Bolingbroke to Wyndham.
[3] Mémoires du Maréschal de Berwick.
[4] MS. Memorials by a nun of Chaillot.
[5] Mémoires de Berwick. Bolingbroke Correspondence. [6] Berwick.

circumstances, alike painful to her and injurious to him, if his rupture with Bolingbroke had not betrayed the unsuspected secret to her and all the world.

The duke of Berwick, dazzled with the wit and literary accomplishments of Bolingbroke, attached a value to that false brilliant which he was far from meriting, and declared, "that the chevalier had committed an enormous blunder in dismissing from his service the only Englishman capable of managing his affairs."[1] Mary Beatrice, who placed a greater reliance on Berwick's judgment than on her own, acted, probably, in compliance with his suggestions in sending a conciliatory message to Bolingbroke, assuring him "that she had had no concern in his dismissal, and expressed a hope that she might be able to adjust the differences between him and her son." The tone in which "all-accomplished St. John" rejected her proffered mediation, savoured more of his roundhead education, than of the classical elegance of phraseology for which he has been celebrated. "He was now," he said, "a free man, and wished his arm might rot off, if he ever again drew his sword or his pen in her son's cause."[2] It is doubtful whether butcher Harrison, or any other low-bred member of 'the rump,' could have replied to a fallen queen and distressed mother in terms more coarsely unmannerly.

Lord Stair, who appears to have been somewhat better acquainted with Bolingbroke's proceedings than the duke of Berwick, gives the following sneering account of the affair to his friend, Horace Walpole:—

"Poor Harry is turned out from being secretary of state, and the seals are given to lord Mar. They call him knave and traitor, and God knows what; I

[1] The loss of the services of a statesman who had changed his party rather oftener than the vicar of Bray, and had been false to all, was, with all due submission to honest Berwick, no great misfortune. "The enormous blunder," committed by the chevalier de St. George, was, in ever having employed and placed confidence in a person devoid alike of religious principles and moral worth; and having done so, to dismiss him in a manner which afforded a plausible excuse for proving that his enmity was not quite so lukewarm as his friendship. As might be expected, a series of treacherous intrigues between Bolingbroke and the Walpole ministry were commenced, to pave the way for his return from exile. Dr. Johnson's abhorrence of this infidel was founded more on principles of moral justice, than on his own well-known predilection for the Jacobite cause.

[2] Lord Mahon's History of England.

believe all poor Harry's fault was, that he could not play his part with a grave enough face; he could not help laughing now and then at such kings and queens. He had a mistress here at Paris, and got drunk now and then; and he spent *the money* upon his mistress that he should have bought powder with, and neglected buying the powder or the arms, and never went near the *queen*, [Mary Beatrice]. For the rest, they [the Jacobites] begin to believe that their king is unlucky, and that the westerly winds and Bolingbroke's treasons have defeated the finest project that ever was laid."[1]

The letters of Mary Beatrice to her friends at Chaillot at this exciting period, have been apparently abstracted from the collection preserved in the hôtel de Soubise; for although she generally employed lady Sophia Bulkeley as her amanuensis in the Chaillot correspondence, she occasionally wrote herself, when time and the state of her health permitted, as we find from the commencing words of the following touching note of that faithful friend, which, it seems, enclosed one of hers:—

"This 6th of March.

"As I have the honour to put this envelope to the queen's letter, I have no need, my dearest mother, to give you the trouble of reading one in my bad writing, save to tell you, that we have great cause to praise God that her majesty continues well. The Lord gives us much consolation in that, while he chastens us in other things. His name be blessed for all. We remain in a constant state of uncertainty as to what will become of our friends who remain in Scotland, especially our husbands and sons. Permit me, my dear mother, to entreat a continuance of your charitable prayers for them, and believe me to be, with much attachment,

"Your very humble and obedient servant,

"S. Bulkeley."

The son of lady Sophia happily escaped the dreadful penalty suffered by too many of the unfortunate noblemen and gentlemen who had been rash enough to engage in the desperate enterprise, which, in evil hour, was undertaken in 1715 for the restoration of the house of Stuart. "My son and Mr. Bulkeley," says the duke of Berwick, "whom the king was not able to bring off with him, instead of endeavouring to conceal themselves in the highlands like the others, ventured to come from the north of Scotland to Edinburgh, where they remained undiscovered for eight days, and hired a vessel to land them in Holland, whence they made their way to France.

[1] Walpole Correspondence, by Coxe, vol. ii. pp. 307, 308. Letter of lord Stair to Horace Walpole, brother of sir Robert Walpole, dated March 3, 1716, from Paris.

The regent, at the solicitation of lord Stair, deprived them of their places under the French government."

The extreme depression in which the queen and her ladies remained during the melancholy spring of 1716, when every post from England brought them sad tidings of the tragic fate of the devoted friends who had engaged in the cause of the chevalier de St. George, is feelingly noticed by lady Sophia Bulkeley in a letter to one of the sisters of Chaillot, dated March the 20th.

"The weather and ourselves are both so dismal, my dear sister, that I have scarcely courage to write to you, much less to come and see you, though the queen has had the goodness to propose it to me; but I have thought it better to defer it till Easter, in the hope that the holy festivals may a little tranquillize our spirits, which find small repose at present. Her majesty's health is, thanks to God, good, in spite of the continual and overwhelming afflictions with which she is surrounded. The deaths of the earls of Derwentwater and Kenmure have grieved her much. Nothing can be more beautiful than the speech of the first; if it were translated into French, I would send it to you. The other [lord Kenmure] said nothing then, but merely delivered a letter addressed to our king, which he begged might be sent to him. He afterwards embraced his son on the scaffold, and told him, 'that he had sent for him there, to show him how to shed the last drop of his blood for his rightful king, if he should ever be placed in like circumstances.' His poor son was not more than fourteen or fifteen years old. The three other lords were to die last Wednesday, but it is hoped they will be pardoned. Meant me, we can know nothing more till we have letters from England, and they will not arrive before Monday."

We may imagine the agonizing feelings that agitated the hearts of the anxious queen and her ladies during the interval. Intelligence of the successful enterprise of that noble conjugal heroine, Winifred countess of Nithesdale, for the preservation of her husband's life, reached the court of St. Germains, and caused great excitement in the tearful circle there, as we find from the context of lady Sophia Bulkeley's letter,—

"The earl of Nithesdale, who married one of the daughters of the duke of Powys, and sister of lady Montague, has been fortunate enough to escape out of the Tower, on the eve of the day appointed for his execution. Lady Nithesdale, who came to see him that evening, dressed him in her clothes, and he went out with two other ladies who had accompanied her. Some letters say that lady Nithesdale remained in the Tower in his place; others, more recent, affirm that she went away with him; but this is very certain, that they did not know the husband from the wife, and that they cannot punish her for what she has done. My letter begins to get very long, and is so scrawled, that you will find it difficult to decipher some passages."

The '*griffonnage*' for which lady Sophia apologizes, is, truth to tell, so bad, that if the holy sister of Chaillot succeeded in making out the next paragraph, she was cleverer than all the experienced decipherers of queer caligraphy in the hôtel de Soubise, who were unable to unriddle the mystery. For the satisfaction of the curious reader, it may, however, be confidently affirmed, that neither Jacobite intrigues nor popish plots lurk in those unintelligible sentences, but rather, as we are inclined to suspect, some trifling matters of costume, of which the nomenclature, as spelt by the noble writer, would be somewhat puzzling. Her ladyship, in conclusion, requests the nun, "to tell her daughter," who was *en pension* in the convent, "that she sends her four pairs of gloves, of the then fashionable tint, called *blanc de pomme de terre*, and that she had requested a person to bring her some pairs of brown gloves to wear in the holy week, but as they could not arrive till the morrow, she thinks she may manage with her white ones, and desires the young lady to take a discreet opportunity of sending back all her soiled gloves to her." The last clause implies a piece of domestic economy practised by the impoverished ladies of the household of the exiled queen at St. Germains; namely, cleaning their own gloves.

The late unsuccessful enterprise of the Jacobites in Scotland and the north of England had not only involved in ruin and misery all the devoted partisans who had engaged in it, and exhausted the pecuniary resources of friends who had taken a more cautious part, but placed the son of Mary Beatrice in a far worse position with the powers of Europe than that in which he had been left at the peace of Utrecht. His generous friends, the duke and duchess of Lorraine, were reluctantly compelled to exclude him from the asylum he had hitherto enjoyed at Barr; neither durst the prince of Vaudemonte, or any other of the vassal princes of France or Germany, receive him. He was advised to retire to Sweden or Deux Ponts, as more likely to please the people of England than a residence in the papal dominions, but he chose to fix his abode at Avignon.[1] Lady Sophia Bulkeley, in the post-

[1] Lord Mahon. Chaillot Records and Correspondence.

script of a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, merely dated "*Ce Vendredy St., au soir,*" says,—

"Lady Clare has just come to tell me, that the queen commands me to inform you that the king, my master, is well, and arrived on the 2nd of this month at Avignon. The queen awaits with impatience the fine weather to come and see you."[1]

The regent Orleans, though he would neither assist nor tolerate the presence of the chevalier de St. George in France, could not be induced to deprive his widowed mother of the royal asylum and maintenance she had been granted by his late uncle, Louis XIV. Profligate as he was himself, Orleans regarded with reverence and compassion a princess, whose virtues and misfortunes entitled her to the sympathies of every gentleman in France. Even if he could have found it in his heart to listen to the remonstrances of the British ambassador against her residence at St. Germains, it would have been regarded as derogatory to the national honour of the proud nation whose majesty he represented, to do any thing calculated to distress or trouble her, who was so universally beloved and venerated by all classes of people. Mary Beatrice, therefore, remained unmolested in the royal château of St. Germains, and retained the title and state of a queen-dowager of England, to her dying day. Her courts and receptions were attended by the mother of the regent, and all the French princes and princesses, with the same ceremonials of respect as in the lifetime of her powerful friend, Louis XIV. It would have been more congenial to the tastes and feelings of Mary Beatrice, either to have passed the remnant of her weary pilgrimage in the quiet shades of Chaillot, or to have accompanied her beloved son to Avignon; but his interest required that she should continue to support, at any sacrifice, the state of queen-mother, and to keep up friendly and confidential intercourse with the wife, mother, and daughters of the regent of France. The marquess de Torcy, maréschal Villeroi, and others of the cabinet of Versailles, cherished great respect for her, and through the ladies of their families she enjoyed the opportunity of obtaining early information as to the political movements in England. It

[1] Inedited Stuart Papers, in the hôtel de Soubise.

was under these circumstances, much easier for the Jacobite correspondence to be carried on through the widow of James II. at the château of St. Germains, than with the more distant retreat of her son at Avignon. The communications between these two courts, as they were fondly styled by the adherents of the exiled family, were unremitting; and the pen of the royal mother was, during the last two years of her life, actively employed in secret correspondence with her old friends among the English and Scotch nobility in behalf of her son.

The little Stuart sovereignty at St. Germains had been thinned by the events of the last few months. Many a brave gentleman, who had departed full of hope to join the Jacobite movement in the north, returned no more: the mourning garments and tearful eyes of their surviving families afforded only too sad a comment on the absence of well-remembered faces. Independently, however, of those who had perished by the contingencies of war, or, sadder still, by the hand of the executioner, the number of the faithful friends who had held offices of state in her household, or that of her late consort king James II., was diminishing every year by death. Among these, no one was more sincerely lamented by Mary Beatrice than James earl of Perth, or, as he was entitled in her court, the duke of Perth, who died in the spring of 1716. If she had followed the energetic counsels of that nobleman in the first years of her regency, her son would, in all probability, have recovered the crown to which he had been born heir-apparent, or, at any rate, established himself as an independent sovereign of Scotland.

The disastrous result of the Jacobite insurrection in the preceding year, ought to have convinced the widow and son of James II. of the hopelessness of devising plans for the renewal of a contest, which had cost the partisans of the Stuart cause so dear. They were, however, far from regarding that cause as desperate, seeing that the terrors of the sanguinary executions which had just taken place in London and elsewhere, did not deter the people from wearing oaken boughs, in defiance of the prohibition of government, on the 29th of May,

and white roses on the 10th of June.[1] Imprisonments, fines, and scourgings were inflicted on those who would not resign those picturesque badges of misdirected loyalty to the soldiers, who were stationed in various parts of the city to tear them from the hats and bosoms of the contumacious. The names of "oak-apple day," for the 29th of May, and "white-rose day," for the 10th of June, are still used by the peasantry in many parts of England, and tell their own tale as to the popularity of the customs to which they bear traditionary evidence. The symptoms of lingering affection for the representative of the old royal line, of which these badges were regarded as signs and tokens, were observed with uneasiness by the Walpole administration, and very severe measures were taken to prevent them. A legislative act for the reform of the British kalendar, by the adoption of new style, would have done more to prevent white roses from being generally worn on the anniversary of the chevalier's birth, than all the penalties sir Robert Walpole could devise as a punishment for that offence.[2] But owing to the ignorant bigotry of his party, in opposing the alteration in style as a sinful conformity to popish fashions, the day called the 10th of June in England was, in reality, the 20th, when white roses are somewhat easier to obtain than they are ten days earlier, especially in cold ungenial seasons.

[1] Calamy, in his History of his Own Life and Times, pours forth a jeremiad on the perversity of the people in displaying a spirit so inconsistent with their duty to that gracious sovereign George I. He affirms, that when the general service of thanksgiving for the suppression of the late tumults and seditions took place at St. Paul's on the 7th of June, they were any thing but suppressed, and instances the serious riots at Cambridge on the 29th of May, when the scholars of Clare-Hall and Trinity college were miserably insulted for their loyalty to king George I., besides the pulling down of meeting-houses in various towns, which he enumerates among the tokens of disloyalty to the Protestant branch of the royal family, who had been called to the throne for the protection of the established Church of England. He also groans in spirit over the number of white roses which he saw worn on the 10th of June, to do honour to the birth-day of the Pretender.—Life and Own Times, by Edmund Calamy, D.D.

[2] On the 29th of May, 1717, "guards were placed to apprehend those who durst wear oaken boughs, and several persons were committed for this offence." Moreover, on the 6th of August following, "two soldiers were whipped almost to death in Hyde-park, and turned out of the service, for wearing oak boughs in their hats 29th of May."—Chronological History, vol. ii. pp. 63–67, 72.

In the autumn of 1716, an unwonted visitor appeared at St. Germains, and requested the honour of a presentation to the queen-mother, as Mary Beatrice was called there. This was no other than the young marquess of Wharton, the son of one of the leaders of the revolution of 1688. He had been sent to finish his education in republican and Calvinistic principles at Geneva, and, out of sheer perversity, broke from his governor, travelled post to Lyons, whence he sent a present of a valuable horse to the chevalier de St. George, with a request to be permitted to pay his homage to him. The exiled prince sent one of his equerries to conduct him to his little court at Avignon, where he gave him a flattering reception, invested him with the order of the Garter, and admitted him into the number of his secret adherents. Wharton then proceeded to St. Germains to pay his court to queen Mary Beatrice.[1] Information of Wharton's presentation to the widowed consort of James II. having been conveyed to lord Stair, that statesman made a point of expostulating with him very seriously on his proceedings, as likely to have a ruinous effect on his prospects in life, and earnestly recommended him to follow the example of his late father, the friend and counsellor of William III. Wharton made a bitterly sarcastic retort; for he had wit at will, and used that dangerous weapon, as he did all the other talents which had been entrusted to him, with a reckless disregard to consequences. Wharton was a character made up of selfisms,—a spoiled child of fortune, whose whim had been a law both to himself and all around him. He had never felt the necessity of caution, a quality in which villains of high degree are often found deficient. His apparent artlessness, at first, inspired confidence in those who did not perceive the difference between candour and audacity. The captivating manners and brilliant accomplishments of this young nobleman made a very agreeable impression on the exiled queen and her little court; but he was, in reality, a false diamond of the same class as Bolingbroke, equally devoid of religion, moral worth, or political honour, and proved, ultimately, almost as mis-

[1] Life of Philip, duke of Wharton.

chievous an acquisition to the cause of her son as that anti-Christian philosopher.

The attention of Mary Beatrice was a good deal occupied, for the last two years of her life, in the various unsuccessful attempts that were made by her son to obtain a suitable consort. He was the last of the male line of Stuart, and many of those who were attached to his cause, were reluctant to risk a scaffold and the ruin of their own families on the contingency of his single life. The backwardness of the English nobles and gentlemen of his own religion during the rebellion of the preceding year, was considered mainly attributable to his want of a successor. The death of his sister, the princess Louisa, had robbed the Stuart cause of its greatest strength, and was a misfortune that nothing but the offspring of a royal alliance of his own could repair. Of all the princesses that were proposed, the daughter of her uncle, Rinaldo d'Este, duke of Modena, was the most agreeable to Mary Beatrice and to her son. "My happiness, my dear uncle, as well as that of all my subjects," writes the princely suitor to the father of the lady, "is in your hands, and religion itself is not less interested in your decision."[1]

The answer was unfavourable, and much regret was felt in consequence.[2] The son of Mary Beatrice was almost as much at discount in the matrimonial market at this period, as his uncle Charles II. had been during the Protectorate; but not quite, seeing that there was one princess, highly connected, and possessed of great wealth, who was romantically attached to him from report. This was Clementine Sobieska, the grand-daughter of the illustrious John Sobieski, king of Poland, whom he afterwards married. Mary Beatrice did not live to witness these espousals. Almost the last time this queen's name is mentioned in connexion with history, is in the correspondence between count Gyllenberg and baron Spaar, the Swedish ministers at London and Paris, and Charles XII.'s minister, baron Gortz, relating to the secret designs of that monarch for the invasion of Scotland with

[1] Stuart Papers, in possession of her majesty the queen; edited by J. H. Glover, esq., vol. i. p. 15.

[2] Ibid.

12,000 men, to place her son on the British throne.[1] Spain and Russia were engaged in the confederacy.[2] It appears, from one of count Gyllenberg's intercepted letters to Gortz, dated January 18th, 1717, that the merchant of whom a large loan had been procured was to remit 20,000*l.* into France, to be paid into the hands of the queen-mother, Mary Beatrice, who would hand it over to the persons empowered to take the management of the financial arrangements.[3] The most sanguine anticipations of the success of this confederacy were cherished, but secret information being conveyed to the British government, Gyllenberg, who had forfeited the privileges of an ambassador, was arrested. His papers were seized, which contained abundant evidence of the formidable designs in preparation, which were thus happily prevented.[4]

Mary Beatrice paid her annual visit at Chaillot in the summer. She was in very ill health, and returned to St. Germains much earlier in the autumn than usual. The following is an extract from a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, written apparently soon after :—

St. Germains, Nov. 4th.

"The fine weather we have had since I quitted you, my dear mother, was not necessary to make me regret the abode at Chaillot, which is always charming to me; but it certainly makes me regret it doubly, although I cannot deny that since the three weeks I have been here, I have had more time to myself and more solitude than during the whole period of my stay at Chaillot. This does not prevent me from wishing often for the company of my dear mother, and all the beloved sisters, in which I hope much to find myself again, if God gives me six months more of life. I took medicine last Friday, because I have had during the last few days a return of the malady which has tormented me all the summer; but I have been better since then, thank God, and in three or four days I shall leave off the bark."[5]

This letter is apparently one of the last of that curious correspondence of the exiled queen with the *religieuses* of Chaillot, which, surviving the dissolution of that monastery and all the storms of the Revolution, has enabled her biographer to trace out many interesting incidents in her personal history; and more than this, to unveil her private feelings, as she herself recorded them in the unreserved confidence of friendship.

[1] Intercepted correspondence published in London, 1717.
[2] Lord Mahon's Hist. of England.
[3] Letters of Count Gyllenberg. [4] Lord Mahon.
[5] Inedited letter of Mary Beatrice, in the Chaillot MSS.

All the letters written by Mary Beatrice in her widowhood are sealed with black. Some bear the impression of her diamond signet,—her regal initials "M. R.," crowned and interlaced with the cypher of her deceased lord, which now indicated that of her son, "J. R." being the same initials; but the seal she more frequently used is a size larger, having the royal arms of England, France, Ireland, and Scotland on the dexter side, and her own paternal achievement of Este of Modena and Ferrara on the sinister; viz., on the first and fourth quarters, argent, an eagle displayed, sable, crowned or; the second and third, azure, charged with three fleurs-de-lis, or, within a bordure indented, or and gules. One supporter is the royal lion of England, the other, the crowned eagle of Este. This was her small privy-seal, the miniature of her great seal as queen-consort of England, of which there is an engraving in Williment's Regal Heraldry.

In the commencement of the year 1718, Mary Beatrice, though fast approaching the termination of her weary pilgrimage, was occupied in corresponding with her old friends in England in behalf of her son. Her pen appears to have been more persuasive, her name more influential, than those of the secretaries of state, either at Avignon or St. Germains. Early in January that year, general Dillon writes to lord Mar, "that Atterbury, whom he figures under the political designation of Mr. Rigg, presses earnestly for Andrew's [the queen-mother] writing to Hughes [lord Oxford] about the mantle affair, and thinks the most proper time for compassing that matter will be during the next sessions of Percy, [parliament,] whilst friends are together in town."[1] This mantle affair seems to relate to a subscription loan for the use of the chevalier de St. George. It is further recommended "that her majesty," signified by the *sobriquet* of Andrew, "should send her instructions to the earl of Oxford, in order to bring him to the point,"—rather a difficult matter with so notable a shuffler, we should think. The queen was also to be requested "to write a letter to Mrs. Pooly, [lady Petre.]

[1] Stuart Papers, in her majesty's possession; edited by J. H. Glover, esq., vol. i. p. 19.

thanking her for what she had done, and informing her that her son's affairs required further assistance; and another letter to the same purpose to Mr. Newcomb, [the duke of Norfolk,] and to send with these letters two blank powers for raising mantle, [money,]—one for Mr. Allan, [the earl of Arran,] which he might make use of with such of the Primrose family [Protestants] as he should think fit, and another for any person whom he and the duke of Norfolk should think proper to be employed among Rogers's people, [Roman-catholics]." Another paper to the same effect in her majesty's collection, is supposed, by the learned editor of the newly published volume of the Stuart Papers[1] containing the Atterbury correspondence, to have been sent first to the queen-mother at St. Germains, who forwarded it to her son, the chevalier de St. George, at Urbino, where he was then residing.

From the same volume, it appears that the chevalier had been justly displeased with the conduct of her majesty's almoner, Mr. Lewis Innes, who, when employed to make a French translation of a letter addressed by that prince to the reverend Charles Leslie, and through him to the whole body of the Protestant clergy, had put a false interpretation on certain passages,—a most insidious piece of priestcraft, intended by Innes for the benefit of his own church, but calculated, like all crooked dealings, to injure the person he pretended to serve. James, in a letter to the duke of Ormonde on the subject, expressed himself disgusted with the proceedings of the coterie at St. Germains, and said that, with the exception of the queen his mother, he did not desire to have any thing more to do with any of them. "Their principles and notions, and mine," continues he, "are very different; former mistakes are fresh in my memory, and the good education I had under Anthony [queen Mary Beatrice] not less. So that I am not at all fond of the ways of those I have lived so long with, nor the least imposed on by their ways and reasonings."[2] Not contented with a strong expres-

[1] J. H. Glover, esq., librarian to her majesty Queen Victoria.

[2] Stuart Papers, edited by Glover, vol. i. pp. 24, 25.

sion of his displeasure at the dangerous liberty taken by Innes, James very properly insisted on his being dismissed from the queen-mother's service. Implicit submission to his authority was yielded, both by her majesty and her spiritual director. "The king is master," wrote Innes to the duke of Ormonde, "and I, having the honour to be both his subject and his servant, think myself doubly obliged simply to obey his majesty's orders, without saying any thing for myself."[1] This unpleasant occurrence happened towards the end of February, but whatever consternation the spirited conduct of the chevalier de St. George created among the reverend messieurs of the chapel-royal of St. Germains, it is certain that it did not in the slightest degree disturb the affectionate confidence which had always subsisted between the royal mother and her son, and which remained unbroken till the hour of her death.[2]

The coldness of the weather and the increasing debility of the queen, prevented her from paying her accustomed visit to Chaillot at Easter. The fatal malady in her breast, though for a time apparently subdued, had broken out again with redoubled violence in the preceding summer. She had borne up bravely, and endured with unruffled patience the torturing pangs that were destroying the principles of life, and continued to exert herself in her beloved son's cause till within a few days of her decease. Her last illness attacked her in the month of April, 1718. She had recovered from so many apparently more severe, that a fatal termination was not at first apprehended. A deceptive amendment took place, and she even talked of going to Chaillot; but a relapse followed, and she then felt an internal conviction that she should not recover.[3]

The following letter, without date or signature, in her well-known characters, which is preserved among the Chaillot papers in the hôtel de Soubise, appears to have been written by the dying queen to her friend Françoise Angelique Priolo. It contains her last farewell to her, and the abbess and sisters:

[1] Stuart Papers, edited by Glover, vol. i. pp. 24, 25.

[2] Chaillot Records, inedited, in the hôtel de Soubise. [3] Ibid.

under such circumstances, it must certainly be regarded as a document of no common interest:—

"*Patientia vobis necessaria est.* Yes, in verity, my dear mother, it is very necessary for us this patience: I have felt it so at all moments. I confess to you that I am mortified at not being able to go to our dear Chaillot. I had hoped it till now, but my illness has returned since three o'clock, and I have lost all hope. There is not, however, any thing very violent in my sickness; it has been trifling, but I believe that in two or three days I shall be out of the turmoil, if it please God, and if not, I hope that he will give me good patience. I am very weak and worn down. I leave the rest to lady ——, embracing you with all my heart. A thousand regards to our dear mother and our poor sisters, above all to C. Ang——"[1]

Angelique,[2] she would have written, but the failing hand has left the name of that much-loved friend unfinished. About six o'clock on Friday evening, the 6th of May, Mary Beatrice, finding herself grow worse, desired to receive the last sacraments of her church, which, after she had prepared herself, were administered to her by the curé of St. Germains. As it was impossible for her to enjoy the consolation of taking a last farewell of her son, she resigned herself to that deprivation, as she had done to all her other trials, with much submission to the will of God, contenting herself with praying for him long and fervently. She desired, she said, to ask pardon, in the most humble manner, of all those to whom she had given cause of offence, or by any means injured; and declared she most heartily pardoned and forgave all who had in any manner injured or offended her. She then took leave of all her faithful friends and attendants, thanking them for their fidelity and services, and recommended herself to their prayers, and those of all present, desiring "that they would pray for her, and for the king her son, (for so she called him,) that he might serve God faithfully all his life." This she repeated twice, raising her voice as high as she could; and for fear she

[1] Translated from the original French.

[2] Catharine Angelique de Mesme is the *religieuse* indicated; her other friend, Claire Angelique de Beauvais, had already paid the debt of nature. Mary Beatrice, in one of her preceding letters, says, "I shall never cease to lament the loss of my dear Claire Angelique." A packet of letters from the exiled queen to that *religieuse*, preserved in the Chaillot collection, is thus endorsed: "Ces lettres de la Reine ont été ecrites ñre très houble. mère, Claire Angelique de Beauvais, pendant son dernier Trianal, fini à cette Ascension, 1709."

might not be heard by every body, the room being very full, she desired the curé to repeat it, which he did. Growing weaker, she ceased to speak, and bestowed all her attention on the prayers for a soul departing, which were continued all night.[1]

From the time the queen's sickness assumed dangerous symptoms, her chamber was crowded with company of the four nations of whom the inhabitants of St. Germains were composed,—English, Irish, Scotch, and French, and two or three of her Italian attendants, who had been in her service ever since her marriage. More than fifty people were present, but her son, the last and dearest tie that remained to her on earth, was not permitted to come to her, being forbidden to enter France. He was absent, but not forgotten. The dying queen had earnestly desired to see her friend marshal Villeroi, the governor of the young king of France; and when, in obedience to her summons, he came and drew near her bed, she rallied the sinking energies of life, to send an earnest message to the regent Orleans and to the royal minor Louis XV. in behalf of her son. Nor was Mary Beatrice forgetful of those who had served her so long and faithfully, for she fervently recommended her servants and destitute dependents to their care, beseeching, with her last breath, that his royal highness, the regent, would not suffer them to perish for want in a foreign land when she should be no more.[2] These cares appear to have been the latest connected with earthly feelings that agitated the heart of the exiled queen, for though she retained her senses to the last gasp, she spoke not again. More than fifty persons were present when she breathed her last, between seven and eight in the morning of the 7th of May, 1718, in the sixtieth year of her age, and the thirtieth of her exile. She had survived her unfortunate consort James II. sixteen years and nearly eight months.

"The queen of England," says the duke de St. Simon,

[1] MS. Lansdowne, 849, fol. 308, British Museum. Inedited Stuart Papers. Chaillot coll.

[2] Ibid.

"died at St. Germains after ten or twelve days' illness. Her life, since she had been in France, from the close of the year 1688, had been one continued course of sorrow and misfortune, which she sustained heroically to the last. She supported her mind by devotional exercises, faith in God, prayer, and good works, living in the practice of every virtue that constitutes true holiness. Her death was as holy as her life. Out of 600,000 livres allowed her yearly by the king of France, she devoted the whole to support the destitute Jacobites with whom St. Germains was crowded." The same contemporary annalist sums up the character of this princess in the following words: "Combined with great sensibility, she had much wit and a natural haughtiness of temper, of which she was aware, and made it her constant study to subdue it by the practice of humility. Her mien was the noblest, the most majestic and imposing in the world, but it was also sweet and modest."[1]

The testimony of St. Simon is fully corroborated by that of a witness of no less importance than the mother of the regent Orleans,—a princess who, from her near relationship to the royal Stuarts, and an acquaintance of nearly thirty years, had ample opportunities of forming a correct judgment of the real characteristics of the exiled queen; and as she is not accustomed to speak too favourably of her own sex, and certainly could have no motive for flattering the dead, the following record of the virtues and worth of Mary Beatrice ought to have some weight, especially as it was written in a private letter of the duchess to one of her own German relatives. "I write to you to-day with a troubled heart, and all yesterday I was weeping. Yesterday morning, about seven o'clock, the good, pious, and virtuous queen of England died at St. Germains. She must be in heaven. She left not a dollar for herself, but gave away all to the poor, maintaining many families. She never in her life," a strong expression, and from no hireling pen, "did wrong to any one. If you were about to tell her a story of any body, she would say, 'If it be any ill, I beg you not to relate it to me. I do

[1] Mémoires du Duc de St. Simon, vol. xv. pp. 46, 47.

not like histories which attack the reputation.'"[1] As the besetting sin of the writer of this letter was the delight she took in repeating scandalous tales, she was doubtless among those to whom this admonitory check was occasionally given by the pure-minded widow of James II., who not only restrained her own lips from speaking amiss of others, but exerted a moral influence to prevent evil communications from being uttered in her presence. Mary Beatrice had suffered too severely from the practices of those who had employed the pens and tongues of political slanderers to undermine her popularity, to allow any one to be assailed in like manner; nor was she ever known to retaliate on the suborners of those who had libelled her. The eagle of Este, though smitten to the dust, could not condescend to imitate the creeping adder, "which bites the horse by the heel to make his rider fall backward:" it was not in her nature to act so mean a part. "She bore her misfortunes," continues the duchess of Orleans, "with the greatest patience, not from stupidity, for she had a great deal of mind, was lively in conversation, and could laugh and joke very pleasantly. She often praised the princess of Wales, [Caroline, consort of George II.] I loved this queen much, and her death has caused me much sorrow."[2]

Though Mary Beatrice was now where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, hearts were found hard enough to falsify, for political purposes, the particulars of her calm and holy parting from a world that was little worthy of her. She had forgiven her enemies, her persecutors, and, those who were hardest of all to forgive, her slanderers; these, however, not only continued to bear false witness against her, but accused her of having borne false witness against herself, by pretending "that on her death-bed she had disowned her son, and adopted their calumny on his birth." The absurdity of this tale, which appeared in the Dutch gazette a few days after her death, is exposed in a contemporary letter written by a gentleman at Paris, who, after relating the particulars of her late majesty's death, which, he says, "he had from a person

[1] From the Historical Correspondence and Remains of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans: Paris, 1844.

[2] Ibid.

who was in the room with her when she died, and sat up by her all night, as most of her servants and many others did," adds,[1]—

"You will wonder, therefore, upon what your Holland gazetteer could ground such an apparent falsity, as to insinuate that she disowned at her death the chevalier de St. George being her son, for whose safety and happiness she professed, both then and at all times, a much greater concern than for her own life, as was manifest to all that were well acquainted with her, and to above fifty persons that were present at her death; for as she loved nothing in this world but him, so she seemed to desire to live no longer than she could be serviceable to him. She had suffered near thirty years' exile for his sake, and chose rather to live upon the benevolence of a foreign prince, than to sign such a receipt for her jointure as might give the least shadow of prejudicing what she thought her son's right. And yet, what is still more wonderful, the said gazetteer infers, from her desiring to see the maréschal de Villeroi, that it was to disown her son; whereas, quite the contrary, it was to recommend him to the regent of France with her dying breath, hoping that might induce his royal highness to have a greater regard for him; and likewise to recommend her servants and those that depended upon her to his generosity, that he might not suffer them to perish for want in a foreign country.

"The story of her being at variance with her son was as groundless as the rest. There was not a post but they mutually received letters from each other, and packets came from him directed to her every post since her death, and will, undoubtedly, till he hears of it. Her last will was sent to the chevalier de St. George by a courier. In fine, (to use my friend's words,) never mother loved a son better. Never mother suffered more for a son, or laboured more zealously to assist him. But if malicious men will still pursue that oppressed princess with lies and calumnies, even after her death, that with the rest must be suffered. It is easier to blacken the innocent, than to wipe it away."[2]

It is now evident whence Onslow, the speaker, derived the vague report to which he alludes in his marginal note on Burnet's History of his Own Times, "that the widowed queen of James II. took no notice of her son in her will, and left all she had to dispose of to the regent Orleans." Poor Mary Beatrice! Her effects were literally personal, and those she disposed of as follows, without bestowing the smallest share on the regent: Her heart she bequeathed to the monastery of Chaillot, in perpetuity, to be placed in the tribune beside those of her late husband king James, and the princess their daughter; her brain and intestines to the Scotch college, to be deposited in the chapel of St. Andrew;[3] and her body to repose unburied

[1] MS. Lansd. 849, fol. 308.

[2] This remark illustrates the political maxim of the earl of Wharton, when he reminded his royal friend, William III., "that a clever lie, well believed, answered their purpose as well as the truth."

[3] Stuart Papers in the archives of France. The chapel dedicated to St. Andrew, at Paris, still exists, and contains a beautiful monument of marble, erected

in the choir of the conventual church of St. Marie de Chaillot till the restoration of her son, or his descendants, to the throne of Great Britain, when, together with the remains of her consort and their daughter the princess Louisa, it was to be conveyed to England, and interred with the royal dead in Westminster-abbey.[1]

Never did any queen of England die so poor as Mary Beatrice, as regarded the goods of this world. Instead of having any thing to leave, she died deeply in debt to the community of Chaillot: "this debt, with sundry small legacies, she charged her son to pay, out of respect to her memory, whenever it should please God to call him to the throne of his ancestors."[2] After the customary dirges, prayers, and offices of her church had been performed in the chamber of the deceased queen, her body was embalmed. Mary Beatrice was arrayed for the grave in the habit of the nuns of Chaillot by two of the sisters of that order, who brought the dress and veil which had been prepared for their royal friend, and placed a silver cross on her breast, with many tears. The following day, being Sunday, her remains rested at St. Germains, where solemn requiems were chanted in the cathedral church for the repose of her soul.[3] All wept and lamented her loss, Protestants as well as persons of her own faith; for she had made no distinction in her charities, but distributed to all out of her pittance. The poor were true mourners. Her ladies, some of whom had been five-and-forty years in her service, were disconsolate for her loss; so were the officers of her household. The French, by whom she was much esteemed, also testified great regret, so that a general feeling of sorrow pervaded all classes.

The duke de Noailles, as governor of St. Germains and captain of the guards, came, by the order of the regency,

by the duke of Perth to the memory of James II., beneath which was placed an urn of gilt bronze, containing the brain of that monarch. Monuments and epitaphs of Mary Beatrice, wife, and of Louisa Mary, daughter of James, and also of several members of the Perth family, are still to be seen, together with the tombs of Barclay the founder, and of Innes.

[1] Chaillot Records. Mémorials de la Reine d'Angleterre, in the archives of France. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

to make the necessary arrangements for her funeral, which was to be at the expense of the French government, with the respect befitting her rank and the relationship of her late consort to the king of France, but without pomp. A court mourning of six weeks for her was ordered by the regent; but the respect and affection of the people made it general, especially when her remains were removed, on the 9th of May, attended by her sorrowful ladies and officers of state. In the archives of France the official certificate of the governor of St. Germains is still preserved, stating, "that being ordered by his royal highness the regent, duke of Orleans, to do all the honours to the corpse of the high, puissant, and excellent queen, Marie Beatrix Eleanora d'Este of Modena, queen of Great Britain, who deceased at St. Germains-en-laye 7th of May, he found, by her testament, that her body was to be deposited in the convent of the Visitation of St. Marie, at Chaillot, to be there *till the bodies of the king her husband, and the princess her daughter, should be transported;* but that her heart and part of her entrails should rest in perpetuity with the nuns of the said convent, with the heart of the king her husband and that of his mother, (queen Henrietta); and that he has, in consequence, and by the express orders of the king of France, (through M. le régent,) caused the said remains of her late Britannic majesty to be conveyed to that convent, and delivered to the superior and her *religieuses* by the abbé Ingleton, grand-almoner to the defunct queen, in the presence of her ladies of honour, lord Middleton," &c.[1] There is also an attestation of the said father Ingleton, stating, "that he assisted at the convoy of the remains of the royal widow of the very high and mighty prince James II., king of Great Britain, on the 9th of May, 1718, to the convent of Chaillot, where they were received by the devout mother, Anne Charlotte Bochare, superior of that community, and all the *religieuses* of the said

[1] The date of this paper is the 12th of May. It certifies the fact, that the remains of this unfortunate queen were conveyed with regal honours from St. Germains to Chaillot, by order of the regent Orleans, two days after her decease, but that her obsequies did not take place till the end of the following month.

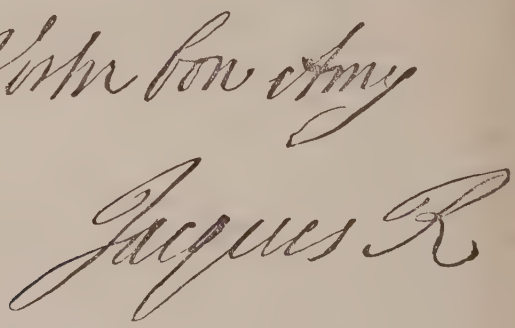
monastery, in the presence of the ladies of her late majesty's household; the earl of Middleton, her great-chamberlain; Mr. Dicconson, comptroller-general of the household; count Molza, lord Caryl, Mr. Nugent, and Mr. Crane, her equerries; and père Gaillar, her confessor."

The following letter was addressed by the chevalier de St. George to the abbess of Chaillot, in reply to her letters of condolence, and contains a complete refutation of the malicious reports that were circulated as to any estrangement between the deceased queen and her son. The original is in French, written in his own hand:—

"My reverend Mother, "June 16, 1718.

"You will have seen, by a letter I have already written, that I am not ignorant of the attachment and particular esteem that the queen, my most honoured mother, had for you and all your community, and the affection with which it was returned. So far from disapproving of the letter of condolence you have written in your name and that of your holy community, I regard it as a new proof of your zeal, and I have received it with all the sensibility due to the sad subject. I require all your prayers to aid me in supporting the great and irreparable loss I have just sustained with proper resignation. Continue your prayers for me, I entreat. Unite them with those which I hope that righteous soul offers this day in heaven—for you as well as for me. This is the best consolation that her death has left us.

"In regard to her body and heart, they are in good hands, since they are where the queen herself wished them to be; and doubt not, that in this, as in all other things, the last wishes of so worthy a mother will be to me most sacred, and that I shall feel pleasure in bestowing on you, and all your house, marks of my esteem and of my good-will, whenever it shall please Providence to give me the means.



"Urbino, this 16th of June, 1718."

The obsequies of Mary Beatrice were solemnized in the conventual church of Chaillot on the 27th of June. The

sisters of that convent, and all the assistant-mourners, were, by the tolling of the bell, assembled in the great chamber at noon on that day for the procession, but as the ceremonial and offices were according to the ritual of the church of Rome, the detail would not interest the general reader.[1]

The earnest petition which the dying queen had preferred to the regent Orleans, in behalf of the faithful ladies of her household, who, with a self-devotion not often to be met with in the annals of fallen greatness, had sacrificed fortune and country for love of her, and loyalty to him they deemed their lawful sovereign, was not in vain. Orleans, however profligate in his general conduct, was neither devoid of good nature nor generosity. Mary Beatrice had asked that the members of her household might be allowed pensions out of the fund that had been devoted to her maintenance by the court of France; and above all, as they were otherwise homeless, that they and their children might be permitted to retain the apartments they occupied in the château of St. Germains till the restoration of her son to his regal inheritance. Long as the freehold lease of grace might last which a compliance with this request of the desolate widow of England involved, it was frankly granted by the gay, careless regent, in the name of his young sovereign. Thus the stately palace of the Valois and Bourbon monarchs of France continued to afford a shelter and a home to the noble British emigrants who had shared the ruined fortunes of the royal Stuarts. There they remained, they and their families, even to the third generation, undisturbed, a little British world in that Hampton-Court on the banks of the Seine, surrounded by an atmosphere of sympathy and veneration, till the revolution of France drove them from their shelter.[2] Till that period, the chamber in which Mary Beatrice of Modena died

[1] The particulars are preserved among the archives of France, in the hôtel de Soubise.

[2] The countess of Middleton survived her royal mistress eight-and-twenty years. She lived long enough to exult, in her ninety-seventh year, in the news of the triumphant entrance of the grandson of James II. and Mary Beatrice, Charles Edward Stuart, into Edinburgh in 1745, and died in the fond delusion that a new restoration of the royal Stuarts was about to take place in England. This lady was the daughter of an earl of Cardigan.

was scrupulously kept in the same state in which it was wont to be during her life. Her toilette-table, with its costly plate and ornaments, the gift of Louis XIV., was set out daily, as if for her use, with the four wax candles in the gilt candlesticks ready to light, just as if her return had been expected,—such at least are the traditionary recollections of the oldest inhabitants of the town of St. Germains, relics themselves of a race almost as much forgotten in the land, as the former Jacobite tenants of the royal château.

A time-honoured lady, who derived her descent from some of the noble emigrants who shared the exile of James II. and his consort, favoured me with the following particulars in corroboration of the French traditions of the palace of the royal Stuarts:—"I was a very young girl," wrote her ladyship, "when I saw the castle of St. Germains: there were apartments there still occupied by the descendants of king James's household. Among these were my father's aunt, Miss Plowden,"—no other, gentle reader, than that 'petite Louison' whose childish burst of grief and disappointment, at not seeing her mother among the ladies in attendance on the queen, moved her majesty's kind heart to pity,—"niece to the earl of Stafford, and my mother's aunt; also an old maiden lady, sister to my grandfather, lord Dillon. The state-rooms were kept up, and I remember being struck with the splendour of the silver ornaments on the toilette of the queen. At the French revolution, all was plundered and destroyed."

An original portrait of Mary Beatrice, probably the last that was ever painted of her, is one of the few relics of the royal plunder that has been traced, authenticated and preserved.[1] Its value is not as a work of art, but as affording a faithful representation of this unfortunate queen in her last utter loneliness. She is in her widow's dress, sitting by the urn which enshrines her husband's heart: she points to it with a mournful air. A large black crape veil is thrown over her head, according to the fashion of the royal widows of France, one corner forming a point on the forehead, and the rest of the drapery falling like a mantle

[1] In the collection of the late James Smith, esq., of St. Germains.

over the shoulders nearly to the ground. Her robes are of some heavy mourning stuff, with hanging sleeves, which are turned back with white lawn weepers, and display the hands and arms a little above the wrist. She wears the round white lawn tippet which then formed part of the widow's costume, and about her throat a single row of large round pearls, from which depends a cross. Her hair is shown from beneath the veil: it has lost its jetty hue, so have her eyebrows; and though decided vestiges of beauty may still be traced in the majestic outline of her face, it is beauty of a different character from that which Lely and Kneller painted, and Waller, Dryden, and Granville sang. A milder, a more subdued expression marks the features of the fallen queen, the desolate widow, and bereaved mother, who had had so often cause to say with the Psalmist, "Thine indignation lieth hard upon me. Thou hast vexed me with all thy storms." But the chastening had been given in love, the afflictions had been sent in mercy; religion and the sweet uses of adversity had done their work; every natural alloy of pride, of vanity, and impatience had been purified from the character of this princess. There is something more lovely than youth, more pleasing than beauty, in the divine placidity of her countenance as she sits in her sable weeds by that urn, a mourner; yet not without hope, for the book of holy writ lies near, as well it might, for it was her daily study. It was the fountain of consolation whence Mary Beatrice of Modena drew the sweetness that enabled her to drink the bitter waters of this world's cares with meekness, and to repeat, under every fresh trial that was decreed her, "It is the Lord, he is the master, and his holy name be for ever blessed and praised."[1]

The life of the unfortunate widow of James II. can scarcely conclude more appropriately, than with the following characteristic quotation from one of her letters, without date, but evidently written when the cause of her son was regarded, even by herself, as hopeless:—"Truth to tell, there remains to us at present neither hope nor human resource from which

[1] MS. lettres de Reine d'Angleterre, veuve de Jacques II., in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

we can derive comfort of any kind whatsoever; so that, according to the world, our condition may be pronounced desperate, but, according to God, we ought to believe ourselves happy, and bless and praise Him for having driven us to the wholesome necessity of putting our whole trust in Him alone, so that we might be able to say,—

Et nuncque est expectatio mea! Nonni, Dominus!

Oh, blessed reliance! Oh, resource infallible!"[1]

[1] Inedited letter of Mary Beatrice of Modena, to Françoise Angelique Priole; Cheillot collection, in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.

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